


The Years
Entertainments



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THE INSTRUCTOR SERIES OF ENTERTAINMENTS

THE
YEAR'S ENTERTAINMENTS

A Collection of Recitations, Dialogues, Songs,
Exercises, Etc., Arranged as Programs
for Special Days and Occasions,
Providing for Each Month
of the School Year

Compiled and Arranged by
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PREFACE

I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the string that ties them.—
Montaigne.

THE YEAR'S ENTERTAINMENTS has been compiled with the expectation that it will prove to be truly a help to teachers in providing suitable material for Friday Afternoon Exercises, for celebrating Special Days, and for commemorating the birth of noted authors. It contains a great abundance of material in the form of Recitations, Readings, Dialogues, Songs, Exercises, Quotations, etc. The material is largely arranged under the specimen programs given, which include suggestions for Schoolroom Decoration and general directions for successful production.

For convenience the book is arranged according to months, and issued in parts, as well as in complete form.

Great utility will be found in the book even for those who do not wish to celebrate the Special Days or follow complete programs. The amount and quality of the contents affords a treasure house for Friday Afternoon Exercises of a miscellaneous character, General Rhetoricals and Entertainments which will be thoroughly utilized and highly appreciated by the busy teacher.

The Memory Gems and Quotations furnished for every month, are of themselves a feature of much value, and susceptible of varied uses.

"Read, and when thou hast considered thy purchase, thou wilt call the price of it a charity to thyself."

I. N. McF.

LISCOMB, IOWA.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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NOTE—Any of the Music Books mentioned in connection with the songs in these pages can be furnished by the Publishers of this book.

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SEPTEMBER



The Little Gossips

THE YEAR'S ENTERTAINMENTS

SEPTEMBER

Gladness of Nature

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our Mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren
And the gossip of swallows through the sky,
The ground squirrel gaily chirps by his den
And the wild bee hums merrily by.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles;
Ay, look and he'll smile thy gloom away.

—From Bryant's "Gladness of Nature."

Permission of D. Appleton & Co.

Suggested Poems

For the Teacher's Reading and for Discussion with the Pupils:

Looking for a Summer....*R. M. Alden.*
Trifles*Colesworthy.*
September.....*H. H. Jackson.*
Goldenrod.....*Lovejoy's Nature in Verse.*

For Picture Study

A Helping Hand (596) (Ex. 596)—*Renouf.*

The Pet Bird (792)—*Meyer von Bremen.*

The Sick Monkey (904)—*Landseer.*

The Music Lesson (1076).

Friends or Foes (3180)—*Barber.*

Two Mothers and their Families (3194)—*Gardner.*

Little Red Riding Hood (623)—*Ferrier.*

Feeding Her Birds (521) (Ex. 521)—*Millet.*

[NOTE.—Numbers in parenthesis are those of Perry Pictures, regular and extra size—Perry Picture Co., Malden, Mass.]

Memory Gems

Shorter and shorter now the twilight
clips

The days, as through the sunset gates
they crowd,
And Summer from her golden collar slips
And strays through stubble-fields, and
moans aloud. —*Alice Cary.*

What visionary tints the year puts on,
When falling leaves falter through motionless air
Or numbly cling and shiver to be gone.
—*James Russell Lowell.*

Step by step walks Autumn,
With steady eyes that show
Nor grief nor fear, to the death of the
year
While the equinoctials blow.
—*Dinah M. Craik*

THE YEAR'S ENTERTAINMENTS

There is no death! the dust we tread
 Shall change, beneath the summer showers
 To golden grain or mellow fruit
 Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

—Lord Lytton.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary,
 It rains, and the wind is never weary,
 The vines still cling to the mouldering wall
 But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
 And the day is dark and dreary.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

How will it be when the woods turn brown,
 Their gold and crimson all dropped down
 And crumbled to dust? Oh, then, as we lay
 Our ear to earth's lips we shall hear her say,
 "In the dark I am seeking new gems for my crown;"
 We will dream of green leaves when the woods turn brown.

—Lucy Larcom.

Bent low by autumn's wind and rain, through husks that, dry and sere,
 Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the yellow ear;
 Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many a verdant fold,
 And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's sphere of gold.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
 Of wailing winds and naked woods, of meadows brown and sere;
 Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the withered leaves lie dead,
 They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's tread.

—William Cullen Bryant.

Program for Primary Grades

Song	-	-	-	-	-	Sweet Summer's Gone Away. (Merry Songs)
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	Welcome
Class Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	September. (Nine children each bearing a letter)
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	When I Am Big
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	Little Brown Bushy Tail
Tableau	-	-	-	-	-	The Sick Dolly (See illustration page 11)
Song	-	-	-	-	-	The Happy Eskimo
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	A Mite Song
Class Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	Little Foxes and Little Hunters
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	Speech for a Boy
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	They Say
Song	-	-	-	-	-	Baby Bye, Here's a Fly
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	Farmer Nick's Scarecrow
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	Dolly's Toilet
Tableau	-	-	-	-	-	The Little Gossips. (See illustration front of book)
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	Our Baby
Concert Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	Playing Carpenter
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	The Wee One's Wishes
Song	-	-	-	-	-	The Barnyard Song

Welcome

Kind friends, we welcome you today,
With songs of merry glee,
Your loving smiles we try to win,
Each face we love to see.

Sweet welcomes then to one and all,
And may your smiles approve;
And may we never miss the light
Of faces that we love.

September—(Acrostic)

"September's days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer."

"Every shrub has blossomed out anew—
In beautiful leaves of every hue."

"Pure autumn wind, your ways we know!
O, autumn wind, blow high, blow low!
You bring the nuts down from the trees;
You sweep the hill of dry brown leaves;
The tiny seeds to earth you send—
You are their helper, and their friend."

"The sedges flaunt their harvest
In every meadow nook;

The asters by the brookside
Make asters in the brook."

"Each promise spoken by the springtime
In bud and flower,
Returns to us in golden harvests—
Now is fulfillment's hour."

"Many leaves whirl along the mosses,
And kindle in their flight
The flames that make the woodland
A charmed Arabian night."

"But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!"

"Ever sweet is the breath of the air,
When September's days are bright,
And the hills and the vales and the woods
look fair
As they lie in the golden light."

"Red-cheeked apples wasted,
Pop-corn almost done,
Toes and chestnuts toasted,
That's September fun."

When I Am Big

When I am big I mean to buy
A dozen platters of pumpkin pie,
A barrel of nuts, to have 'em handy,
And fifty pounds of sugar candy.

When I am big, I mean to wear
A long-tailed coat, and crop my hair;
I'll buy a paper, and read the news,
And sit up late whenever I choose.

Little Brown Bushy Tail

Little brown Bushy Tail lived up in a tree,
And mossy and snug was his nest;
Acorns and beechnuts in plenty had he,
And he scarcely knew which he liked best.

He was cheery of temper, and agile of limb,
And his own little will was his law;
For what was the world and its worries to him,

When he held a plump nut in his claw?

As he cracked it he twinkled his knowing
black eyes,
The kernel picked out by and by;

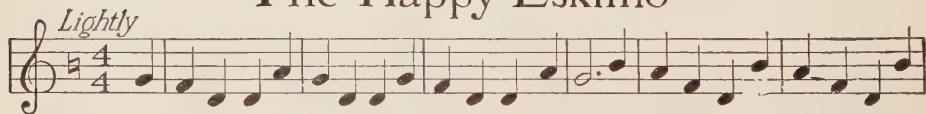
Then he ate it and looking uncommonly
wise,
Said: "Folks may be worse off than I.

"For I'm sure I'm content with my por-
tion in life,
And of nuts I've a plentiful store;
With my little brown babies and little
brown wife,
What on earth could a squirrel want
more?"

He had lots of near neighbors as merry as
he,
They were cheery and playful each one;
Don't they show us that happy 'tis easy to
be,
If good humor we give with our fun?

Content with the blessings our Father may
give,
How happy would all of us be,
If we tried with our neighbors and our
friends to live
As the brown squirrel did in the tree!
—A. H. Baldwin.

The Happy Eskimo



The hap-py lit-tle Es-ki-mo; He rides up-on a sled; His dogs out-strip the winds that blow A-



cross the gleam-ing ice and snow, Be-neath the north-ern lights that show, Like sil-ver o-ver-head.

II

My sled is idle in the hall;
The ground is bare of snow;
The night comes early in the Fall,
I cannot see to roll my ball;
And then I hear my mama call,
And to my bedroom go.

III

Jack Frost is with him all the year,
And makes him lots of snow,
And icy hill-sides smooth and clear,
To coast and slide on without fear—
O, how I wish Jack Frost were here,
And I an Eskimo!

A Mite Song

Only a drop in a bucket,
But every drop will tell;
The bucket would soon be empty
Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny,
It was all I had to give;
But as pennies make the dollars,
It may help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon
And some toys that were not new,
But they made the sick child happy,
Which has made me happy too.

Only some outgrown garments,
They were all I had to spare,
But they'll do to clothe the needy,
And the poor are everywhere.

A word now and then of comfort
That cost me nothing to say;
But the poor old man died happy,
And it helped him on the way.

God loveth the cheerful giver,
Though the gift be poor and small;
What doth he think of his children
When they never give at all?

Little Foxes and Little Hunters

Recite—

Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that
spoil the vines.—*Song of Solomon, II: 15.*

First—

Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox named—By-and-By.

Answer—

Then set upon him, quick, I say,
The swift young hunter—Right-Away.

Second—

Around each tender vine I plant,
I find the little fox—I Can't.

Answer—

Then, fast as ever hunter ran,
Chase him with bold and brave—I Can!

Third—

No-Use-in-Trying—lags and whines
This fox among my tender vines.

Answer—

Then drive him low and drive him high,
With this good hunter named—I'll Try!

Fourth—

Among the vines in my small lot,
Creeps in the young fox—I Forgot.

Answer—

Then hunt him out and to his den
With—I Will Not Forget Again!

Fifth—

The little fox that, hidden there
Among my vines is—I Don't Care.

Answer—

Then let I'm Sorry—hunter true—
Chase him afar from vines and you.

The Five—

What mischief-making foxes! yet
Among our vines they often get.

Together—

But, now their hunter's names you know,
Just drive them out and keep them so.

Speech for a Boy

Nobody knows the nerve it takes
To rise up in a crowd,
And speak out so that all can hear,
With voice both clear and loud.

For often men of sense have failed
When first they'd try to speak,
And ere they could pronounce a word
Begin to feel quite weak.

So you, therefore, must not expect
Great things from one so small;
I'd rather make a little speech
Than to say none at all.

No man can ever get to be
Renown'd, or great, or wise,
Unless, when he is small and young,
He bravely strives to rise.

I've done my very best, kind friend,
This to my credit score;
For you will readily agree,
"Angels can do no more!"

They Say

The subject of my speech is one
We hear of every day—
'Tis simply all about the fear
We have of what "they say."

How happy all of us could be,
If—as we go our way—
We did not stop to think and care
So much for what "they say."

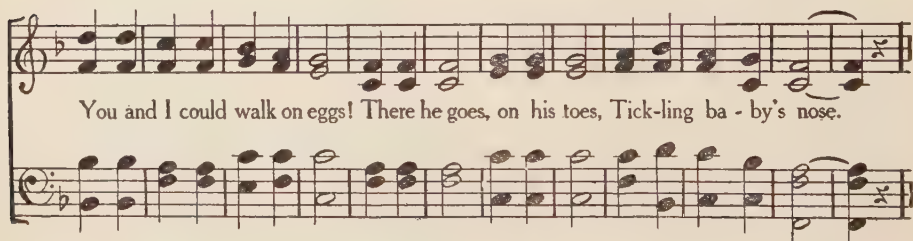
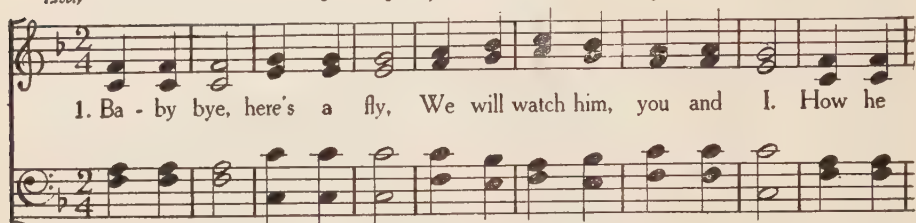
We never dress to go outside,
To church, to ball, or play,
But everything we wear or do
Is ruled by what "they say."

Half of the struggles we each make
To keep up a display
Might be avoided, were it not
For dread of what "they say."

One reason why I'm now so scared
(Pardon the weakness, pray!)
Is that I'm thinking all the while
"Of me what will 'they say?'"

But so 'twill be, I judge, as long
As on the earth folks stay—
There'll always be, with wise and fools,
That dread of what "they say."

Baby Bye, Here's a Fly

Theodore Tilton
G. B. Loomis*Lively*

II

Spots of red dot his head;
 Rainbows on his wings are spread!
 That small speck is his neck,
 See him nod and beck!
 I can show you, if you choose,
 Where to look to find his shoes;
 Three small pairs, made of hairs,
 These he always wears.

III

Black and brown is his gown,
 He can wear it upside down!
 It is laced round his waist,
 I admire his taste!
 Pretty as his clothes are made,
 He will spoil them, I'm afraid,
 If to-night he gets sight
 Of the candle-light.

IV

He can eat bread and meat,
 See his mouth between his feet!
 On his back is a sack
 Like a peddler's pack.
 Does the baby understand?
 Then the fly shall kiss her hand;
 Put a crumb on her thumb,
 Maybe he will come.

V

Flies can see more than we,
 So how bright their eyes must be!
 Little fly, mind your eye,
 Spiders are near by.
 For a secret I can tell,
 Spiders will not treat you well;
 Haste away; do not stay,
 Little fly, good day!

—From "Songs of Happy Life."

Farmer Nick's Scarecrow

Out in the cornfield, grouped together,
A flock of crows discussed the weather.
Observing them, thrifty Farmer Nick
Declared that the crows were "gettin' too
thick."

"I must have a scarecrow—that is true;
Now, would not that old umbrella do?"
So into the house the farmer went
And away to the field the umbrella sent.

One rainy day the farmer went out
To view the cornfields lying about;
He neared the umbrella; looked inside,
And what he saw made him laugh till he
cried!

For in there, out of the rainy weather,
A dozen crows were huddled together!
So the farmer laughing, as farmers should,
Said, "I fear my scarecrow did little good."

Dolly's Toilet

Clementina Mabel Clare,
Do not sniff or wriggle!
If you do I'll part your hair,
Part it—down the miggles!

Do not sit upon your dress,
'Cos you're sure to spoil it,
Do behave with properness
When you're at your toilet!

Here's a tangle such as your
Grandmama would storm at.
Call it hair, eh? Well, I'm sure,
I should call it "door mat."

Now, no answer, miss—be good,
You mustn't tease, or joke, too,
Little dollies never should
Speak until they're spoke to.

Our Baby

There's something new at our house, I'm s'prised you didn't know it,
It makes papa awful proud, although he hates to show it.
The thing is not so very big, though money couldn't buy it;
If any fellow thinks it could, I'd like to see him try it.
It's half a dozen things at once—a dove, a love, a flower;
Mama calls it a hundred names, and new ones every hour.
You haven't got one at your house, and so you are not in it.
It puckers up its wee, wee mouth, as if it meant to whistle;
A gold mine weighed against it then were lighter than a thistle.
Papa said so the other night, I thought it sounded splendid,
And said it to myself until I fell asleep, and ended.
Of course you've guessed it by this time, our gift that came from heaven.
But then some folks are very slow, and some are stupid; maybe
I ought to say, right straight and plain, come home and see our baby!

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Playing Carpenter

(School in Concert.)

¹Rap! ¹rap! ¹rap! how the shingles ²clap!
³Here a beam, and ⁴there a timber,
⁵Then a ⁵board so ⁵long and ⁵limber;
How the laths ²snap! How the hammers
¹rap!

¹Nail, boys, ¹nail! never mind the ²gale,
³Sunny days, or windy ⁴weather,
⁵Cheerful ⁵labor all ⁵together;
Soon our house we'll ²naill briskly ¹nail,
¹boys, ¹nail!

⁶Rest, now, rest; what a cozy nest!
³All well done from floor to gable,
⁴Mimic shelf and kitchen table;
⁵Now sit down and rest; all have done
their best.

[NOTE—(1) Rap with finger ends on desk.
2) Clap once. (3) Right hand toward the

right. (4) Left hand to the left. (5) Both
hands wave up and down. (6) Fold hands.]

The Wee One's Wishes

I wisht I was a drate big king,
The bigges' ever seen,
'En nights 'at wasn't Tris'mas eve
I'd make 'em Hallowe'en.
"See here, you, pa!" I'd say,
"Now, you just dare to call me in
When I go out to play!"
I wisht
I was
A king!

I wisht I was a drate big king,
I'd buy some tickets so
'At I could see the circus, an'
I dess I'd let pa go.
But if he made me study at
My joggerfy I jus'

Would leave him home, 'tause like as not
 He'd aggrivate an' fuss—
 I wisht
 I was
 A king!

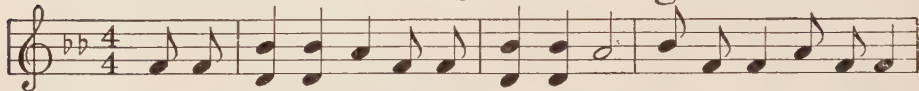
I wisht I was a drate big king,
 I know what I'd do with
 A boy that always chases me—

His name is Bobby Smith.
 I'd buy a big perliceman's club,
 ~A dog, an 'en a gun.
 An 'en I'd say to Bobby Smith:
 "You dasn't make me run!"

I wisht
 I was
 A king!

—*Baltimore American.*

The Barnyard Song



With a baa! baa! here and a baa! baa! there, Here a baa! there a baa!



Here a baa! there a baa! Hey! lit-tle las-sie will you come a-long with me and see the farmer's sheep.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 2. With a moo! moo! here, etc.—cows. | 5. With a cluck! cluck! here, etc.—hens. |
| 3. With a grunt! grunt! here, etc.—pigs. | 6. With a peep! peep! here, etc.—chicks. |
| 4. With a bow! wow! here, etc.—dogs. | 7. With a quack! quack! here, etc.—ducks. |
| 8. With a meow! meow! here, etc.—cats. | |



The Sick Dolly

Each day I find new coverlids

Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut tight;
Sometimes the viewless mother bids
Her ferns kneel down, full in my sight;
I hear their chorus of "good night,"
And half I smile, and half I weep,
Listening while they "lie down to sleep.

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

Pale in her fading bower the summer stands,
Like a new Niohe with clasped hands,
Mute o'er the faded flowers, her children lost,
Slain by the arrows of the early frost.

—*Richard H. Stoddard.*

The world is caught in a wonderful net
Of beautiful, tremulous golden haze,
And is laid asleep to dream and forget
That winter cometh and stormy days.

—*Charles Turner Dazey.*

Every morn is a fresh beginning,
Every day is the world made new;
Ye who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful thought for you—
A thought for me and a thought for you.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales,
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,
Where autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the wayside a-weary.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

But the air's so appetizin' and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airy autumn days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

Every shrub has blossomed out anew—
In beautiful leaves of every hue.

—*Anon.*

Rich gift of God! A year of time.
What pomp of rise and shut of day,
What hues wherewith our northern clime
Makes autumn's dropping woodland gay.

—*Whittier.*

Fall Fashions

The Maple owned that she was tired of always wearing green,
She knew that she had grown of late, too shabby to be seen!
The Oak and Beech and Chestnut then deplored their shabbiness,
And all except the Hemlock sad, were wild to change their dress.
"For fashion-plates we'll take the flowers," the rustling Maple said,
"And like the tulip I'll be clothed in splendid gold and red!"
"The cheerful sunflower suits me best," the lightsome Beech replied;
"The Marigold my choice shall be," the Chestnut spoke with pride.

The sturdy old oak took time to think—"I hate such glaring hues;
The Gailyflower, so dark and rich, I for my model choose."
So every tree in all the grove, except the hemlock sad,
According to its wish ere long in brilliant dress was clad.
And there they stood through all the soft and bright October days,
They wished to be like flowers—indeed, they look like huge bouquets.

—*Edith M. Thomas.*

Picking the Apples

(Recitation, with gestures.)

Apples to pick! apples to pick!
Come with a basket and come with a stick.
Rustle the trees and shake them down,
And let every boy take care of his crown.

There you go, Tommy! Up with you,
Jim'

Crawl to the end of that crooked limb.
Carefully pick the fairest and best;
Now for a shake, and down come the rest.

Thump! plump! down they come raining!
Shake away! shake till not one is remain-
ing.

Hopping off here, and popping off there,
Apples and apples are everywhere.

Golden russets with sunburnt cheek,
Fat, ruddy Baldwins, jolly and sleek;
Pippins, not much when they meet your
eyes,
But wait till you see them in tarts and
pies!

Where are the Pumpkin Sweets? Oh, here!
Where are the Northern Spies! Oh, there!
And there are the Nodheads, and here are
the Snows,
And yonder the Porter, best apple that
grows.

Beautiful Bellefleurs, yellow as gold,
Think not we're leaving you out in the
cold;
And dear fat Greenings, so prime to bake,
I'll eat one of you now, for true love's
sake.

Oh, bright is the autumn sun o'erhead,
And bright are the piles of gold and red!
And rosy and bright as the apples them-
selves
Are Jim, Tom, and Harry, as merry as
elves.

—*Selected*

Looking for a Lost Summer

Where has the summer gone?
She was there just a minute ago,
With roses and daisies
To whisper her praises,
And everyone loved her so.

Has anyone seen her about?
She must have gone off in the night,
And she took the best flowers,
And the happiest hours,
And asked no one's leave for her flight.

Have you noticed her steps in the grass?
The garden looks red where she went;
By the side of the hedge
'Tis there's a golden-rod hedge,
And the rose vines are withered and bent.

Don't you fear she is sorry she went?
It seems but a minute since May,
I'm scarcely half through
What I wanted to do—
If she only had waited a day!

Do you think she will ever come back?
I'll watch every day at the gate
For the robins and clover,
Saying over and over,
I know she will come if I wait.

—*R. M. Alden.*

Regardin' Hoss Tradin'

Well, yes, you take it fust and last, I s'pose I've made it pay
A-tradin' hosses; ennyhow, that's what the neighbors say;
They've kind o' got a notion that if I jest get a look
At enny sort o' hoss-flesh I c'n read it like a book.
An' on the other hand, they think that if a hoss is mine,
No matter how played-out he is, I make him look that fine
His mother wouldn't know him, but, right here, 'twixt me an' you,
The man don't live but what some hoss c'n teach him somethin' new.

A hoss is that deceivin' that I don't pretend to know
His kinks ti'l I've perused him fer at least a month or so;
He's got a lot o' different ways, er so it seems to me,

O' teachin' us we ain't so smart as what we think we be.
Before you trade you try him, an' you test him wind an' limb,
An', do your best, you can't find out a thing that's wrong with him.
But once the trade is settled, then—an' don't it make you hot?
He jogs your mind with somethin' that you shouldn't have forgot.

They say in tradin' hosses that there ain't a man so high
An' pure, an' true, an' noble-like, but what he'll tell a lie:
But when you speak o' liars, why, from what I c'n recall,
I take the hoss himself to be the biggest one of all;
Fer don't he do his level best in every way he can
To supplement the wicked words o' some designin' man?
A human bein' ain't presumed to stick to what is true,
But when a hoss will act a lie, say, what's a man to do!

Now what I'm gettin' at is this: a hoss if he finds out
You think o' tradin' fer him he'll let on he's fresh an' stout
An' speedy-like, an' willin', an' so good from top to toe,
He'll make you give a lot to boot before you'll let him go.
But when he's yours, well, say, by George! the way that hoss lets down
Until he looks to be about the wust old nag in town;
He'll balk an' bite an' run away an' bring you such distress
That could you cheat somebody, would you do it? Well, I guess!

At fust, the ottymobile—this new-fangled thing they've got
Fer doin' way with hosses—sort o' troubled me a lot.
But since I'm gettin' on in years an' hain't got long to stay,
Now that the hoss is goin' I'll be glad to get away.
I've traded hosses all my life, an' 'twouldn't seem just right
To jog along the highway an' not see a trade in sight.
But there's one thing I wouldn't do fer enny mortal price,—
That's trade the heaven-sent hoss for their blained fact'ry-made device.

—Nixon Waterman, in *Good Cheer*.

"They Say"

Have you heard of the terrible family
"They,"

And the dreadful, venomous things "They
say?"

Why, half the gossip under the sun,
If you trace it back, you will find begun
In that wretched house of "They."

A numerous family, so I am told,
And its genealogical tree is old;
For ever since Adam and Eve began
To build up the curious race of man
Has existed the house of "They."

Gossip-mongers and spreaders of lies,
Horrid people whom all despise!
And yet the best of us, now and then,
Repeat queer tales about women and men,
And quote the house of "They."

They live like lords and never labor;
A "They's" one task is to watch his
neighbor,
And to tell his business and private affairs;
To the world at large they are sowers of
tares—
These folks in the house of "They."

It is useless to follow a "They"
With a whip or a gun, for he slips away,
And into the house, where you cannot go:
It is locked and bolted and guarded so—
This horrible house of "They."

Though you cannot get in, yet they get out,
And spread their villainous tales about;
Of all the rascals under the sun
Who have come to punishment, never one
Belonged to the house of "They."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

My Trundle Bed

(To be accompanied by Tableau)

As I rummaged through the attic,
Listening to the falling rain,
As it pattered on the shingles
And against the window pane.
Peeping over chests and boxes
Which with dust were thickly spread—
Spied I in the farthest corner
What was once my trundle bed.

So I drew it from the recess
Where it had remained so long,
Hearing all the while the music



My Trundle Bed

Of my mother's voice in song,
As she sang in sweetest accents
What I since have often read,
"Hush, my child, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."

As I listened, recollections
That I thought had been forgot
Came with all the gush of memory
Rushing, thronging to the spot,
And I wandered back to childhood,
To those happy days of yore,
When I knelt beside my mother
By that bed, upon the floor.

Then she taught me, then she told me,
Of its import great and deep.
After which I learned to utter
"Now I lay me down to sleep."
Then it was with hands uplifted
And in accents soft and mild
That my mother asked "Our Father,
Father, do Thou bless my child."

Years have passed, and that dear mother
Long has slumbered 'neath the sod,
And I'm sure her sainted spirit
Revels in the home of God.
But that scene at summer twilight
Never has from memory fled.

And it comes in all its freshness
When I see my trundle bed.

The Children's Battle Song

(Tune: "Hold the Fort.")

Forward, schoolmates, to the conflict!
In the morn of life
Let us join the ranks of freemen
In the noble strife.

Chorus—

Do the right! This day is given
Once to me and you;
Though temptations are around us
Dare be good and true.

Idleness and sin assail us—
They would make us slaves;
Evil thoughts and words would drag us
To their awful caves.

Chorus.

Though stars fall and mountains crumble
Darkened be the sun,
Light and joy are ours forever
When the battle's won.

Chorus.

—May Greenwood.

The Motherless Turkeys

The White Turkey was dead! The White Turkey was dead!

How the news through the barnyard went flying!
Of a mother bereft, four small turkeys were left,
And their case for assistance was crying.

E'en the peacock respectfully folded his tail
As a suitable symbol of sorrow,
And his plainer wife said, "Now the old bird is dead,
Who will tend her poor chicks on the morrow?"

"And when evening around them comes dreary and chill,
Who above them will watchfully hover?"

"Two each night I will tuck 'neath my wings," said the Duck,
"Though I've eight of my own I must cover."

"I have so much to do! For the bugs and the worms
In the garden 'tis tiresome pickin';
I have nothing to spare—for my own I must care,"
Said the Hen with one chicken.

"How I wish," said the Goose, "I could be of some use,
For my heart is with love overbrimming;
The next morning that's fine they shall go with my nine
Little yellow-backed goslings, out swimming!"

"I will do what I can," the old Dorking put in,
"And for help they may call upon me, too,
Though I've ten of my own that are only half grown,
And a great deal of trouble to see to.

"But those poor little things, they are all heads and wings,
And their bones through the feathers are stickin'!"

"Very hard it may be; but, oh, don't come to me!"
Said the hen with one chicken.

"Half my care, I suppose, there is nobody knows;
I'm the most overburdened of mothers!
They must learn, little elves, how to scratch for themselves,
And not seek to depend upon others."

She went by with a cluck, and the Goose to the Duck
Exclaimed, in surprise, "Well, I never!"
Said the Duck, "I declare, those who have the least care
You will find are complaining forever!"

"And when all things appear to look threatening and drear,
And when troubles your pathway are thick in,
For aid in your woe, oh, beware how you go
To a hen with one chicken."

—*Marian Douglas.*

Business Conditions

"How's business?" I asked the tailor,
And he answered me, "Oh, it's sew-sew."

"How's business?" I asked of the sailor.
He replied, "Easy sailing, you know."

To the cripple I put the same question,
He answered, "Oh, well, I can't kick."

To the watchmaker made the suggestion,
And he replied, "There's too much tick."

To the coal dealer I put the query.
He answered, "The outlook is black."

I asked the blind beggar so weary;
"Out of sight," the reply he gave back.

"How's business?" I asked of the doctor,
"Getting better," he smilingly said.

"How's business?" I asked of the dentist;
"It's pulling—I'm getting ahead."

To the barber I spoke of the matter.
Said he, "I'm scraping along."

This matter I got from the hatter:
"Things are going ahead pretty strong."

"How's business?" I asked of the shoe
man;

"It's pegging along, sir, I vow."
I asked again of the rag man.

Said he, "It's picking up now."

"How's business?" I asked of the stove
man.

Quoth he: "I consider it grate."

The question I put to the printer;

"It's pi," he was eager to state.

"How's business?" I asked of the grocer;

He answered, "It's coming my weigh."

The jeweler then heard my query;

"Gilt-edge," he replied right away.

"How's business?" I asked of the farmer.

"It's growing," he promptly replied.

"How's business?" I asked of the miner,

"Hard digging," he said, as he sighed.

"How's business?" I asked the gunmaker;

"Oh, booming," he solemnly said;
I asked it again of the baker;
Said he, "We knead dough for our bread."
—*John S. Grey.*

Farmer Brown's Fence

Old Farmer Brown, just out of town,
Enclosed his garden fair
Within a board fence close and high;
No boys might enter there.

And then, to fill the man who comes
With bills to stick, with fear,
He put on it a notice grim,
T'was this: "Post no bills here."

The boys objected forcibly
To fence and to decree;
And set their youthful wits to work
To find a remedy.

At last 'twas found, and in a night
They changed the boards around;
And in the morn the passer-by
This invitation found:

"Post on bills here." "How nice," they
cried,

"We'll take your kind advice."
Then, while the boys looked on in glee,
They posted in a trice

Full many bills; to cure all ills,
To make all housework play,
To keep the flies and burglars out,
Each poster had the way.

So many things they advertised,
The fence one scarce could see.
"How charming of old Farmer Brown,
So generous and free."

But when old Farmer Brown went by
And saw the awful sight,
The boys declare they felt quite sad,
It gave him such a fright.

—*Cora S. Day.*

I'm Going Back to Gran'pa's

I'm going back down to gran'pa's
 I won't come back no more
 To hear remarks about my feet
 A-muddyin' up the floor.
 They's too much said about my clothes,
 The scoldin's never done—
 I'm goin' back down to gran'pa's,
 Where a boy kin have some fun.
 I dug up half his garden
 A-gittin' worms for bait;
 He said he used to like it
 When I laid abed so late;
 He said that pie was good for boys
 An' candy made 'em grow;
 Ef I can't go back to gran'pa's
 I'll turn pirate fust you know.

He let me take his shotgun
 An' loaded it fer me;
 The cats they hid out in the barn,
 The hens flew up in a tree
 I had a circus in the yard
 With twenty other boys—
 I'm going back down to gran'pa's
 Where they ain't afraid of noise.

He didn't make me comb my hair
 But once or twice a week;
 He wasn't watchin' out fer words
 I hadn't orter speak.
 He told me stories 'bout the war.
 An' Injuns shot out west;
 Oh, I'm goin' down to gran'pa's,
 Fer he knows what boys like best.

He even run a race with me,
 But had to stop an' cough;
 He rode my bicycle an' laughed
 Bec'us' he tumbled off;
 He knew the early apple trees
 Around within a mile;
 Oh, gran'pa was a dandy
 An' was "in it" all the while.

I'll bet you granpa's lonesome,
 I don't care what you say;
 I seen him kinder crying
 When you took me away.
 When you talk to me of heaven,
 Where all the good folks go.
 I guess I'll go to gran'pa's,
 An' we'll have good times, I know.

Be Happy As You Can

This life is not all sunshine,
 Nor is it yet all showers;
 But storms and calms alternate
 As thorns among the flowers;
 And while we seek the roses,

The thorns full oft we scan,
 Still, let us, though they wound us,
 Be happy as we can.

This life has heavy crosses,
 As well as joys to share,
 And griefs and disappointments
 Which you and I must bear;
 Yet if misfortune's iava
 Entombs our dearest plan,
 Let us, with what is left us,
 Be happy as we can.

The sun of our enjoyment
 Is made of little things,
 As oft the broadest rivers
 Are formed from smallest springs;
 By treasuring small waters,
 The rivers reach their span;
 So we increase our pleasures,
 Enjoying what we can.

There may be burning deserts
 Through which our feet must go,
 But there are green oases
 Where pleasant palm trees grow;
 And if we may not follow
 The path our hearts would plan,
 Let us make all around us
 As happy as we can.

Better Than Gold

(To be accompanied by Tableau.)

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
 Than rank and titles a thousand fold,
 Is a healthy body and mind at ease,
 And simple pleasures that always please.
 A heart that can feel for another's woe.
 With sympathies large enough to enfold
 All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
 Though toiling for bread in a humble
 sphere;
 Doubly blessed with content and health,
 Untried by the lusts and cares of wealth
 Lowly living and lofty thought
 Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot;
 For mind and morals, in nature's plan,
 Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

Better than gold is sweet repose
 Of the sons of toil when labors close,
 Better than gold is the poor man's sleep.
 And the balm that drops on his slumbers
 deep.
 Bring sleeping draughts on the downy bed,
 Where luxury pillows its aching head:
 A shorter route to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in the realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore.
The sage's lore and the poet's lay;
The glories of empires passed away,
The world's great dream will thus unfold
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside characters come—
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
The of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold
And center there, are better than gold.

The Maple and the Pine

Said the Maple to the Pine,
"Don't you want a dress like mine,
Turning into gorgeous colors
In September?"

"Well," replied the little Pine,
"I will own it's very fine
While it lasts you; but how is it
In December?"

"I'm contented to be seen
In this handsome dress of green;
And to change it I don't see
Sufficient reason.

"Now, dear Maple," said the Pine,
"Don't you want a dress like mine
That will last and look well
In any season?"

"No, I thank you, little Pine"
Said the Maple, "I decline,

Since for autumn reds and yellows
I've a passion.

"Those green dresses look so strange
When the Oaks and Beeches change;
Why! I couldn't bear to be so
Out of fashion!"

How the Squirrel Got His Stripes

Of the little striped squirrel,
There's an Indian legend old,
That the dusky Indian children
Have often times been told.

'Tis said an old, old woman,
Half famished for some food,
One chilly morning wandered
Near to an autumn wood.

And there she saw before her,
Darting along the way,
A little furry creature—
A squirrel pert and gay.

"Aha!" the woman muttered,
"I'm famished for some meat
I'll catch him now and kill him,
And something have to eat."

She grasped with bony fingers
Into the squirrel's fur,
Yet all in vain her effort;
He slipped away from her.

But with the tiny creature,
So near of life bereft,
The traces of her fingers
Were ever after left.

And thus whenever the squirrel
Is spied in woods of green,
Upon his back these markings
Are very plainly seen.

The Forclosure of the Mortgage

Walk right in the settin' room, Deacon; it's all in a muddle, you see,
But I hadn't no heart to right it, so I've jest let everything be.
Besides I'm a-goin' tomorrer—I calklate to start with the dawn—
And the house won't seem so homelike if it's all upset and forlorn.

I sent off the children this mornin'; they both on 'em begged to stay,
But I thought 'twould be easier, mebbe, if I was alone today.
For this was the very day, Deacon, just twenty years ago,
That Caleb and me moved in; so I couldn't forgit it, you know,

We was so busy and happy—we'd been married a month before—
And Caleb *would* clear the table and brush up the kitchen floor.
He said I was tired, and he'd help me; but, law! that was always his way—
Always handy and helpful, and kind to the very last day.

Don't you remember, Deacon, that winter I broke my arm?
Why, Caleb skursely left me, not even to tend to the farm.
There night an' mornin' I saw him, a-settin' so close to my bed,
And I knew him in spite of the fever that made me so wild in my head.

He never did nothin' to grieve me until he left me behind—
Yes, I know, there's no use in talkin', but somehow it eases my mind.
And he sot such store by *you*, Deacon, I needn't tell you now,
But unless he had your jedgment, he never would buy a cow.

Well, our cows is gone, and the horse, too—poor Caleb was fond of Jack,
And I cried like a fool this mornin' when I looked at the empty rack.
I hope he'll be kindly treated; 'twould worry poor Caleb so,
If them Joneses should whip the cretur—but I s'pose he ain't like to know.

I've been thinkin' it over lately, that when Mary sickened and died
Her father's sperrit was broken, for she was allus his pride.
He wasn't never so cheery; he'd smile but the smile wan't bright,
And he didn't care for the cattle, though once they'd been his delight.

The neighbors all said he was ailin', and they tried to hint it to me;
They talked of a church-yard cough; but, oh, the blind are those who *won't* see.
I never believed he was goin' till I saw him a-layin here dead—
There, there! don't be anxious, Deacon; I haven't no tears to shed.

I've tried to keep things together—I've been slavin' early and late —
But I couldn't pay the int'rest nor git the farm-work straight.
So of course I've gone behindhand, and if the farm should sell
For enough to pay the mortgage I s'pose 'twill be doin' well.

I've prayed against all hard feelin's and to walk as a Christian ought,
But it's hard to see Caleb's children turned out of the place he bought;
And readin' that text in the Bible 'bout widows and orphans, you know,
I can't think the folks will prosper who are willin' to see us go.

But there! I'm keepin' you, Deacon, and it's nigh your time for tea.
"*Won't I come over?*" No, thank you; I feel better alone, you see;
Besides, I couldn't eat nothin' whenever I've tried it today—
There's somethin' here that chokes me—I'm narvous I s'pose you'll say.

"I've worked too hard?" No, I haven't. Why, it's work that keeps me strong.
If 'sot here thinkin' I'm sartain my heart would break before long.
Not that I care about livin'. I'd ruther be laid away
In the place I've marked beside Caleb, to rest till the jedgment day.

But there's the children to think of—that makes my dooty clear,
And I'll try to foller it, Deacon, though I'm tired of this earthly speer.
Good-by, then, I shan't forget you, nor all the kindness you've showed;
T'll help to cheer me tomorrer as I go on my lonely road,

For—What are you sayin', Deacon? I needn't—I needn't go?
You've bought the mortgage, and I can stay? Stop! say it over slow—
Jest wait now—jest wait a minute—I'll take it in bimeby—
That I can stay. Why, Deacon, I don't know what makes me cry!

I haven't no words to thank you. Ef Caleb was only here,
He'd sech a head for speakin', he'd make my feelin's clear.
There's a picter in our old Bible of an angel from the skies,
And though he hasn't no great-coat, and no spectacles on his eyes,

He looks jest like you, Deacon, with your smile so good and trew,
And whenever I see that picter, 'twill make me think of you;
The children will be so happy!—why, Debby will most go wild;
She fretted so much at leavin' her garding behind, poor child!

And, law! I'm as glad as Debby, ef only for jest one thing—
Now I can tend the posies I planted there last spring
On Caleb's grave; he loved the flowers, and it seems as if he'll know
They're a-bloomin' all around him while he's sleepin' there below.

—Mrs. E. T. Corbett, in *Harper's Magazine*.



Eugene Field

The following program is, for the most part, merely suggestive. We are allowed to use two poems by the kindness of Chas. Scribner's Sons. The others by Field may be found in volumes of verse: "Little Books of Western Verse," "Second Book of Verse," "With Trumpet and Drum," and "Love Songs of Childhood." Should the teacher desire Field songs, a little book "Songs of Childhood," containing twenty or more of Mr. Field's beautiful lyrics set to music may also be obtained of Chas. Scribner's Sons.

[illegible]

The sweetest western singer sleeps,
Stilled by Death's lullaby.
O'er babyland a sorrow sweeps—
A gloom across the sky.

He did not seek the starry steeps
And windy heights of song,
But strolled and sang where baby creeps
His toys and dreams among.

He coined in rhyme the Age of Gold,
Translated toddler's tears;
To music making hearts grown cold
Warm back to happy years.
His heart was full as heart could hold
Of Love's own gentleness.

The Laureate of the Little Ones,
The lark of childhood's dawn,
The King of Quips, the Prince of Puns
Youth's Owlglass; thou'rt not gone!
E'en yet thy frolic fancy runs,
With fairies frisks its fill.
In days to be, 'neath senile suns,
Thy soul goes singing still.
St. Louis Globe-Democrat, 1895.

"Sometimes it seems to me I must
Just quit the city's din and dust,
And get out where the sky is blue—
And, say—how does it seem to you?"

'Tis New Years eve, and again I watch
In the old familiar place,
And I'm thinking again of that old time
when

I looked on a dear one's face.
Never a little one hugs my knee,
And I hear no gleeful shout—
I am sitting alone by the old hearth-stone
Watching the old year out.
But I welcome the voice in yonder gloom,
That solemnly calls to me;
"Tick-tock, tick-tock!"—for so the clock
Tells of a life to be;
"Tick-tock, tick-tock!"—'tis so the clock
Tells of eternity.

—*Watching the New Year In.*

"Come on, little people, from cot and from
hall—

This heart it hath welcome and room for
you all

It will sing you its songs and warm you with
love

As your dear little arms with my arm
intertwine;

It will rock you away to the dreamland
above—

Oh! a jolly old heart is this heart of mine,
And jollier still is it bound to become
When you blow that big trumpet and beat
that big drum!"

Upon a mountain height, far from the sea,
I found a shell;

And to my listening ear the lovely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing,
Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.

—*The Wanderer.*

Fair is the castle on the hill—

Hushaby, sweet my own!

The night is fair, and the waves are still,
And the wind is singing to you and to me,
In this lonely home beside the sea—

Hushaby, sweet my own!

On yonder hill is store of wealth—

Hushaby, sweet my own,

And revellers drink to a little one's health;
But you and I bide night and day

For the other love that has sailed away—

Hushaby, sweet my own!

—*Hushaby, Sweet My Own.*

Wynken, Blynken and Nod

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew—

"Where are you going, and what do you
wish?"

The old moon asked of the three.

"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"

Said Wynken,

Blynken,

And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,

As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew!

The little stars were the herring fish

That lived in that beautiful sea,—

"Now cast your nets wherever you wish—
Never afear'd are we;"

So cried the stars to the fishermen three:

Wynken,

Blynken,

And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw

To the stars in the twinkling foam—

Then down from the skies came the wooden
shoe,

Bringing the fishermen home;

'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed

As if it could not be,

And some folks thought 'twas a dream they
dreamed

Of sailing that beautiful sea—

But I shall name you the fishermen three:

Wynken,

Blynken,

And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,

And Nod is a little head;

And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies,
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.

So shut your eyes while mother sings

Of wonderful sights that be,

And you shall see the beautiful things

As you rock in the misty sea,

Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen
three:

Wynken,

Blynken,

And Nod.

—*From With Trumpet and Drum.*

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Silver Lining

There's never a day so sunny,

But a little cloud appears;

There's never a life so happy,

But has had its time of tears,

Yet the sun shines out the brighter

When the stormy tempest clears.

There's never a cup so pleasant,
 But has bitter with the sweet;
 There's never a path so rugged,
 But it bears not print of feet,
 And we have a helper promised
 For the trials we may meet.

There's never a sun that rises,
 But we know 'twill set at night;

The beautiful tints of morning
 And the eve are just as bright,
 And the hour that is the sweetest
 Is between the dark and light.

—Selected.

(NOTE.—By repeating the last two lines of each verse, the above may be sung to the tune of "Annie Laurie.")

A Queer Boy

(Golden Glees, p. 114)

He doesn't like study, it weakens his eyes,
 But the "right sort" of book will insure a surprise;
 Let it be about pirates, Indians, or bears,
 And he's lost for the day to all mundane affairs.
 By sunlight or gaslight his vision is clear;
 Now isn't that queer?

At thought of errand he's tired as a hound,
 Very weary of life, and of "tramping around;"
 But if there's a band or a circus in sight,
 He will follow it gladly from morning till night.
 The showman will capture him some day, I fear,
 For he is so queer?

If there's work in the garden, his head "aches to split,"
 And his back is so lame that he "can't dig a bit;"
 But mention base ball and he's cured very soon,
 And he'll dig for a woodchuck the whole afternoon.
 Do you think he plays possum? He seems quite sincere;
 But is not he queer?

By permission of the Publishers.

Anecdotes of Eugene Field

(To be read by seven pupils, in turn.)

(1). When Eugene Field died there vanished from among men one for whose living the world was distinctly better. To read his work was to be refreshed mentally and morally, and to be stirred in soul to the awakening of one's better nature. To know him ever so slightly was a privilege; to know him intimately was to imbibe the very essence of good fellowship, and to find life more than ever worth living.

(2). On the day of his death, when Field, in the words of one of his own poems, was "lulled into eternal dreaming," busy, bustling, money-making, materialistic Chicago awoke to find that in the genius of Eugene Field which had flourished in the shadows of its glare it had a claim to distinction which eclipsed the glory of all the big men and the big things to which it had called the attention of the world. It had entertained an angel almost unawares. Rich and poor alike sobbed at his funeral. Not often—I doubt if ever before—has a poet's bier been borne to the grave by millionaires.—*Chicago Sunday Times-Herald*, 1895.

(3). Eugene Field, as a child, was most precocious. When nine years of age, he was sent to visit his grandmother at the old homestead in Vermont for a period of seven months. Of this visit Field said: "We, my brothers and I, stayed there seven months, and the old lady got all the grandson she wanted. She didn't want the visit repeated."

(4). This grandmother was a very strict New England Congregationalist. She used to encourage Eugene to write little sermons, paying him ten cents for each one he wrote. The first one of these sermons was kept by Field until the end of his life. It was composed of several sheets of note paper, beautifully bound in cloth.

(5). Eugene Field was fond of practical jokes. Every friend had to take his turn as victim. The following are some of his pranks:—He painted the prints of a horse's hoof on the stairs leading to the room of the "horse editor;" he directed an engine company to play a stream on the slate of a saloon which he frequented; he roused the guests at a summer hotel by groans and pouring water from a high-poised pitcher into a basin to imitate a drunkard's nausea; he appeared in his sanctum in a convict garb to the amazement of some curious strangers; he warned all the hotels in the state to look out for a traveling brother editor as a dead beat; he decorated the walls of his room with newspaper lies about himself, etc.

(6) He liked to shock the conventions by going to the extremes of unconventionality. An informal chop and chat turned out to be a banquet with fifty guests and an orchestra, stenographers to take down everything that was said and a photographer to take the pictures of every one in attendance. One evening he invited to dinner some of the brightest lights of literature together with some of the most beautiful and fashionable women in Chicago. A carefully printed menu was at every plate, and an array of glasses promised fine wines. Not an article on the bill of fare was served. Instead of oysters, terrapin, fish, and canvas-back duck the diners were fed on corn-beef hash, pork and beans, soda biscuit, coffee in big cups and apple pie; and water instead of wine was poured from every bottle, even those wrapped in napkins, which suggested champagne.

(7). Mr. Field had such a love for children that there were many homes in Chicago where he was welcomed as a jolly older brother. No matter what business he had on hand, the children's claims always came first. The story is told that on his wedding day the bride and guests were waiting, and some one went in search of him. They found him down on his knees, in the mud, trying to settle a dispute over marbles with some little street boys. He was abruptly reminded that just then he had something more important to attend to, and hastened penitently away to make his anxious bride Mrs. Field.

Seein' Things

I ain't afeard uv snakes, or toads, or bugs, or worms, or mice,
An' things 'at girls are skeered uv I think are awful nice!
I'm pretty brave, I guess; an' yet I hate to go to bed,
For, when I'm tucked up warm an' snug an' when my prayers are said,
Mother tells me "Happy Dreams!" and takes away the light,
An' leaves me lyin' all alone an' seein' things at night!

Sometimes they're in the corner, sometimes they're by the door,
Sometimes they're all a-standin' in the middle uv the floor;
Sometimes they're sittin' down, sometimes they're walkin' round
So softly an' so creepylke they never make a sound!
Sometimes they're black as ink, an' other times they're white—
But the color ain't no difference when you see things at night!

Once, when I licked a feller 'at had just moved on our street,
An' father sent me up to bed without a thing to eat,
I woke up in the dark an' saw things standin' in a row,

A lookin' at me cross-eyed an' pintin' at me so!
 Oh, my! I was so skeered that time I never slep' a mite—
 It's almost allus when I'm bad 'at I see things at night!

Lucky thing I ain't a girl, or I'd be skeered to death!
 Bein' I'm a boy, I duck my head an' hold my breath;
 An' I am, oh, so sorry I'm a naughty boy, an' then
 I promise to be better an' I say my prayers again!
 Gran'ma tells me that's the only way to make it right
 When a feller has been wicked an' sees things at night!

An' so when other naughty boys would tempt me into sin,
 I try to skwush the Tempter's voice 'at urges me within;
 An' when they's pie for supper, or cakes 'at's big an' nice,
 I want to—but I do not pass my plate f'r them things twice!
 No, ruther let starvation wipe me slowly out o' sight
 Than that I should keep a-livin' on an' seein' things at night!

—Eugene Field.

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How Eugene Field Wrote

In a letter written from Mr. Field's home, Buena Park, Chicago, two years before his death, he gave the history of some of his best known verses:

My Dutch Lullaby was written one night in the spring of 1889. The little story occurred to me as I was riding home on the street-car. I had determined to write a series of lullabies and had begun one which I meant to entitle A Dutch Lullaby: this I elaborated subsequently into the bit of verse entitled Nightfall in Dordrecht. When the names of Wynken, Blynken and Nod occurred suddenly to me I abandoned the windmill story and took up with the wooden shoe. I sat up in bed and wrote out the lullaby as it now appears, with the exception that I first wrote

"Into a sea of blue,"

and this line I changed next morning to

"Into a sea of dew."

My Little Boy Blue was written (1889), within the space of two hours, in the Record office, and to fill an order from the American. The name of Little Boy Blue came to me while I wanted a rhyme for the seventh line of the first stanza.

My verses, To a Usurper, are actually addressed to my son Frederick, who as a little boy used to say that when he grew up he was going to marry his mother.

The Dead Babe was written (1893) one evening while my infant son lay at the point of death.

Our Two Opinions was written (1889) to prove to a friend that I could make a fair imitation of James Whitcomb Riley's style.

My wife's favorite of my verse is The Song of Luddy-Dud, a fragment inspired by our baby boy. Similarly inspired was Garden and Cradle.

Buttercup, Poppy, Forget-me-not was written (1891) upon the anniversary of my oldest boy's death. The allusion in the last stanza of the dedication of With Trumpet and Drum is to this beloved child.

My Jewish Lullaby was written at Carlsbad, and was inspired by the sight of a weary-looking Jewess nursing her babe in the highway.

With the money I got for my verses, Apple Pie and Cheese, I bought my folio Chaucer of 1598.

Help It On

There's a good time coming,
Help it on!
There's a good time coming,
Help it on!
Every heart its tune is drumming,
All the air with it is humming,
Help it on, Help it on,
Help it on, on, on!

There's a future on the way,
Help it on!
There's a future on the way,
Help it on!
When the night shall turn to day,
For the right shall have the way,
Help it on, Help it on,
Help it on, on, on!

When you find a noble cause,
Help it on!
When you find a noble cause,
Help it on!
Never wait for man's applause,
Never count the cost, nor pause,
Help it on, Help it on,
Help it on, on, on!

And when the right shall win,
Help it on!
And when the right shall win,
Help it on!
There will be no want nor sin,
And the good time shall begin,
Help it on, Help it on,
Help it on, on, on!

(This program might be fittingly observed early in the month. A cordial invitation should be extended to the parents, and every attempt made to interest them and insure their co-operation.)

[illegible]

Air: "Oh, Dear What Can the Matter Be?"

Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Parents don't visit the school?

They visit the drill to see murderous sabers,
They visit the circus, they visit their neighbors,
They visit their flocks, and the servant who labors,
Now why don't they visit the school?

They care for their horses, they care for their dollars,
 They care for their lodgers, their fancy fine collars,
 But little do we think they care for their scholars,
 Because they don't visit the school.

We know we from hunger and cold are protected,
 In knowledge and virtue our minds are directed,
 But still we do think we are sadly neglected,
 Because they don't visit the school.

Now if they will come, they'll find all in their places,
 With nicely combed hair, with clean hands and clean faces,
 All pleasant and happy, with naught that disgraces,
 Then why don't they visit the school?

Quotations

"Blessed are the Happiness Makers."

"The world belongs to the energetic man."

"Genius begins great works; labor alone finishes them."

"Don't let the stream of your life be a murmuring stream."

"Our hands contain the magic wand: This life is what we make it."

"We think that old Alladin's lamp,
 Which brought him wealth and station,
 Had, on its base, this potent word
 Of magic—'Education.'"

"The inner side of every cloud
 Is bright and shining;
 I therefore turn my clouds about,
 And always wear them inside out—
 To show the lining."

"Resolve to be merry,
 All worry to ferry
 Across the famed waters that bid us forget;
 And no longer fearful,
 But happy and cheerful,
 We feel life has much that's worth living
 for yet."

Boys

Now, if any one has an easy time
 In this world of push and pull,
 It is not the boy of the family,
 For his hands are always full.
 I'd like to ask, who fills the stove?
 Where is the girl who could?
 Who brings in water, who lights the fire,
 And splits the kindling wood?

And who is it that cleans the walks
 After hours of snowing?
 In summer, who keeps down the weeds
 By diligently hoeing?
 And who must harness the faithful horse

When the girls would ride about?
 And who must clean the carriage off?
 The boy, you'll own, no doubt.

And who does the many other things,
 Too numerous to mention?
 The boy is the "general utility man,"
 And really deserves a pension.
 Friends, just praise the boy sometimes
 When he does his very best;
 And don't always want the easy chair
 When he's taking a little rest.

Don't let him always be the last
 To see the new magazine;
 And sometimes let the boy be heard
 As well as to be seen.
 That boys are far from perfect
 Is understood by all;
 But they have hearts, remember,
 For "men are boys grown tall."

And when a boy has been working
 His level best, for days,
 It does him good, I tell you,
 To have some hearty praise!
 He is not merely a combination
 Of muddy boots and noise,
 And he likes to be looked upon
 As one of the family joys. —*Selected.*

The Barefoot Boy

Blessings on thee, little man,
 Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
 With thy turned-up pantaloons,
 And thy merry whistled tunes;
 With thy red lip, redder still
 Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
 With the sunshine on thy face,
 Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
 From my heart I give thee joy,—
 I was once a barefoot boy!
 Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
 Only is republican.
 Let the million-dollared ride!
 Barefoot, trudging at his side,

Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy :
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy.

Oh for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place
Flight of fowl, and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood ;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well ;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung ;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine ;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans !
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks ;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy !

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees ;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade ;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone ;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Walked with me from fall to fall ;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides !
Still, as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too ;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy !

Oh for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon, and bowl of wood,

On the door-stone, gray and rude !
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold ;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra ;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch : pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy !

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can !
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-spread the new-mown sward
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew ;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat :
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil :
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy !

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

Our Own

If I had known, in the morning,
How wearily all the day
The words unkind would trouble my mind
That I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain ;
But we vex our own with look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it well might be that never for me
The pain of the heart should cease !
How many go forth at morning
Who never come home at night,
And hearts have broken for harsh words
spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right !

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah, lip with the curve impatient,
Ah, brow with the shade of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.

Kind Words Can Never Die

Kind words can never die ;
 Cherished and blest,
 God knows how deep they lie,
 Lodged in the breast ;
 Like childhood's simple rhymes,
 Said o'er a thousand times,
 Go through all years and climes,
 The heart to cheer.

Chorus—

Kind words can never die, never die,
 never die,
 Kind words can never die, no, never die.

Childhood can never die—
 Wrecks of the past
 Float o'er the memory,
 Bright to the last.
 Many a happy thing,
 Many a daisy spring,
 Floats on time's ceaseless wing,
 Far, far away.

Chorus—

Childhood can never die, never die, never
 die,
 Childhood can never die, no, never die.

Sweet thoughts can never die,
 Though, like the-flowers,
 Their brightest hues may fly
 In wintry hours.
 But when the gentle dew,
 Gives them their charms anew,
 With many an added hue,
 They bloom again.

Chorus—

Sweet thoughts can never die, never die,
 never die,
 Sweet thoughts can never die, no, never
 die.

Our souls can never die,
 Though in the tomb
 We may all have to lie,
 Wrapt in its gloom.
 What though the flesh decay,
 Souls pass in peace away,
 Live through eternal day
 With Christ above.

Chorus—

Our souls can never die, never die, never
 die,
 Our souls can never die, no, never die.

Jack's Pockets

*(A soliloquy, recited standing or sitting
 by a table.)*

My sister says I always keep
 A lot too many things
 Stuffed in my pockets—but I have—
 Just only two top strings.

*(Drawing them out and laying them on
 the table.)*

And-and a handkerchief—and, oh,
 I guess there must be two,
 Or-r-r three—I think I'll have these washed,
 And start tomorrow new.

*(Taking out and opening, one after an-
 other, three grimy, wadded handkerchiefs
 and laying them on the table.)*

And then my top—no—this is—why !
 The butcher gave me that
 The day I got the meat last week ;
 I'd just forgot it flat !

*(Taking out the end of a Bologna saus-
 age, with a look of recognition. Bites it.)*

I carry this, 'cause sister says
 Boys should be clean and neat.
 Dear me ! my candy's stuck to it,
 It won't be fit to eat !

*(Beginning on another pocket and tak-
 ing out a small comb, with a piece of mo-
 lasses candy stuck to it.)*

Oh ! here's my top—and marbles, too,
 (All boys have them, I 'spose),
 And just one knife—I can't have less,
 And—well—I don't need those.

Why ! here's another handkerchief !
 Perhaps my sister's right—
 I'll empty every pocket clean
 Before I sleep tonight !

*(Taking out and throwing on the floor
 wad after wad of crumpled paper, among
 which he suddenly spies another handker-
 chief which he picks up and spreads open.)*

Seat Mates

An old gray country schoolhouse,
 The girl's side looking west,
 Third seat from the back on the outside
 row,
 Both she and I liked best.
 From there we could see the maples,
 And a long low field beyond—
 In summer, the place where the berries
 grew,
 In winter, a skating pond.

So much to be said each morning
 Going in thro' the entry-way
 At call of bell, we had ever a thought
 Of something we'd like to say.
 But then we could sit together,
 Each glad the other was near.
 No need of saying much after all,
 When you sit with one that's dear.

But that's long past. In the city
 One's time is so crowded, you know,
 We often meet, but we never speak
 Of the school days long ago.
 And we've caught that faultless manner,
 Hardly cordial, never cold;
 Oh it's not the air we used to wear
 When we met in the days of old.

Last week at the Quade reception,
 Where both helped entertain,
 We chanced to meet at the terrace steps
 In a sudden dash of rain.
 We thought of our silken apparel,
 And hastened, with anxious frown,
 As on lustrous fold and delicate tint,
 The great drops pattered down.

In a flash, then, I remembered
 A long-gone rainy day,
 When, shoes hung over arm, we two
 Barefoot went homeward way.
 We folded the torn umbrella,
 Our skirts we used for cows.
 We gave the robins call for call,
 And jeered at the drooping fowls.

She, too, I think, remembered,
 For she turned in the great hallway,
 Her face aglow with a merry thought
 Of something she'd like to say.
 Then of time and place grew heedful,
 Obeying with ready art
 The mystic rule of a worldly school,
 Where we sit so far apart.

—*Susan M. Haydon.*

Fairy Folks

(A small pupil should ask each of the four questions, and an older pupil recite the rest.)

"Do you believe in fairy stories?"
 Darling, of course I do;
 In giants so tall,
 And Titania small,
 I believe in them all.
 Don't you?

"Was there ever any Red Riding Hood?"
 Oh, yes; without a doubt.
 There are wolves today
 To lead you astray:

When they come in your way,
 Look out!

"And there was really a Cinderella,
 With haughty sisters?" Why, yes
 I've met with her since;
 And, though proud ones may wince,
 She'll marry the prince,
 I guess.

"And was there a Blue Beard?" Yes, my
 darling,
 There was. But the beard's turned red.
 If you tread on his toes,
 Or his secrets disclose,
 In a minute off goes
 Your head!

And the fairy-folk will never, no never
 Refuse to help you along,
 If you form an alliance
 With first-class giants,
 And bid defiance
 To wrong.

Love and Duty are real twin fairies,
 Beautiful, good and true,
 By them we're attended;
 By them we're commended;
 I think they're just splendid.
 Don't you? —*Josephine Pollard.*

My Neighbor's Noisy Boy

I hear him in the morning,
 I hear him all day long;
 I hear his ringing laughter,
 His shout and merry song.
 He learns his lessons quickly,
 That he may have "some fun,"
 And he gets in lots of mischief
 Before the day is done.
 His feet have many scratches,
 He breaks his choicest toy,
 And has a sight of trouble,
 My neighbor's noisy boy.

But, stop! here is a secret
 I would to you impart—
 If anyone's in trouble,
 He has a heavy heart.
 It is the germ of kindness
 Close hidden in his breast;
 I rather think my neighbor
 Is most supremely blest;
 And in his manly nature
 Is more gold than alloy;
 And I love this manly fellow
 My neighbor's noisy boy.

When the misty twilight gathers,
 And his mother's side he seeks,
 More precious than a fortune

Are his kisses on her cheeks!
 Ah! the boy who loves his mother
 Holds the jewel-studded key
 To nobility of nature,
 And at his mother's knee
 He learns his manhood's mission,
 The grandeur of his life!
 'Tis he who acts most nobly
 Is a "hero in the strife,"
 Oh! may his future journey
 Bring less of grief than joy.
 I predict a noble manhood
 For my neighbor's noisy boy.
—Flora Hazleton Bailey.

The Teacher's Dream

The weary teacher sat alone
 While twilight gathered on:
 And not a sound was heard around,—
 The boys and girls were gone.
 The weary teacher sat alone,
 Unnerved and pale was he:
 Bowed 'neath a yoke of care, he spoke
 In sad soliloquy:
 "Another round, another round
 Of labor thrown away,
 Another chain of toil and pain,
 Dragged through a tedious day.
 I squander on a barren field
 My strength, my life, my all:
 The seeds I sow will never grow,
 They perish where they fall."
 He sighed, and low upon his hands
 His aching brow he pressed;
 And o'er his frame ere long there came
 A soothing sense of rest.
 And then he lifted up his face,
 But started back aghast,—
 The room, by strange and sudden change
 Assumed proportions vast.
 It seemed a senate-hall, and one
 Addressed a listening throng;
 Each burning word all bosoms stirred,
 Applause rose loud and long.
 The 'wildered teacher thought he knew
 The speaker's voice and look,
 "And for his name," said he, "the same
 Is in my record book."
 The stately senate-hall dissolved,
 A church rose in its place
 Wherein there stood a man of God,
 Dispensing words of grace.
 And though he spoke in solemn tone,
 And though his hair was gray,
 The teacher's thought was strangely
 wrought,
 "I whipped that boy today."

The church, a phantasm, vanished soon;
 What saw the teacher then?
 In classic gloom of alcove room
 An author plied his pen.
 "My idlest lad!" the teacher said,
 Filled with a new surprise—
 Shall I behold his name enrolled
 Among the great and wise?"

The vision of a cottage home
 The teacher now descried;
 A mother's face illumed the place
 Her influence sanctified.
 "A miracle! a miracle!
 This matron, well I know,
 Was but a wild and careless child,
 Not half an hour ago.

"And when she to her children speaks
 Of duty's golden rule,
 Her lips repeat, in accents sweet,
 My words to her at school."
 The scene was changed again, and lo,
 The schoolhouse, rude and old;
 Upon the wall did darkness fall,
 The evening air was cold.

"A dream!" the sleeper waking said,
 Then paced along the floor,
 And, whistling slow and soft and low.
 He locked the schoolhouse door.
 And walking home his heart was full
 Of peace and trust and praise,
 And singing slow and soft and low,
 Said, "After many days."
—W. H. Venable in Midland Schools.

Mother

We had the funniest story
 In our paper t' other day,
 About a mule and buggy
 That scared and run away.
 I liked to die a-laughin',
 And so did pa and Josh,
 But mother couldn't stop to hear—
 She was busy with the wash.

Last week we had a picnic
 Out to Mechanicsville;
 I went with 'Lizy Fergus,
 And pa took Jen and Bill
 The time we had a-funnin'
 Would beat a story book,
 But mother couldn't go along—
 She had preserves to cook.

On Monday was the m'nag'ry;
 We had a glorious time
 A-seein' beasts and serpents
 And birds of every clime;
 We went in bright and early

To see the show go round,
But mother stayed at home to sew
On Jen's alpacky gownd.

Last fall when all the Rankins
Came down to stay a week,
We went one day for walnuts
'Way out on Sugar Creek;
We took our dinner with us
And stayed the whole day through,
But mother couldn't get away—
The scrubbin' was to do.

Tomorrow night's the concert;
I said I'd go with Jen
And Bill and 'Lizy Fergus
And Sairey True, but then
After I'd done and said it
The thought of mother came;
She never gets a holiday
That's halfway worth the name.

She's lookin' worn and weary,
And it occurred to me
To send her to the concert,
If only she'll agree;
I'll stay and do the dishes,
No odds if Jen does coax,
For mother needs a little fun,
The same as other folks.

—Selected.

Little Brown Shoes

Two little brown shoes stand side by side
At the end of a busy day;
I laugh as I take them in my hand,
Such wee little shoes are they.
The sturdy brown toes are scarred and worn,
For they carried a soldier bold
Into the heart of many a fray—
A soldier just two years old.

They stormed the castle of mother's heart—
Such brave little shoes are they—
And bloodless battles were waged and won
In just the easiest way;
The colors they bore were two blue eyes,
And a tangle of golden curls.
The victor's song was a gurgling laugh
That rippled o'er teeth like pearls.

No gold can buy these little brown shoes—
Such dear little brown shoes are they—
My heart is full, and my eyes grow dim,
And I kiss them as I say:
"Oh, life, be kind to the little feet,
Keep them from the paths that bruise,
Let them never stray from mother's heart,
Dear feet in the little brown shoes."

—*Florence A. Jones in Home Science Monthly.*

Tommy's School

"Geography's a nuisance, and arithmetic's a bore!"

Said Tommy, with a frown upon his face.

"I hate the sight of grammar, and my Latin makes me roar;

It's always sure to get me in disgrace.

When I'm a man," he added, as he threw his school books down,

"I'll have a school that boys will think is fine!

They need not know an adjective or adverb from a noun,

Nor whether Caesar bridged the Po or Rhine.

"I don't care if they think George the Third was King of Spain,

Those old fogies lived so long ago,

Or if they should answer the Volga is in Maine,—

What difference could it make, I'd like to know?

But, instead of useless things, I'd teach 'em how to coast and skate;

They all shall learn to row and sail a boat,

And how to fire a pistol and shoot a rifle straight,

And how to swim and how to dive and float

"We'll play at tennis and at cricket through the livelong day;

And then there's polo, and—oh, yes, football;

And baseball they shall every single one learn how to play,

For that's the most important thing of all.

I tell you," finished Thomas, "I'll have one just of that kind,

Then all the boys, you see, will want to go.

They will not run away and say my school's an 'awful grind,'

Or call the lessons dull and hard, I know."

—*St. Nicholas.*



When Father Stays at Home

Partnership.

You need not be looking around at me so;
 She's my kitten as much as your kitten, you know;
 And I'll take her wherever I wish her to go!

You know very well that the day she was found,
 If I hadn't cried, she'd have surely been drowned,
 And you ought to be thankful she's here safe and sound!

She is only just crying because she's a goose;
 I'm not squeezing her—look, now! my hands are quite loose,
 And she may as well hush, for it's not any use.

And you may as well get right down and go 'way!
 You're not in the play we are going to play,
 And, remember, it isn't your half of the day.

You're forgetting the bargain we made—and so soon!
 In the morning she's yours, and mine all afternoon,
 And you couldn't teach her to eat with a spoon.

So don't let me hear you give one single mew.
 Do you know what will happen right off, if you do?
 She'll be my kitten mornings and afternoons too!

—Selected.

Old Folks at Home

'Way down upon de Swanee river,
 Far, far away,
 Dere's wha my heart is turning ever,
 Dere's wha de old folks stay.
 All up and down de whole creation,
 Sadly I roam,
 Still longing for de old plantation,
 And for de old folks at home.

Chorus—

All de world is sad and dreary,
 Ev'ry where I roam,
 Oh! dorkies, how my heart grows weary,
 Far from de old folks at home.

All roun' de little farm I wandered
 When I was young,
 Den many happy days I squander'd,
 Many de songs I sung.
 When I was playing with my brother,
 Happy was I,
 Oh! take me to my kind old mother,
 There let me live and die.

Chorus.

One little hut among de bushes,
 One that I love,
 Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes
 No matter where I rove.
 When will I see the bees a-humming,
 All roun' de comb?
 When will I hear de banjo tumming,
 Down in my good old home?

Chorus

When Father Stays at Home

Such fun as we had one rainy day
 When father was home and helped us play!
 We made a ship and hoisted a sail,
 And crossed the sea in a fearful gale—
 But we hadn't sailed into London town
 When captain and crew and vessel went
 down,

Down, down in a jolly wreck,
 With the captain rolling under the deck,
 But he broke out again with a lion's roar,
 And, we on two legs, he on four,
 Ran out of the parlor and up the stair
 And frightened mamma and the baby there,
 So mamma said she'd be policeman now,
 And tried to 'rest us. She didn't know
 how!

Then the lion laughed and forgot to roar,
 Tili we chased him out of the nursery door
 And then he turned to a pony gay
 And carried us all on his back away.
 Whippity, lickity, hickity, ho!
 If we hadn't fun, then I don't know!
 Tili we tumbled off and he cantered on,
 Never stopping to see that his load was
 gone,

And I couldn't tell any more than he
 Which was Charlie and which was me,
 Or which was Towser for, all in a mix,
 You'd think three people had turned to six,
 But Towser's tail got caught in the door
 And he wouldn't hurrah with us any more.
 And mamma came out the rumpus to quiet
 And told us a story to break up the riot.

—Selected.

Rock of Ages

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"—

Thoughtlessly the maiden sung;

Fell the words unconsciously

From her girlish gleeful tongue;

Sang as little children sing;

Sang as sing the birds in June;

Fell the words like light leaves down

On the current of the tune—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,

Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Let me hide myself in Thee:"

Felt her soul no need to hide.

Sweet the song as song could be,

And she had no thought beside:

All the words unheedingly,

Fell from lips untouched by care,

Dreaming not that each might be

On some other lips a prayer—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,

Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me:"

'Twas a woman sung them now,

Pleadingly and prayerfully;

Every word her heart did know.

Rose the song as storm-tossed bird

Beats with weary wings the air;

Every note with sorrow stirred,

Every syllable a prayer,

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,

Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me:"

Lips grown aged sung the hymn

Trustingly and tenderly—

Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim.

"Let me hide myself in Thee:"

Trembling though the voice and low,

Ran the sweet strain peacefully,

Like a river in its flow;

Sung as only they can sing

Whom life's thorny paths have pressed,

Sung as only they can sing

Who behold the promised rest—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me:

Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me:"

Sung above a coffin-lid—

Underneath, all restfully,

All life's joys and sorrows hid.

Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul!

Nevermore from wind or tide,

Nevermore from billows' roll

Wilt thou need thyself to hide.

Could the sightless, sunken eyes,

Closed beneath the soft gray hair,

Could the mute and stiffened lips

Move again in pleading prayer,

Still, ay, still the words would be,

"Let me hide myself in Thee."

Spelling in the Nursery

"G-u-n," said Grace to Willie;

"What does that spell?" "I don't know,"

He is three and she is seven.

"G-u-n! Goose?" "Oh, dear, no!"

"Rooster? Boy? Stick?" Each time

Gracie shook her curly head,

"Taint conundrums I am giving,

But a lesson-word instead.

"When a little boy shoots

At a rabbit, what goes off?"

Grace said, her face a study,

As she quelled a little cough,

Thinking he would surely guess it.

"You're so stupid! I'm quite hoarse

Talking to you. What goes off?"

"Why, the rabbit does, of course."

When Father Rode the Goat

The house is full of arnica

And mystery profound;

We do not dare to run about

Or make the slightest sound.

We leave the big piano shut,

And do not strike a note;

The doctor's been here seven times

Since father rode the goat.

He joined the lodge a week ago,

Got in at four A. M.,

And sixteen brethren brought him home,

Though he says he brought them.

His wrist was sprained, and one big rip

Had rent his Sunday coat.

There must have been a lively time

When father rode the goat.

He's resting on the couch today

And practising his signs—

The hailing signal, the working grip

And other money shines.

He mutters passwords 'neath his breath,

And other things he'll quote;

They surely had an evening's work

When father rode the goat.

He has a gorgeous uniform,

All gold and red and blue;

A hat with plumes and yellow braid

And golden badges, too:

But, somehow, when we mention it,

He wears a look so grim,

We wonder if he rode the goat,

Or if the goat rode him.

The Boy

When you hear a fearful racket,
 Like a miniature cyclone,
 With some sounds so strange that surely
 Their like was never known,
 While the mother listens calmly,
 Even with a smiling face,
 You may know that it is nothing
 But the boy about the place.

When there's famine in the cupboard
 And the milk pail soon runs dry,
 And you can't keep pies or cookies
 No matter how you try,
 When you vainly seek for apples
 That have gone and left no trace,
 Hard times is not the trouble—
 There's a boy about the place.

When there's sawdust on the carpet
 And some shavings on the beds,
 When the rugs are tossed in corners
 And your chairs stand on their heads,
 While, if a tool you're needing, you
 All 'round the house must race,
 You may know he's making something,
 Is the boy about the place.

When the house is full of sunshine
 On the darkest kind of day,
 And you have to laugh at seeing
 Some outlandish, boyish play,
 And when eyes so bright and loving
 Oft are raised to meet your face,
 You will pray, I know, "God bless him,
 Bless our boy about the place."

—Selected.

Room at the Top

May the clerk behind the counter,
 May the boy who sweeps the snow,
 May the lawyer on the corner,
 Men of all professions know
 That whatever be their calling,
 Found in office or in shop,
 It is crowded at the bottom,
 There is room, yet, at the top.

Teachers, you, who now are toiling,
 Striving hard to win your way,
 Do not think the world is crowded,
 Aim you higher day by day,
 Do not fear and do not falter,
 Labor on and do not stop,
 It is crowded at the bottom,
 There is room, yet, at the top.

—Selected.

The Children's Hour

Between the dark and the daylight,
 When the night is beginning to lower,
 Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
 That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
 The patter of little feet,
 The sound of a door that is opened,
 And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
 Descending the broad hall stair,
 Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
 And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
 Yet I know by their merry eyes
 They are plotting and planning together
 To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
 A sudden raid from the hall!
 By three doors left unguarded
 They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
 O'er the arms and back of my chair;
 If I try to escape, they surround me;
 They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
 Their arms about me entwine,
 Till I think of the Bishop of Bergen
 In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
 Because you have scaled the wall,
 Such an old mustache as I am
 Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
 And will not let you depart,
 But put you down into the dungeon
 In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
 Yes, forever and a day,
 Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
 And moulder in dust away!

—H. W. Longfellow.

Remember, Boys Make Men

When you see a ragged urchin
 Standing wistful in the street,
 With torn hat and kneeless trousers,
 Dirty face and bare red feet,
 Pass not by the child unheeding,
 Smile upon him. Mark me, when
 He's grown he'll not forget it,
 For, remember, boys make men.

When the buoyant youthful spirits
 Overflow in boyish freak,
 Chide your child in gentle accents,
 Do not in your anger speak.
 You must sow in youthful bosoms
 Seeds of tender mercies; then
 Plants will grow and bear good fruitage,
 When the erring boys are men.

Have you never seen a grandsire,
 With his eyes aglow with joy,
 Bring to mind some act of kindness,
 Something said to him, a boy?
 Or relate some slight or coldness,
 With a brow all clouded, when
 He said they were too thoughtless
 To remember boys make men?

Let us try to add some pleasures
 To the life of every boy,
 For each child needs tender interest
 In its sorrows and its joy:
 Call your boys home by your brightness
 They'll avoid a gloomy den,
 And seek for comfort elsewhere—
 And remember, boys make men.

Bring Back My School Days to Me

(Air: "Bring Back My Bonnie to Me.")

When beautiful school day are over
 And grown men and women are we,
 Tho' gone, we will think of them ever—
 O bring back my school days to me.

Chorus—

Bring back, O bring back,
 O bring back my school days to me!
 Bring back, O bring back,
 O bring back my school days to me!

We long for our playmates of childhood
 Who played with us day after day,
 And little did we dream how we loved
 them

Until they had gone far away.

Chorus—

O beautiful, beautiful school days—
 O could your sweet mem'ry remain
 Thro' all of our pleasures and sorrows
 And bring back our school days again!

—Normal Instructor.

OCTOBER



Keeping House

THE YEAR'S ENTERTAINMENTS

OCTOBER

Autumn Days

Into the cup of our life today
What sweet, what spice is poured,
When every bit of the common way
Is a garden of the Lord,
With the golden lights and the purple shades
Blending in rich accord.

As soon might we count the star beams
Or the sand on the shifting shore,
As number the flowers that baffle
Desire with more and more,
As if heaven had opened her windows
And rained them out of her store.

By swamp and field and meadow,
On the edge of the mountain brook,
By the worn old fence and the hedge-row,
In the tiniest hidden nook,
Flowers in royal splendor
Wherever you chance to look.

And the zest of the autumn noontide,
The crisp of the autumn night,
The sense of rest after labor,
The wonderful crystal light,
It is joy of joys to be living,
With the year at its crowning height.

Thank God for the beauty broadcast
Over our own dear land;
Thank God who, to feed His children,
Opened His bounteous hand;
Thank God for the lavish harvest,
Thank God from strand to strand.

—Margaret E. Sangster

Memory Gems

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

—Selecta

Autumn's earliest touch has given
 To the woods below
 Hues of beauty, such as heaven
 Lendeth to his bow.
 And the soft breeze from the west
 Scarcely broke their dreamy rest.

—Whittier.

The blasts of Autumn drive the winged seeds
 Over the earth; next the snow and rain,
 And frost, and storms come, which dreary Winter leads
 Out of his Scythian cave, a savage train.

—Shelley

'Tis a happy world, our Father's world,
 And the place He sets us in to do
 Our earthly task till our flag is furled
 Is bright with sunshine and pearled with dew.
 Like the little red leaf let us blithely wait
 Till the angels open the Heaven-gate.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

The beautiful summer is gone,
 The thrush has folded his wing;
 The autumnal days steal on,
 And the singer forgets to sing.

—Kellogg.

Let's find the sunny side of men,
 Or be believers in it;
 A light there is in every soul
 That takes the pains to win it.
 Our hands contain the magic wand:
 This life is what we make it.

—Selected.

Who has not found the heaven below
 Will fail of it above.
 God's residence is next to mine,
 His furniture is love.

—Emily Dickinson.

Suggested Poems

For the Teacher's Reading and for Discussion with the Pupils:

Under the October Maple—*James Russell Lowell.*

October—*William Cullen Bryant.*

October—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*
 October—*Wordsworth.*

October's Bright Blue Weather—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

For Picture Study

The Waves (3197)—*James.*

Sistine Madonna (322)—*Raphael.*

Mother and Child (673)—*Murillo.*
 The Sower (510)—*Millet.*
 Going to Work (512)—*Millet.*
 Oxen Going to Work (501)—*Trayon.*
 Return to the Farm (502)—*Trayon.*
 Weaning the Calves (558)—*Rosa Bonheur.*
 Sheep-Spring (757)—*Mauve.*
 At the Watering Trough (610)—*Dagnar Bouver.*
 Ploughing (40)—*Rosa Bonheur.*
 Milking Time (602)—*Dupre.*
 Escaped Cow (603)—*Dupre.*
 The Farmyard (1082)—*Roll.*
 Potato Planting (514)—*Millet.*
 (Figures in parenthesis refer to Perry Pictures.)

An October Program for the Primary Grades

[illegible]

Come Little Leaves

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day,
"Come over the meadows with me and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold;
Summer is gone and the days grow cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all ;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the soft little songs they knew.

“Cricket, good-bye, we’ve been friends so long;
Little brook, sing us your farewell song—
Say you’re sorry to see us go;
Ah! you are sorry, right well we know.

"Dear little lambs, in your fleecy fold,
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;
Fondly we've watched you, in vale and glade:
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?"

Dancing and whirling, the little leaves went
 Winter had called them and they were content.
 Soon, fast asleep in their earthly beds,
 The snow laid a coverlet over their heads.

Quotations

"Glad October's shining sun
 Paint the leaves in richest dyes."

"Trees of the stately forest,
 And trees by the trodden way,
 You are kindling into glory
 This soft autumnal day."

"The year has lost its leaves again,
 The world looks old and grim;
 God folds his robe of glory thus,
 That we may see but Him."

"I wonder if oak and maple,
 Willow and elm and all,
 Are stirred at heart by the coming
 Of the day their leaves must fail."

"The leaves today are whirling,
 The brooks are all dry and dumb,
 But let me tell you, my darling,
 The spring is sure to come."

"Now autumn comes, and richest dyes
 Make beautiful the woods and wold;
 The leaf that on the green sward lies,
 Is tinged with purple, red and gold."

October Acrostic

(For seven children.)

O is for Prince October,
 Coming in his dress of russet, sober.
 The little leaves their dress have changed;
 O'er wood and fields the beautiful colors furl'd
 Betoken that the fall is here.
 Each tree will soon be bare and brown and sere;
 Russet and crimson and golden leaves all will float away.

To the Autumn Wind

(If the recitation is too long, it may be
 recited by three children, reciting in con-
 cert the last two lines of each stanza).

The wind is whistling through the trees,
 It rustles loud among the leaves.
 An autumn chill is in the air,
 The downy seeds sail everywhere.
 O, autumn wind, so cool and strong!
 O, autumn wind, we love thy song!

The maple leaves, in scarlet dressed,
 Are dancing now in wild unrest.
 You shake the acorns from on high,
 And chase the clouds across the sky.
 O, autumn wind, thy ways we know!
 O, autumn wind, blow high, blow low!

You bring the nuts down from the trees;
 You sweep the hills of dry brown leaves;
 The tiny seeds to earth you send—
 You are their helper, and their friend.
 O, autumn wind, your ways we know!
 O, autumn wind, blow high, blow low!
 —Stella H. Seed.

Why Cats Wash After Eating

You may have noticed, little friends,
 That cats don't wash their faces
 Before they eat, as children do
 In all good Christian places.

Well, years ago, a famous cat,
 The pangs of hunger feeling,
 Had chanced to catch a fine young mouse
 Who said, as he ceased squealing.—

"All genteel folks their faces wash
 Before they think of eating!"
 And wishing to be thought well-bred,
 Puss heeded his entreating.

But when she raised her paw to wash,
 Chance for escape affording,
 The sly young mouse said his good-by,
 Without respect to wording.

A feline council met that day,
 And passed, in solemn meeting,
 A law forbidding any cat
 To wash till after eating.

—The Outlook.

Suppose

(May be recited by four children)

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till eyes and nose are red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad 'twas dolly's
And not your head that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be nicer
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

And suppose the world don't please you
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The bravest, wisest plan,
Whatever comes or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

—Phoebe Cary.

A Little School

(The little girl should have three dolls,
arranged in a row on chairs and she should
address her remarks directly to them.
With the right sort of expression on her
part this can be made very effective.)

Melinda Jane and Kate and Nell,
It's time you learned to read and spell
Come now and say your A, B, C.
Hold up your heads and look at me,
For if you never learn to read,
What stupid dolls you'll be, indeed!

Well, never mind. Where's grandpa's
cane?

Now look at me, Melinda Jane,
You needn't think that this is play,
For I shall keep you here all day
And make you read before you go:
I know what's good for dollies,—so!

All ready now! A, E and C—
What is the matter? Oh dear me!
I cannot hear one word you say!
Why, Kate dear, don't turn away;
Sit up again and listen—there!
She's fast asleep, I do declare!

Now say A, B—Look this way, Nell:
You speak so low, I can't just tell.
Melinda Jane, why don't you try?
Oh dear, I'm tired enough to cry:
I think I'll stop and go to play,
And try again some other day.

—Anonymous.

October

(New Century Songs, page 37).

A chipmunk scampered from tree to tree,
The jolliest kind of a rover,
His-bead like eyes fairly danced with gle
And his tail curled over and over,
And this is the song that he sang to himself,
"Oh! why should I ever be sober?
'Tis easy to fill up my kitchen shelf,
As long as the nuts fall in October."

Chorus—

The walnuts are ripe in the forest;
Under, and up in the trees,
The boys, the girls, and the squirrels
Are all as busy as bees,
Shaking and picking and pulling,
With paws and fingers so spry, so spry
Shaking and picking and pulling,
With paws and fingers so spry, so spry

And storing the nuts in a safe place,
To crack and eat in the bye and bye,
And storing the nuts in a safe place,
To crack in the bye and bye.

But the boys soon came when the nuts grew thick,
Those boys with their riot and racket,
And the chipmunk's heart with fear grew sick,
At the pockets in ev'ry jacket.
And sad was the song that he sang to himself,
" 'Tis enough to make one sober?
What chance for a chipmunk's kitchen shelf,
As long as boys live in October?"

Kindness of A. Flanagan Co., Publishers

Don't

I might have just the mostest fun,
If 'twasn't for a word,
I think the very worstest one
'At ever I have heard;
I wish 'at it 'd go away,
But I'm afraid it won't;
I s'pose 'at it'll stay—
That awful word of "Don't."

It's "Don't you make a bit of noise," —
And "Don't go out of door;"
And "Don't you spread your stock of toys
About the parlor floor;"
And "Don't you dare play in the dust;"
And "Don't you tease the cat;"
And "Don't you get your clothing mussed;"
And "Don't do this and that."

It seems to me I've never found
A thing I'd like to do,
But what there's someone close around
'At's got a "Don't" or two.
And Sunday—'at's the day 'at "Don't"
Is worst of all the seven.
Oh, goodness! but I hope there won't
Be any "Don'ts" in heaven!
—*The New Crusade.*

Jack Frost

Jack Frost has traced in fairy lines,
A lace-like work of trees and vines,
A landscape with high hills and plains,
All on my glistn'ing window panes.

A fairy brush he must have used;
And color he has not abused;
The tints and tones are blended right—
The tracery is all in white!

The morning sun comes peeping through.
With glist'ning gleams of pink and blue,
To view the picture Jack has made
With glittering jewels all inlaid.

The Sun and Jack are mortal foes;
One treads upon the other's toes.
The hills and valleys melt and run,
And poor Jack's work is all undone!
—*Mary Redmond.*

How the Leaves Came Down

(If the selection is too long for one pupil, it may be given by several).

"I'll tell you how the leaves came down,"
The great tree to his children said;
"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,
Yes, very sleepy, little Red;
It is quite time to go to bed"

"Ah!" begged each silly, pouting leaf,
Let us a little longer stay!
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief;
'Tis such a very pleasant day
We do not want to go away!"

So, for just one more merry day,
To the great tree the leaflets clung,
Frolicked and danced and had their way,
Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering, all their sports among,—

"Perhaps the great tree will forget,
And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg and coax and fret."
But the great tree did no such thing;
He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children, all to bed," he cried.
And ere the leaves could urge their
prayer,
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bedclothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come and wrap them safe and
warm.

The great bare tree looked down and smiled;
 "Good night, dear little leaves," he said,
 And from below, each sleepy child
 Replied, "Good night." Said little Red,
 "It is so nice to go to bed."

—Susan Coolidge.

Autumn Days

(An Acrostic for ten children.)

"Apples red and green and yellow,"
 Uncle cries with voice a-ringing.
 "They are all so nice and mellow
 Upon the tall trees hanging,
 Many a barrel must we pick.
 Now come with a ladder, and come with
 a stick."

Down from the treetops comes the shout:
 "Autumn days are best!"

Young and old are merry over
 Such a bounteous harvest.

(Each child should carry a pasteboard
 letter covered with autumn leaves).

What Was It?

(To be recited by two boys; one asking,
 the other answering the questions.)

Guess what he had in his pocket!
 Marbles and tops and sundry toys,
 Such as always belong to boys,
 A bitter apple, a leathern ball?
 Not at all.

What did he have in his pocket?
 A bubble pipe and a rusty screw,
 A brassy watch key broken in two,
 A fish hook in a tangle of string?

No such thing.

What did he have in his pocket?
 Gingerbread crumbs, a whistle he made,
 Buttons, a knife with a broken blade,
 A nail or two, and a rubber gun?

Neither one.

What did he have in his pocket?
 Before he knew it, it slyly crept
 Under the treasures carefully kept,
 And away they all of them quickly stole—
 'Twas a hole.

—Selected.

Writing to Grandma

(A little child seated at a table with
 pen and ink, writing a letter).

Dear Grandma:

I am writing you a letter,
 With mamma's pen and ink,
 She left them on the table here,
 I guess she didn't think
 That I was big enough to climb
 In her big chair and write;
 But I thought I'd just s'prise you
 With a letter sweet tonight;
 I know, when you've read it,
 The very words you'll say—
 "Why, bless the little darling;
 I'll send her a doil this day."

Where Ye Spankweed Grows

(To be given by three boys reciting in concert the last verse of each stanza)

There's a corner in our garden, but my nurse won't tell me where,
 That little boys must never see, but always must beware.
 And in that corner, all the year, in rows, and rows and rows,
 A dreadful little flower called the

Spankweed
 Grows!

My nurse says if a little boy who doesn't wash his face,
 Or pulls his little sister's hair, should ever find that place,
 The spankweed just would jump at him and dust his little clothes,
 Oh, it's never safe for fellers where the

Spankweed
 Grows!

Some day I'll get the sickle from our hired man, and then
 I'll go and find that spankweed place—it's somewhere in the glen,
 And when I get a-swingin' it and puttin' in my blows,
 I bet there'll be excitement where the

Spankweed
 Grows!

—Life.

Frost Pictures

(For two children)

First Child—

Pictures on the window,
 Painted by Jack Frost,
 Coming at the midnight,
 With the noon are lost;
 Here a row of fir-trees,
 Standing straight and tall,
 There a rapid river
 And a waterfall.

Here a branch of coral
 From the briny sea;
 There a weary traveler
 Resting 'neath a tree;
 Here a grand old iceberg,
 Floating slowly on;
 There a mighty forest
 Of the torrid zone.

Here a swamp, all tangled,—
 Rushes, ferns and brake;
 There a rugged mountain,
 Here a little lake.
 Then a breath, the lightest,
 Floating in the air,
 Jack Frost catches quickly,
 And imprints it there.

Second Child—

And thus you are painting
 Little children, too,
 On your life's fair window
 Always something new;
 But your little pictures
 Will not pass away
 Like those Jack Frost's finger
 Paint each winter day.

Each kind word or action
 Is a picture bright;
 Every duty mastered
 Is lovely in the light;
 But each thought of anger
 Every word of strife,
 Blemishes the picture,
 Stains the glass of life.

Then be very careful,
 Every day and-hour,
 Lest unseemly touches
 Trace your window o'er;
 Let the lines be always
 Made by kindness bright,
 Paint your glass with pictures
 Of the true and right.

—Selected

Where the Jam-Pots Grow

(Victorious Songs, page 46)

You may talk about your groves
 Where you wander with your loves,
 You may talk about your moonlit waves that fall and flow,
 Something fairer far than these,
 I can show you, if you please,
 'Tis the charming little cupboard where the jam-pots grow.

Chorus—

Where the jam-pots grow,
 Where the jam-pots grow,
 Where the jaily, jolly, jelly jam-pots grow.
 'Tis the dearest spot to me
 On the land or o'er the sea,
 Is the charming little cupboard
 Where the jam-pots grow.

There the golden peaches shine
 In their syrup clear and fine,
 And the raspberries are blushing dusky with a glow,
 And the cherries and the plum
 Seem to beckon me to come
 To the charming little cupboard where the jam-pots grow

There the sprightly pickles stand
 With the catsup close at hand,
 And the marmalades and jellies in a goodly row,
 And the quinces, ruddy fire
 Would an anchorite inspire,
 To seek the little cupboard where the jam-pots grow.

Never tell me of your bowers
That are full of bugs and flowers,
Never tell me of your meadows where the breezes blow,
But sing me if you will,
Of the house beneath the hill,
And the darling little cupboard where the jam-pots grow.

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The Little Leaves

"We must go," sighed little Ruby,
Orange, Topaz, Garnet, Gold;
"For the chilly breeze is calling,
And the year is growing old.
Good-by, quiet, sunny meadows
That we never more shall see;
Good-by, winding brooks of silver,
Stony lands and dead old tree—
Dear old loving mother-tree."

From the branches down they fluttered
Like a rainbow scattered wide;
And the old tree looked so lonely,
That was once the woodland's pride.
But the wind came wildly piping
And they danced away with glee,
Ruby, Topaz, Garnet, Orange,
Soon forgot the poor old tree—
Poor old loving mother-tree.

But when skies of drear November
Frowned upon their wild delight,
All the little leaves grew lonely,
And they wandered back one night;
And they nestled in a hollow
At the foot of the old tree,
Sighing: "All the long white winter
We shall now so quiet be
Near our dear old mother-tree."

—George Cooper.

I Wonder Why

I wonder why the flowers died,
And why they cannot grow
And blossom in the winter time
Out in the soft, white snow?

I wonder why the leaves fell off
Just when they looked so gay?
And when the bare trees creak and moan,
I wonder what they say?

I wonder if the crocuses
Are truly fast asleep?
If pansies really bow and smile,
And violets ever weep?

I wonder what the busy bees
Are doing in the hive?
And if the pretty butterflies
Are frozen, or alive?

I wonder if the birds went south
Or if they came together
And flew above the clouds to heaven,
To miss the stormy weather?

I wonder if they will come back
From some warm sunny clime?
And, Oh! I wonder when is spring!
Tomorrow, or some time?

—Selected.

In the Fall

(For six children, each bearing a flower)

All—
Not all the flowers have gone away;
Come out into the woods today
And let us see the ones that stay.

First Child—
Here, first of all, is gentian blue:
Dear little flower so sweet, so true,
How can we keep from loving you?

Second Child—
Here's "bouncing Bet" in pink and white;
In growing you're a pretty sight,
Although we know you're common quite.

Third Child—
Oh lovely cardinal flower so red,
I see your beautiful, bright head
Just waking from your meadow bed.

Fourth Child—
Here's Indian-pipe, the little ghost,
Growing so calmly at her post;
Some people say they love you most.

Fifth Child—
Down in the swampy land we come
Across marsh-mallow; 'tis her home.
To see her thus we're glad to roam.

Sixth Child—
Our golden rod we won't forget,
In frame of green her beauty's set,
She'll be a long time with us yet.

All—
Dear late wild-flowers, we love you all;
And when you go, at winter's call,
Be sure your're with us here next fall

—Selected.

Baby Corn

A happy mother stalk of corn
 Held close a baby ear,
 And whispered: "Cuddle up to me,
 I'll keep you warm, my dear;
 I'll give you petticoats of green,
 With many a tuck and fold
 To let out daily as you grow,
 For you will soon be old."

A funny little baby that,
 For, though it had no eye,
 It had a hundred mouths; 'twas well
 It did not want to cry.
 The mother put in each small mouth
 A hollow thread of silk,
 Through which the sun, and rain and air,
 Provided baby's milk.

The petticoats were gathered close
 Where all the threadlets hung,
 And still as summer days went on
 To mother stalk it clung;
 And all the time it grew and grew—
 Each kernel drank the milk
 By day, by night, in shade, in sun,
 From its own thread of silk.

And each grew strong, and full, and round,
 And each was shining white;
 The gores and seams were all let out,
 The green skirts fitted tight,
 The ear stood straight, and large, and tall,
 And when it saw the sun,
 Held up its emerald satin gown
 To say: "Your work is done."

"You're large enough," said Mother
 Stalk,
 And now there's no more room
 For you to grow." She tied the thread
 Into a soft brown plume
 It floated out upon the breeze
 To greet the dewy morn
 And then the boy said: "Now I'm
 A fullgrown ear of corn!"

—*The Independent*

Something Unusual

He hunted through the library,
 He looked behind the door,
 He searched where baby keeps his toys
 Upon the nursery floor.
 He asked the cook and Mary,
 He called mamma to look,
 He even started sister up
 To leave her Christmas book

He couldn't find it anywhere,
 And knew some horrid tramp
 Had walked in through the open gate
 And stolen it, the scamp!
 Perhaps the dog had taken it
 And hidden it away,
 Or else, perhaps, he'd chewed it up
 And swallowed it in play.

And then mamma came down the stairs,
 Looked through the closet door,
 And there it hung upon its peg,
 As it had hung before.
 And Tommy's cheeks turned rosy red,
 Astonished was his face.
 He couldn't find his cap—because
 'Twas in its proper place!
 —*E. E. Marean, in Youth's Companion.*

Willie's Breeches

I'm just a little boy, you know,
 And hardly can remember,
 When people ask how old I am,
 To tell 'em four last 'vember.
 And yet for all I am so small,
 I made so many stitches
 For mamma's fingers that she put
 Her little boy in breeches.

You may be sure that I was glad;
 I marched right up and kissed her,
 Then gave my bibs and petticoats
 And all, to baby sister.
 I never whine, now I'm so fine,
 And don't get into messes;
 For mamma says, if I am bad,
 She'll put me back in dresses!

There's buttons up and down my legs,
 And buttons on my jacket;
 I'd count 'em all, but baby makes
 Just now, an awful racket.
 She's sitting there behind the chair
 With blocks, and dolls, and kitty,
 A playing "go to gran'ma's house,"
 Alone, 'n that's a pity.

I think I'll go and help her some,
 I'm sure it would amuse me;
 So I won't bother any more
 To talk—if you'll excuse me.
 But first I'll stand before the glass,
 From top to toe it reaches:
 Now look! there's head and hands, and
 feet,
 But all the rest is breeches!

—*Etta G. Salisbury.*

In Nutting Time

MOTION SONG

Vivace

Words and Music by Annie Stevens Perkins

Oh, a chest-nut tree on a hill-side stood, Not,

far, not ver-y far a-way; And the

nuts of the tree were ver-y, ver-y good, So the boys, so all the boys say.

Oh a chestnut tree on a (1) hill-side stood
 Not far, not very far away;
 And the nuts of the tree were very, very
 good,
 So the boys, (2) so all the boys say

When the glad sweet days of October came,
 And (3) nuts were falling from the tree,
 'Neath the red and the gold in woods and
 fields aflame,
 Happy shouts of pleasure rang free.

The nut-tree rustled with laughter glad,
 (4) And waved his leafy arms on high
 And the boys (5) gathered up the very
 best he had,
 While he sighed, "How happy am I!"

NOTE—The song may be used by the boys singing alone, or the girls may sing, using "girls" while the boys sing "boys" an arrangement which always pleases.

MOTIONS

1. Left arm indicates the hillside.
2. Emphasize the last line of the stanza by a merry nod to all.
3. Arms lifted and dropped to indicate the falling of the nuts; move fingers slightly.
4. Arms waved high.
5. Stoop slightly toward left, arms extended downward! Bring hands upward together at "best," as if holding the nuts gathered. Sing the last line slowly.

Program for Grammar and Intermediate Grades

Song	- - - - -	Nutting Time
Memory Gems by the School	- - - - -	(See page 43)
Recitation	- - - - -	The Coming of Jack Frost
Exercise	- - - - -	The Nut Party
Recitation	- - - - -	The Last Robin
Recitation	- - - - -	Golden Rod
Recitation	- - - - -	Falling Leaves
Recitation	- - - - -	A Chestnut Burr
Song	- - - - -	October's Party
Recitation	- - - - -	Polly's Dilemma
Exercise	- - - - -	This Way
Recitation	- - - - -	Jack Frost
Recitation	- - - - -	The Wandering of the Birds
Recitation	- - - - -	Johnny's Hist'ry Lesson
Song	- - - - -	Mr. Bob White
Recitation	- - - - -	Autumn Days. (See page 43)
Recitation	- - - - -	Things to See
Exercise	- - - - -	The Seasons
Recitation	- - - - -	Jack Frost's Duties
Recitation	- - - - -	A Toad's Toilet
Recitation	- - - - -	The Gossip of the Nuts
Song	- - - - -	October

Nutting Time

(Woodland Echoes, page 128)

See the nuts are falling down,
 Falling 'mong the leaflets brown,
 Dropping, dropping one by one,
 In the golden autumn sun;
 Falling, dropping here and there,
 Making merry everywhere;
 Boys and maidens, large and small,
 Run to catch them as they fall.

Chorus—

Falling, falling all around,
 Dropping, dropping to the ground,
 Gathering, gathering, hear the chime,
 'Tis the merry, merry nutting time.

Down they're coming, hear the sound,
 Lighting with a slight rebound;
 'Mong the leaves they may not hide,
 Quickly, quickly they're espied.
 Now they're coming down in showers

On the withered leaves and flowers.
 Something kindly shakes the trees,
 Hark! it is the merry breeze.

Chorus.

Down among the rustling leaves,
 Like the busy, busy bees,
 Bustling, fumbling, o'er and o'er,
 All are gath'ring in their store.
 Of the golden autumn days,
 Smiling through the mellow haze,
 None so gay, O, list the chime,
 As the merry, merry nutting time.

Chorus.

The Coming of Jack Frost

A little man came to our house one day
 From his home in the north, so far away;
 And the breath he blew from his lips was light,
 Yet it withered the flowers in a single night.

And he veiled the hills in a wonderful mist,
 And the sumach blushed as the leaves he kissed;
 And he dressed the trees in yellow and gold,
 Till the woods were brighter a hundred fold.

Then the nuts fell down from the tree tops tall,
 And the birds flew south at their leader's call;
 Then the bright leaves slowly dropped at last,
 And we knew that the golden Summer was past.

—*Anna Kennedy.*

The Nut Party

(Enter four boys, each bearing a plate of nuts.)

Chestnut—

Old Mr. Chestnut once lived in a burr
 Padded and lined with the softest fur;
 Jack Frost split it wide with his keen silver knife,
 And tumbled him out at the risk of his life.

Walnut—

Here is Sir Walnut, he's English, you know,
 A friend of my Lady and Lord So-and-So.
 Whenever you ask old Sir Walnut to dine
 Be sure you make much of this gentleman fine.

Hickory—

This is old Hickory. Look at him well;
 A general was named for him, so I've heard tell.
 Take care how you hit him, he sometimes hits back—
 This stolid old chap is a hard nut to crack

Butternut—

Old Mr. Butternut, just from Brazil,
 Is rugged and rough as the side of a hill.
 But like many a countenance quite as ill-favored,
 He covers a kernel deliciously flavored.

All—

Now, dearest schoolmates, I'm sure we have told,
 All the queer rhymes that a nutshell can hold.

—*Selected.*

The Last Robin

Yet a little longer,
 Robin Redbreast, stay;
 All thy gay companions
 Long since flew away.
 While the groves were vocal
 With their merry chime,
 Quickly on the dial
 Moved the hands of time.

O'er the hazy landscape
 Stand the stacks of grain;
 Autumn's golden sentinels
 Marshalled on the plain;
 And the shouts of reapers
 Gathering their sheaves
 Mingle with the rustling
 Of the falling leaves.

Memories tinged with sadness
 Weigh upon the heart,
 As with cherished objects
 Tenderly we part;
 For the cricket, singing
 At the open door,
 Tells us we may never
 Look upon them more.

Then a little longer
 Linger by the way,
 Herald of the springtime,
 Robin Redbreast, stay;

While the shadows lengthen,
 And the earth, grown sere,
 Wraps her frosty mantle
 Round the closing year.
 —Henry Stevenson *Was hburn*

Golden Rod

"Dear Grandma Golden-Rod,
 Tell me, tell me, pray,
 Why you look so stupid
 This bright October Day.

"Your gown that once was golden
 Now is almost brown;
 Your head you always held so high
 Is surely bending down."

Grandma smiled and nodded
 And said, "Oh, don't you know,
 That through the long, long summer
 I very weary grow?"

"Soon among the mosses
 My tired head will lie,
 And I will sleep there soundly
 Till winter passes by.

"When the springtime comes again
 And gentle breezes blow,
 Mother Nature will call me,
 And I will wake and grow."

—Mattie M. Kenwick

Falling Leaves

"Mother, dear mother," said the leaves one day,
 "Longer with you we cannot stay;
 Earth's summer mantle is withered and brown
 And ever she's calling, 'come down, come down.'"

"It grieves us to leave you, mother dear,
 We've been so happy this whole long year.
 You rocked us so tenderly when we were small,
 You've loved us so faithfully, one and all."

"Go, my children," the old tree said,
 "Find on earth's bosom a soft warm bed,
 Tenderly she'll care for you, mother of all;
 Fear not, but hasten to obey her call."

Down came the leaves, each with a sigh,
 Whispering softly, "Goodbye, goodbye."
 The old earth welcomed the little band,
 As beautiful angels from a heavenly land;

While ever above them, sweet and clear,
 The old tree sang, "Never fear, never fear."
 So they rested down in contentment sweet,
 And went to sleep at their mother's feet.

A Chestnut Burr

A wee little nut lay asleep in its nest
Of satin and brown, the softest and best,
And slept and grew while its cradle rocked—
As it hung in the boughs that interlocked.

Now, the house was small where the cradle lay,
As it swung in the winds by night and day;
For a thicket of underbrush fenced it round,
This lone little cot by the great sun browned.

This little nut grew, and ere long it found
There was work outside on the soft, green ground;
It must do its part, so the world might know
It had tried one little seed to sow.

And soon the house that had kept it warm
Was tossed about by the autumn storm;
The stem was cracked, the old house fell,
And the chetnut burr was an empty shell.

—Selected.

October's Party

October gave a party,—
The leaves by hundreds came,—
The Chestnuts, Oaks and Maples,
And leaves of every name;
The sunshine spread a carpet,
And everything was grand;
Miss Weather led the dancing,
Professor Wind, the band.

The Chestnuts came in yellow,
The Oaks in crimson drest;
The lovely Misses Maple,
In scarlet looked their best.
All balanced to their partners,
And gaily fluttered by;
The sight was like a rainbow,
New fallen from the sky.

Then in the rusty hollows,
At hide and seek they played:
The party closed at sundown,
And everybody stayed.
Professor Wind played louder,
They flew along the ground,
And then the party ended,
In "hands across, all round."

Polly's Dilemma

There's something that I've thought
I wish you'd 'splain to me:
Why, when the weather's warm,
There's leaves on every tree,

And when they need them most
To keep them warm and nice,
They lose off all their clothes
And look as cold as ice.

Of course, it's right for folks,
But I'm thinking 'bout the trees.
I'd like to wrap them up in shawls
For fear they're going to freeze.

This Way

When the corn begins to sprout
Two little leaves come peeping out. (1)

When the leaves are fresh and green
A slender stalk shoots up between. (2)

While the stalks keep on to grow,
The tiny ears begin to show. (3)

When the ears are long and thin,
The pretty silk begins to spin. (4)

When the pretty silk is spun,
It turns the color of the sun. (5)

When the summer sun is gone,
'Tis time to gather in the corn. (6)

(1) Put fists together with thumbs up. (2) Raise one forefinger. (3) Raise two forefingers. (4) Raise right hand and shake fingers. (5) Point to sun. (6) Reach both arms out and slowly fold them, as over the gathered corn.

Selected.

Jack Frost

Somebody's been in the garden,
Nipping the blossoms fair;
All the green leaves are blackened—
Who do you think was there?

Somebody's been in the forest,
Cracking the chestnut burrs;
Who is it dropping the chestnuts
Whenever a light wind stirs?

Somebody's been at the window,
Marking on every pane;
Who made the delicate drawing
Of lacework and moss grain?

Somebody's all the time working
Out on the pond so blue,
Bridging it over with crystal;
Now, can you tell me who?

—*Child Garden.*

The Wandering of the Birds

Autumn has come, so bare and gray,
The woods are brown and red,
The flowers all have passed away,
The forest leaves are dead.

The little birds at morning dawn,
Clothed in warm coats of feather,
Conclude that they away will roam
To seek for warmer weather.

The robin gives his last sweet strain,
His mate responding, follows;
And then away they lead the train
Of bluebirds, wrens and swallows.

Tribe after tribe with leaders fair,
All spread their wings for flight.
Away, away, high in the air;
Nor care for day and night.

The fig-tree and the orange bowers,
They soon will find so sweet;
The sunny clime of fruits and flowers
They with warm hearts will greet.

But when the voice of Spring they hear,
They'll sing their "chick-a-dee,"
And back they'll come, our hearts to cheer,
"Tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-whee."

—*Songs for Little Ones at Home.*

Johnny's Hist'ry Lesson

I think of all the things at school

A boy has got to do,
That studin' hist'ry, as a rule,
Is worst of all, don't you?
Of dates there are an awful sight,
An' though I study, day and night,
There's only one I've got just right—
That's fourteen-ninety-two.

Columbus crossed the Delaware
In fourteen-ninety-two;
We whipped the British fair an' square
In fourteen-ninety-two;
At Concord an' at Lexington
We kept the red coats on the run,
While the band played "Johnny Get Your Gun"
In fourteen-ninety-two.

Pat Henry, with his dyin' breath—
In fourteen-ninety-two,
Said, "Gimme liberty or death!"
In fourteen-ninety-two.
An' Barbara Frietchie, so 'tis said,
Cried, "Shoot if you must this old, gray head,
But I'd rather 'twould be your own instead,"
In fourteen-ninety-two.

The Pilgrims came to Plymouth Rock
In fourteen-ninety-two,
An' the Indians standin' on the dock
Asked, "What are you goin' to do?"
An' they said "We seek your harbor drear
That our children's children's children dear,
May boast that their forefathers landed here
In fourteen-ninety-two.

Miss Pocahontas saved the life,
In fourteen-ninety-two,

Of John Smith, an' became his wife
 In fourteen-ninety-two.
 An' the Smith tribe started there and then,
 An' now there's John Smiths everywhere,
 But they didn't have any Smith's to spare,
 In fourteen-ninety-two.

Kentucky was settled by Daniel Boone
 In fourteen-ninety-two;
 An' I think the cow jumped over the moon
 In fourteen-ninety-two.
 Ben Franklin flew his kite so high
 He drew the lightin' from the sky,
 An' Washington couldn't tell a lie
 In fourteen-ninety-two.

—*Selects*

Mr. Bob White

There's a plump little chap in a speckled coat,
 And he sits on a zig-zag rail remote,
 Where he whistles at breezy, bracing morn,
 When the buckwheat is ripe, and stacked the corn.

Chorus—

Bob White! Bob White! He whistles alone in the corn;
 Bob White! Bob White! He whistles alone in the corn.

Is he hailing some comrade as blithe as he?
 Now I wonder where Robert White can be!
 O'er the billows of gold and amber grain,
 There's no one in sight—but hark again!—

Chorus.

Ah! I see why he calls. In the stubble there
 Hide his plump little wife and his babies fair!
 So contented is he and so proud of them,
 That he wants all the world to know his name.

Chorus.

Things to See

“Where have you been, and what did you see,
 This sunny October day?
 And why do you look so very wise
 O little boy Dick, and May?”

“We've seen such a lot of curious things—
 A squirrel trying to fly!
 And he did it, too, 'way over the brook
 From the walnut-tree so high.

“A chickadee hung by his toes head down—
 You'll hardly believe it's true!
 But his cap stayed on! Dick said it was stuck
 With a hat-pin perhaps, or glue.

“An owl looking out of his dungeon dark
 In a hollow apple-tree,
 Just spying his neighbors with blinking eyes
 And pretending he couldn't see.

"A wood-mouse playing at hide-and-seek
 With a squirrel in a striped coat;
 Some froggies, tired of leap-frog's charm,
 Were sailing in a peapod boat.

"A bluejay hiding his winter corn,
 And watched by a squirrel red;
 A woodpecker making a nice round door,
 In Farmer Hackett's shed.

"A cricket under a maple leaf
 Playing the fiddle slow—
 When it gets so late, then his toes get numb;
 His leg is his bow, you know.

"A thistle dressed in his winter furs;
 Some little wee birds at play;
 And bunny rabbit behind a fern,
 All ready to run away."

Now four bright eyes, if they're opened wide,
 Find plenty of things to see.
 When you hear what Mamiekins told to me,
 I am sure you will quite agree.

—Wm. J. Long

The Seasons (Four Children)

Winter—

The little snowflakes come
 When the singing birds are dumb
 And fill the empty nest;
 And the frost upon the pane,
 Mimic ferns and bearded grain,
 Are the blossoms we love best.

Spring—

The pretty windflowers rise
 With an air of sweet surprise,
 When the laughing Spring
 Calls the crocus from its sleep;
 Bids the grass begin to creep,
 And the sparrows sing.

Summer—

The daisies lint-white flocks
 Push and jostle; and the locks
 Of the barberry shine,
 When the mosses' fringes spread
 And the dodder's jeweled thread
 Make the meadow fine.

Autumn—

When the autumn walks abroad,
 Touches of the goldenrod
 Burn the livelong day.
 And the birds are flying far
 When witch-hazel's yellow star
 Lends its little ray.

—Mary A. Prescott.

Jack Frost's Duties

Jack Frost is such a busy little fellow,
 He really has so very much to do,
 No wonder that he often keeps on working
 The whole night through!

He paints the trees, you know, in early autumn,
 In different shades of crimson and of gold,
 And he it is who warns the feathered songsters
 When days grow cold!

He touches all the streams with fingers icy,
 And bids them stop their flowing 'til the spring,
 He scatters snowflakes soft and white and fleecy
 On everything!

And he's a tease, this sprightly little fellow;
 He pinches little people on the toes,
 He bites their rosy cheeks, and slyly nips them
 On ears and nose!

—*Kindergarten Review.*

A Toad's Toilet

Oh! the funniest sight I've seen today!
 You'd never, never guess!
 A queer little toad sitting under a leaf
 Was solemnly changing his dress.
 First, he took off his trousers (a very close fit),
 As if getting ready for bed;
 Then off came the sleeves of the little brown shirt,
 And he drew the whole over his head.
 He'd a fresh new suit underneath of brown,
 With spots of a lighter hue,
 And gravely he looked himself over with care,
 As much as to say: "Now I'll do."
 Next he picked up his dusty cast-off clothes.
 And folded and rolled them tight,
 Then (no, I'm not joking) he swallowed the roll,
 And slowly hopped off out of sight.

—*Prentice V. Rogers.*

The Gossip of the Nuts

Said the Shagbark to the Chestnut,
 "Is it time to leave the burr?"
 "I don't know," replied the Chestnut,
 "There's Hazelnut—ask her."
 "I don't dare to pop my nose out,
 'Till Jack Frost unlocks the door.
 Besides, I'm in no hurry
 To increase the squirrels' store.
 "A telegram from Peanut says
 That she is on the way;
 And the Pecan Nuts are ripening
 In Texas, so they say."
 Just here the little Beechnut,
 In his three-cornered hat,
 Remarked in tiny piping voice:
 "I'm glad to hear of that;
 "For then my charming cousin,
 So very much like me,
 Miss Chinquapin, will come with them,
 And happy I shall be."
 Then Butternut spoke up and said:
 "'Twill not be long before
 I'll have to move my quarters
 To the farmer's garret floor.
 "With Hickory and Walnut
 Good company I'll keep,
 And there until Thanksgiving
 Together we shall sleep."

Said the Shagbark: "I am tired
 Of being cooped up here;
 I want to go to see the world;
 Pray, what is there to fear?"

"I'll stay up here no longer;
 I'll just go pouncing down,
 So goodbye, Sister Chestnut!
 We'll meet again in town."

—*Selected.*

October

Birches now are yellow turning,
 Sumac now are growing red,
 Maple wears a glory burning
 Crimson round her graceful head.

Sturdy oaks are changing slowly
 Green for robes of purple brown,
 Woodbine flames and milkweed lowly,
 E'er their dry leaves rustle down.

By the roadside purple splendor;
 Troops of asters everywhere:
 Sister Golden-rod her tender
 Weight of gold again doth bear.

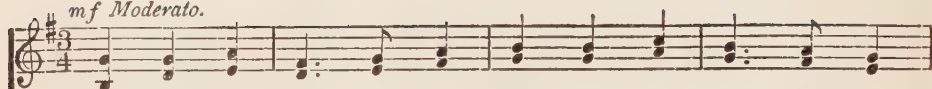
Cunning artist, dear October,
 Well we love thy colors fair,
 Making all the woodland sober
 Glow in garments rich and rare.

AMERICA.

SMITH.

CAREY.

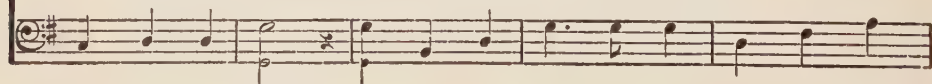
mf Moderato.



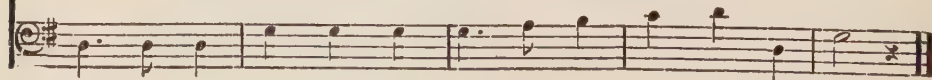
1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free-dom's



pil-grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring.
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par-take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.



A Miscellaneous Program for Columbus Day

Song	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Star Spangled Banner
Acrostic	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Christopher Columbus
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Life
Exercise	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Dates in the Life of Columbus
Quotations	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Song	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Our Country
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	How Did You Die
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Columbus
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	A Child's Fancies in Autumn
Biography of Columbus	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Song	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	The Breakers
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Sowing and Reaping
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	October
Reading	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Why the Continent Was Called America
Song	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	O, Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean
Essay	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	The Journeys of Columbus
Concert Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	The Ship of State
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	The Little Artist
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Progress
Song	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	America

ROOM DECORATIONS

Make the room as beautiful as possible, using potted plants, forest vines, bright colored leaves and branches, autumn flowers, etc., in the decorations. Drape Columbus's picture with flags. Show other pictures, such as "The Landing of Columbus," "Sailors Begging Pardon," "Columbus Before the King and Queen," "Ferdinand and Isabella," etc. Place the motto, "A world is his monument," on the blackboard in fancy lettering or above the blackboard, in front, of letters cut from tinsel. Other mottoes may also be used.

Christopher Columbus

(For eleven children. The letters spelling "Christopher" should be hung wrong side out by a string around the child's neck; he should turn the letter out when he recites. The letters for "Columbus" may be carried in the hand and presented at the right time. Of course some of the children will carry two letters.)

C is the first letter in the name of a hero bold.

He was born in Genoa, Italy, about 1435.

Raised in poverty and hardship and trained for the sea from early childhood.

It is said that at thirty his hair was white from trouble and anxiety.

Several stories are told which show that he had a kind, loving disposition.

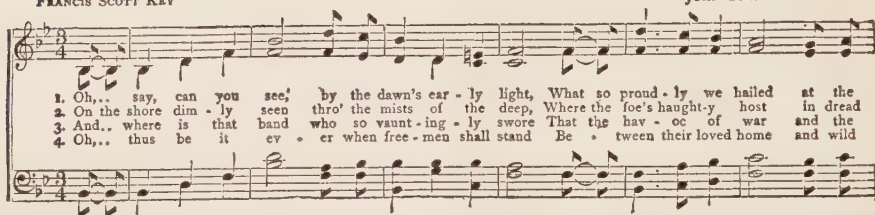
The best one was that he saved a part of his meagre pittance to educate his young brothers and support his aged father.

One of the problems of his time was how to reach India by sea.

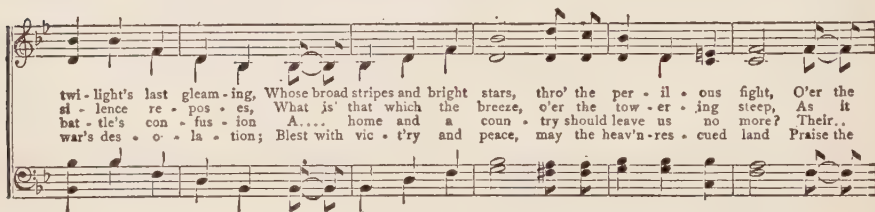
The Star-Spangled Banner

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

JOHN STAFFORD SMITH



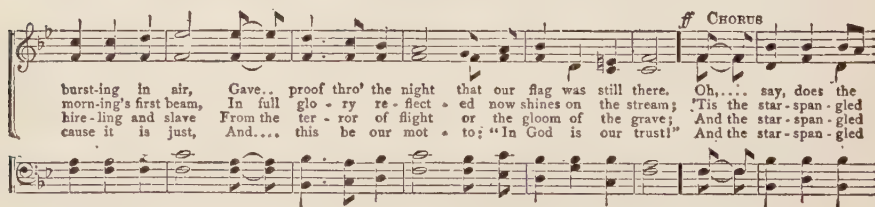
1. Oh... say, can you see; by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so prond - ly we hailed at the
 2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haught - y host in dread
 3. And, where is that band who so vaunt - ing - ly swore That the hav - oc of war and the
 4. Oh... thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand Be - tween their loved home and wild



twi - light's last gleam - ing, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the
 si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it
 bat - tle's con - fus - ion A... home and a coun - try should leave us no more? Their...
 war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n - res - cued land Praise the



ram - parts we watched, were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing? And the rock - ets' red glare, the bombs
 ft - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam - of the
 blood has washed out their foul foot - steps' pol - lu - tion, No... ref - uge could save the...
 Pow'r that hath made and pre - served us a na - tion! Then... con - quer we must, when our



CHORUS
 burst - ing in air, Gave... proof thro' the night that our flag was still there, Oh... say, does the
 morn - ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed now shines on the stream; 'Tis the star - span - gled
 hire - ling and slave From the ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave; And the star - span - gled
 cause it is just, And... this be our mot - to; "In God is our trust!" And the star - span - gled



cres. *ff* *ril.*
 star - span - gled ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
 ban - ner; oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
 ban - ner - in tri - umph doth wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
 ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

People thought that Asia extended much farther around the world than it really does. Hence, Columbus, argued that by going a few hundred leagues west he would touch the coast of Eastern Asia.

Every one laughed when he stated his belief.

Raising money enough to pay for the necessary ships, men and provisions was the difficulty which kept him from trying the new route.

Columbus was intensely religious, and believed himself divinely called to carry the true faith into the uttermost parts of the world, so he did not despair.

Over eighteen years elapsed before he was able to try his plan.

Learned men declared his venture foolish in the extreme,

Until Queen Isabella interceded for him and won the King's consent.

Men shrank from undertaking such a perilous voyage,

But at last three small vessels were manned.

Upon losing sight of familiar land, the sailors grew disheartened, cried, and begged to return, even threatening to throw Columbus overboard, but he remained firm and ordered them to sail on.

Success crowned his patient, brave devotion to his purpose, when land was sighted October 12, 1492.

Life

Our yesterdays are the blocks with which we build

Foundations for the structure of today,

And our tomorrows are but fleeting clouds

The breath of circumstance may blow away.

Were we to labor for ourselves alone,

Small need for aching brow and weary brain;

We strive and struggle for posterity,

And hope to widen manhood's grand domain.

Who seeks for self, tears down where he should build.

Who builds for others, wins the wreath of bay.

Our yesterdays should then be broad and strong

To hold aloft a glorious today.

If we were mortal, life were spent in vain,

So brief it is, so full of toil and tears;

But since immortal, O! how grand to know

Each noble effort lives eternal years.

Ambition, Hope, Faith, Duty, tender Love,

Each one, a place within, to help us, wins.

The olden dawn of youth illumines the sky.

Awake! Today dreams end, and Life begins.

—James Clarence Harvey.

Dates in the Life of Columbus

(For five children, each bearing cards covered with colored paper having the figures which comprise the dates cut from silver tinsel and pasted on.)

1435—

In fourteen hundred and thirty-five

Christopher Columbus was born;

Truth, goodness, skill and glory high,

His whole life did adorn.

1492—

On the third day of August in 1492,
The chief command he took
Of three vessels in the service of the king,
Bound to obey his every word and look.

1492—

On the 12th day of October in 1492,
After much worry and strife,
He found, as he supposed, the land he sought,
Experiencing the greatest joy of all his life.

1498—

On his third voyage in 1498,
He discovered the mouth of the Orinoco river.
On his fourth and last voyage in 1502 and 4
He failed the Indian passage to discover.

1506—

On May the 20th, 1506,
Columbus died, poor and broken-hearted.
He never found out his mistake,
But believed it was Asia he had discovered.

All—

As a brave discoverer of the world
Who would ne'er from his purpose bend,
He will be honored till time shall cease,
And earthly life shall end.

Quotations

"Perseverance conquers all."

"A man's best friends are his ten fingers."

"He who is firm in will moulds the world to himself."

"Happy is the man who acts the Columbus to his own soul."

"Diligence overcomes difficulties; sloth makes them."

"God gives all things to industry."

"Put in a good stock of patience when you are getting ready to live, and replenish often. It is in great demand for daily use."

"Every boy has within himself a country—even a continent—of undiscovered character. Happy is he who, like Columbus, starts out to explore it even while yet in his teens."

I will find a way or make one.—*Hannibal*.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.

—*Herrick*.

The tendency to persevere, to persist in spite of hindrances, discouragements, and impossibilities—it is this that in all things distinguishes the strong soul from the weak.—*Carlyle*.

All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

—*Phoebe Cary*.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

—*Longfellow*.

The men who try to do something and fail are infinitely better than those who try to do nothing and succeed.—*Lloyd Jones*.

Our Country

A song to our country, the pride of the world,
 The gem of all nations is she;
 For aye be the banner of justice unfurled
 O'er mountain and valley and sea.
 Let wars be interred in the graveyard of peace,
 The mouth of the cannon be dumb,
 And God have the praise for the country's release,
 And the God of our future become.

We look with a pride on our valleys of grain,
 Our mountains of silver and gold;
 Our star of prosperity never shall wane,
 Our country shall never grow old.
 From ocean to ocean the blossoms of spring
 Still promise that summer will come;
 To summers of peace let our choruses ring
 For the good of our country, our home.

With thanks to the Giver of all this broad land,
 And pride that we call it our own,
 We leave to our Father the will to command,
 And strive that His will may be done.
 There yet is one gift from our Father of love,
 But one we might beg Him bestow,
 That he might but grant us a country above,
 As grand as our country below.

—*New Century Songs*

How Did You Die?

Did you tackle that trouble that came your way
 With a resolute heart and cheerful?
 Or hide your face from the light of day
 With a craven soul and tearful?
 Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,
 Or a trouble is what you make it,
 And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
 But only, how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
 Come up with a smiling face.
 It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
 But to lie there—that's disgrace.
 The harder you're thrown, why the higher you bounce,
 Be proud of your blackened eye!
 It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts
 It's how did you fight—and why?

And though you be done to the death, what then?
 If you battled the best you could,
 If you played your part in the world of men,
 Why, the critic will call it good.
 Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,
 And whether he's slow or spry,
 It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
 But only how did you die?

—*Edmund Vance Cooke.*

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

Spirited.

1. O Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free, The
 2. When war winged its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de-form, The
 3. The star-spangled ban-ner bring hither, O'er Co-lum-bia's true sons let it wave; May the

shrine of each pa-triot's de-vot-ion, A world of-fers hom-age to thee. Thy
 ark then of free-dom's foun-da-tion, Co-lum-bia, rode safe thro' the storm: With the
 wreaths they have won never with-er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave: May the

mandates make ne-ros as-sem-ble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view; Thy
 gar-lands of vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew, With her
 serv-ice, u-nit-ed, ne'er sev-er, But hold to their col-ors so true; The

ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue; When
 flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue; The
 ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue; Three

borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy
 boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, The
 cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The

ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble When borne by the red, white and blue.
 flag proud-ly seat-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
 ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

Columbus

Behind him lay the gay Azores,
 Behind the gates of Hercules,
 Before him not the ghost of shores,
 Before him only shoreless seas.
 The good mate said, "Now must we pray,
 For, lo, the very stars are gone;
 Speak, Admiral, now what shall I say?"
 "Why, say, 'Sail on, sail on, sail on
 and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day,
 My men grow ghastly, wan and weak;"
 The stout mate thought of home; a spray
 Of salt wave washed his cheek.
 "What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
 If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
 "Why, you may say at break of day,
 'Sail on, sail on, sail on and on!'"

They sailed and sailed as winds might
 blow,
 Until at last the blanched mate said:
 "Why, now, not even God would know
 Should I and all my men fall dead.
 These very winds forget their way,
 For God from these dread seas is gone.
 Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say!"
 He said: "Sail on, sail on, sail on and
 on!"

They sailed, they sailed, then spoke the
 mate:
 "This mad sea shows his teeth tonight;
 He curls his lips, he lies in wait
 With lifted teeth as if to bite.
 Brave Admiral, say but one good word,
 What shall we do when hope is gone?"
 The words leaped as a leaping sword:
 "Sail on, sail on, sail on and on!"

Then sad and worn he kept his deck
 And peered through darkness—oh, that
 night
 Of all dark nights! and then a speck,
 "A light! A light! A light! A light!"
 It grew, a starlit flag unfurled;
 It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
 He gained a world; he gave that world
 Its grandest lesson: "On and on!"
 —*Joaquin Miller.*

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 lishers of Joaquin Miller's complete works.

A Child's Fancies in Autumn

The Maple is a dainty maid,
 The pet of all the wood,
 Who lights the dusky forest glade
 With scarlet cloak and hood.

The Elm a lovely lady is,
 In shimmering robes of gold
 That catch the sunlight when she moves,
 And glisten, fold on fold.

The Sumac his a Gypsy queen,
 Who flaunts in crimson drest.
 And wild along the roadside runs,
 Red blossoms in her breast.

And towering high above the wood—
 All in his purple cloak,
 A monarch in his splendor is
 The proud and princely Oak.

—*Selected.*

Motion Song—The Little Breakers

(Primary Songs, page 6.)

We'll play we are a band of breakers,
 Gleaming in the sunlight,
 Now up¹ now down² we glide along,³
 With footsteps light and faces bright.

Chorus—

Don't you want to join our playing?
 Happy little breakers we;
 Rolling, laughing, gliding, singing,
 Merry breakers we.

Now listen and we will to you
 Introduce each little breaker.
 This is Fancy,⁴ and this is Frolic⁵,
 Fun⁶ and Laughter⁷ yonder.

We're dressed in new suits⁸ ev'ry hour,
 Of ev'ry tint and hue,
 In crimson, emerald or gold,
 In amber, azure or sapphire blue.

And now we'll tell what work we do,
 For we are busy breakers;
 We gather shells⁹ to bring to you,
 Are we not tiny workers?

And then we carry heavy stones,
 And dash¹⁰ them this way¹¹, that way¹²;
 Till they are ground to white, soft sand,
 In which you love to work and play.

We've worked so hard that we are tired,
 And now must have a little rest¹³,
 Old Ocean takes us in his arms,
 And gently rocks¹⁴ us on his breast.

Now we must raise¹⁵ our sunny crests,
 And bid you ail good¹⁶ morning;
 There comes to us the dear sweet voice
 Of our teacher to us calling.

Final Chorus—

17 Don't you want to join our fun?
 Merry little breakers we,
 Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
 Happy breakers we.

DIRECTIONS

1. Arms full length to front, upward movement.
2. Downward. Continue these movements to the end of the stanza.
3. Full arm movement, toward the sides, upward and downward throughout the chorus.
4. Motion to right.
5. Motion to left.
6. Motion to front.
7. Motion to left.
8. Catch dresses on each side.
9. Extend arms forward and fold them.
10. Wave both arms to right.
11. Wave both arms to left.
12. Wave both arms to right.
13. Fold arms.
14. Both arms to right, left right.
15. Raise faces.
16. Bow.
17. Lateral movements of both arms up and down, continuing through the chorus.

Caution.—Avoid jerky movements. See that the pupils use a graceful, undulating movement, running along the entire arm, from the shoulder to the finger tips.

Sowing and Reaping

Sow with a generous hand;
 Pause not for toil or pain;
 Weary not through the heat of summer,
 Weary not through the cold spring rain;
 But wait till the autumn comes
 For the sheaves of golden grain.

Scatter the seed and fear not,
 A table will be spread;
 What matter if you are too weary
 To eat your hard-earned bread!
 Sow, while the earth is broken,
 For the hungry must be fed.

Sow, while the seeds are lying
 In the warm earth's bosom deep,
 And your warm tears fall upon it—

They will stir in their quiet sleep;
 And the green blades rise the quicker,
 Perchance for the tears you weep.

Then sow, for the hours are fleeting,
 And the seed must fall today:
 And care not what hands shall reap it,
 Or if you shall have passed away
 Before the waving cornfields
 Shall gladden the sunny day.

Sow, and look onward, upward,
 Where the starry light appears,
 Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
 Or your own heart's trembling fears,
 You shall reap in joy the harvest
 You have sown today in tears.

—*Adelaide Proctor.*

October

(This may be effectively given by the School reciting in concert.)

O suns and skies and clouds of June
 And flowers of June together,
 Ye cannot rival for one hour
 October's bright blue weather.

When loud the bumblebee makes haste—
 Belated, thriftless vagrant—
 And goldenrod is dying fast,
 And lanes with grapes are fragrant.

When gentians roll their fringes tight
 To save them from the morning,
 And chestnuts fall from satin burrs,
 Without a sound of warning.

When on the ground red apples lie,
 In piles like jewels shining,
 And redder still on old stone walls,
 Are leaves of woodbine twining.

When all the lovely wayside things
 Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
 And in the fields, still green and fair,
 Late aftermaths are growing.

When springs run low and on the brooks,
 In idle golden freighting,
 Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
 Of woods for winter waiting.

O suns and skies and flowers of June,
 Count all your boasts together,
 Love loveth best of all the year
 October's bright blue weather.

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

Why the Continent Was Called America

We see that great honors were paid to the memory of Columbus, but do we not realize that in one respect great injustice has been done it? Are we not ready to say that our continent should be called Columbus or Columbia? Poets and song writers echo our answer. Witness our national song with its opening words: "Hail, Columbia! happy land!" Another song says:

"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world and child of the skies."

Still another says:

"And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves."

How then does it happen that the New World is called America instead of Columbia? After the death of Isabella, Columbus employed certain persons to aid him in recovering his rights as viceroy over the lands discovered by him. One of these persons was an Italian, Amerigo Vespucci. This man was among the many, who, incited by the glowing stories of the riches of the New World, had hastened across the ocean for a share of the treasure. More than once he went to the southern part of the continent; and more than once did he write of what he had seen and heard. One of his letters misled a German geographer to believe that its writer was entitled to more credit than belonged to him. So thinking, the German published a book, in which he proposed that the new land should be called America. Though printed books were in the hands of but few persons in those days, the suggestion soon met with general favor. The name America was used in conversation and letters, was put upon maps and into books and soon came to be the only one applied to the New World.

—*Selected from Anderson's History.*

The Ship of State

(Concert recitation)

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of state!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hope of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock,
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and trumpet's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

—*From "The Building of the Ship" by H. W. Longfellow.*

The Little Artist

Oh, there is a little artist
 Who paints in the cold night hours
 Pictures for wee, wee children,
 Of wondrous trees and flowers—
 Pictures of snow-capped mountains
 Touching the snow-white sky;
 Pictures of distant oceans,
 Where pigmy ships sail by.
 Pictures of rushing rivers,
 By fairy bridges spanned;
 Bits of beautiful landscapes,
 Copied from elfin land.
 The moon is the lamp he paints by,
 His canvas the window-pane,
 His brush is the frozen snow-flake;
 Jack Frost is the artist's name.

Progress

Progress! progress! all things cry;
 Progress, nature's golden rule;
 Nothing tarries 'neath the sky;
 Learn in nature's wondrous school.
 Earth from chaos sprang sublime,
 Broad-armed oaks from acorns grow.
 Insects, laboring, build in time
 Mighty islands from below;
 Press we on through good and ill,
 Progress be our watchword still.

Rough may be the mountain road
 Leading to the heights of mind;
 Climb, and reach truth's bright abode;
 Dull the souls that grope behind.
 Science, learning, yield their prize:
 Faint not in the noble chase,
 He who aims not to be wise
 Sinks unworthy of his race;
 He who fights shall vanquish ill;
 Progress be our watchword still.
 Broad the track that lies before us;
 Never mourn the days of old.
 Time will not tombed years restore us,—
 Past is iron—future gold!
 Savage! learn till civilized;
 Slave! your fetters shake till free;
 Hearts that struggle, souls despised,
 Work your own high destiny:
 All things yield to steadfast will,
 Progress be our watchword still.
 Onward! orient nations know
 Nothing of that magic word;
 'Tis the trump that giants blow—
 'Tis the spirit's conquering sword!
 'Tis the electric, mystic fire
 Which should flash around the earth,
 Making every heart a wire—
 'Tis a word of heavenly birth;
 Onward! at the sound we thrill;
 Progress be our watchword still.

—N. Michell.

NOVEMBER

Battle Cry of Freedom

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff in treble clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with a repeat sign at the end of the first measure.

The Union for ever Unruh! hee Unruh! Draw with the rest

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The staff ends with a double bar line.

THE YEAR'S ENTERTAINMENTS

NOVEMBER

November

The leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child,

Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over,
The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves.

The robin will wear on his bosom
A vest that is bright and new,
And the loveliest wayside blossom
Will shine with the sun and dew.

The leaves today are whirling,
The brooks are all dry and dumb,
But let me tell you, my darling,
The spring will be sure to come.

There must be rough, cold weather,
And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child.

So, when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow.

—Alice Cary.

Suggested Poems

For the Teacher's Reading and for Discussion with the Pupils.

The Huskers—Whittier.

Autumn and Blessing the Cornfields—
From the Song of Hiawatha.

Maize for the Nation's Emblem—*Celia Thaxter.*

The Forest Hymn—*W. C. Bryant.*

The Landing of the Pilgrims—*Mrs. Hemans.*

For Picture Study

Embarkation of the Pilgrims (1331).

Landing of the Pilgrims (1332).

Plymouth Rock (1333).

Pilgrim Exiles (1336).

John Alden and Priscilla (1338).

Pilgrims Going to Church (1339).

Miles Standish and His Soldiers (1340).

(Numbers in parenthesis refer to Perry Pictures.)

Memory Gems

"Springtime cannot always stay,
And song birds do not always sing:
The summer passes swift away,
And autumn tree leaves weakly cling."

"Of all the glad days of the year,
Thanksgiving day's the best;
Then fun and joy run riot,
And sorrow is at rest."

"He who thanks but with the lips
Thanks in part:
The full, the true Thanksgiving,
Comes from the heart."

"This is the feast time of the year,
When hearts grow warm and friends more dear."

"Wintry winds are blowing,
Trees are bare,—'tis snowing,
Beneath the drifts the flowers are buried deep,
But in their icy dwelling
Little brooks are telling
That winter is but springtime fast asleep."

"For health and food, for love and friends
For everything his goodness sends,
We thank the Heavenly Father."

"Not what we give, but what we share—
The gift without the giver is bare."

"Underneath the winter snows
The invisible hearts of flowers grow ripe for blossoming
And the lives that look so cold,
If their story could be told,
Would seem cast in gentler mold;
Would seem full of love and spring."

"Be still sad heart and cease repining
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

"The south wind searches for the flowers,
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
And by the streams no more."

"November! Patient watcher, thou art asking to lay down thy tasks! Life to thee now is only a task accomplished. In the night time thou liest down and the messengers of winter deck thee with hoar-frosts for thy burial. The morning looks upon thy jewels and they perish while it gazes."

"I feel sweet peace in depths of autumn woods
Where grows the ragged ferns and roughened moss.
The naked, silent trees have taught me this—
The loss of beauty is not always loss."

"November woods are bare and still,
November days are bright and good;
Life's noon burns up life's morning chill
Life's night rests feet which long have stood."

"A nurse with soft and tender touch
Is gloomy-eyed November.
She roams through wood and meadow lands
Where little flowers were peeping;
She sings to them soft lullabies,
And tucks them up for sleeping,
She covers them with blankets white,
With soft and fleecy lining
Then whispers, "Little flowers, good night,
Till skies of spring are shining."

Geography Song



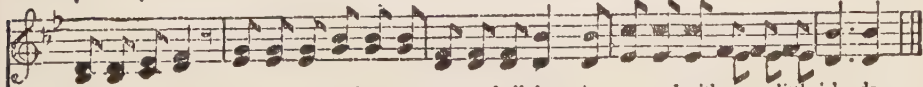
1. Oh, have you heard Ge-og - ra - phy sung? For if you've not, it's on my tongue, About the Earth in
2. All o'er the earth are wa - ter and land, Beneath the ships or where we stand; And far beyond the
3. All o'er the globe some circles are found: From east to west they stretch around, Some go from north to
4. Oh! don't you think 'tis pleasant to know A - bout the sea and land just so? And how the lines, the



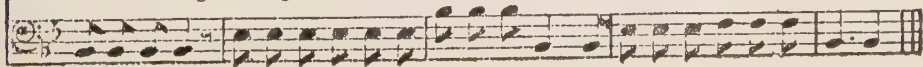
CHORUS.



air that's hung, All covered with green little islands. Oceans, gulfs, and bays, and seas; Channels and straits,
ocean strand Are thousands of green little islands. Continents and capes there are, Isthmus and then
southern bound Right over the green little islands. Great e - qua - tor, tro - pics two, Lat - i - tude lines,
cir - cles, go, Right o - ver the green little islands. Now you hear how we can sing; This is, to - day,



sounds, if you please; Great Archipel - a - goes, too, and all these Are covered with green little islands.
pen - in - su - la, Mountain and val - ley, and shore stretching far, And thousands of green little islands
lon - gi - tude, too, Cold po - lar circles, and all these go thro' The thousands of green little islands.
all we can bring. Come again soon, and then you shall hear sung The names of the green little islands,



What I'm Thankful For

I'm thankful that I'm six years old,
 And that I've left off dresses;
 And that I've had my curls cut off—
 Some people call 'em tresses.
 Such things were never meant for
 boys;—
 Horrid dangling, tangling curls—
 They go quite well with dress and sash;
 They are just the thing for girls.

I'm thankful I have pockets four,
 Tho' they're almost too small
 To hold the things I want to keep—

Some strings, knife, top and ball.
 I'm thankful that we're going to have,
 All my folks and I,
 Just a jolly dinner to-day,
 With turkey and mince pie.

O, one thing more my mamma says,
 And what she says is true;
 'Tis God who gives us everything,
 And keeps and loves us too.
 And so I thank Him very much
 For all that I enjoy;
 And hope that next Thanksgiving Day
 Will find a better boy.

—Selected.

The Story of the Pilgrims

(To be told by seven little ones, each reciting one verse)

Almost three hundred years ago
 When all the land was covered with snow,
 The Pilgrims came across the sea
 To find a home where they might be free.

The boat in which they sailed away
 Was the Mayflower. Many a day
 Will its name be sung and the glory told
 Of the three months' sail in the Mayflower bold.

On Plymouth Rock they came ashore,
 Where no white man had been before;
 Only the Indians lived there then,
 They'd never seen the "pale-faced" men.

The Pilgrims, through cold winter days,
 Tried in ever so many ways
 To keep themselves and their children fed,
 But many died, I've heard it said.

They built their homes of logs of wood,
 And in the spring as soon as they could
 They planted corn and oats and wheat
 And other good things they liked to eat.

They were so glad when harvest came
 And everyone had plenty again,
 They decided to have a merry feast
 For every one from great to least.

And so they had Thanksgiving Day,
 And met to feast and sing and pray.
 They thanked the Father who sent the rain
 And let the sunshine ripen the grain. —Bessie Wickham.

Harvest is Come

Harvest is come. The bins are full,
 The barns are running o'er;
 Both grains and fruits we've garnered in
 Till we've no space for more.
 We've worked and toiled through heat and cold,
 To plant, to sow, to reap;
 And now for all this bounteous store
 Let us Thanksgiving keep.

—Selected.

Thanksgiving Day—An Acrostic

(For twelve children)

Thanksgiving Day has come once more,
 Hurrah for all the autumn store;
 Apples, fruits and nuts and grain
 Now plentiful and ripe again.
 Kind nature spreads the mighty feast,
 Sends her gifts now west, now east;
 Gives to us all our harvest time,
 In many a land, in many a clime.
 Very thankfully here we stand,
 In turn we view on every hand
 Not only useful things but gay,
 Given for this Thanksgiving Day.

—Selected.

Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
 How I wonder what you are,
 Up above the world so high,

Like a diamond in the sky.
 When the blazing sun is set
 And the grass with dew is wet,
 Then you show your little light
 Twinkle, twinkle all the night.

Chorus—

Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle
 Twinkle little star so bright.
 Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle,
 Twinkle, twinkle all the night.

Then, if I were in the dark,
 I would thank you for your spark,
 I could not see which way to go,
 If you did not twinkle so.
 And when I am sound asleep,
 Oft you through my window peep;
 For you never shut your eye,
 Till the sun is in the sky.

(See music page 93)

A Thanksgiving Ride of the Pumpkins

Five jolly, fat pumpkins one moonlight night
 Said, "Come, let us all take a ride.
 The turkeys will take us, with ease and delight."
 So away they all rode in great pride.

But soon Mistress Cook cried out in dismay,
 "O, where are my turkeys, my pies?"
 "They all went away to spend Thanksgiving Day,"
 Said the moon, laughing down from the skies.

—Ella M. Powers.

The Story of a Seed

(An Exercise for Five Pupils)

A child enters, holding in his hand a
 seed and recites.

The Seed—

Just a little seed,
 Very small indeed;
 Put it in the ground,
 In a little mound,
 And wait and see
 What it will be.

Second pupil, carrying a pumpkin vine.
 This may be made of tissue paper.

The Vine—

The seed became a lovely vine,
 That o'er the brown earth used to twine,
 And at our feet so very low
 Went on and on, to grow and grow.

Third pupil, with the blossom.

The Flower—

The summer rain, the summer shine,

That wet and warmed the pretty vine,
 Had somehow quite a wondrous power,
 Which wrought this lovely yellow flower

Fourth pupil bringing a pumpkin.

The Fruit—

The little flower grew and grew,
 In sun and shower and moistening dew
 And when the leaves began to fall,
 There lay this gorgeous yellow ball—
 The prize for harvest best of all.

Fifth pupil holding the pie.

The Pie—

Hurrah for the tiny seed!
 Hurrah for the flower and vine!
 Hurrah for the golden pumpkin,
 Yellow, and plump and fine.
 But better than all beginnings,
 Sure nobody can deny,
 Is the end of the whole procession—
 This glorious pumpkin pie.

—Youth's Companion.

A Cat's Thanksgiving Soliloquy

I'm just about tired of waiting
For my Thanksgiving treat;
I see them about the table,
And they eat and eat and eat.
They do not think of poor pussy,
Who has had so long to wait;
Why doesn't some one remember
That it's growing very late.

And haven't I smelt that turkey
Since into the oven it went?
If they'd give me just one drumstick,
Why, then, I'd be content.
But no, they sit there talking
And laughing aloud with glee;
I wish that someone among them
Would throw down a bone to me.

There's that greedy, little Teddy,
Three times he's passed his plate,
And that turkey's growing smaller
At a very rapid rate;
And see Jack's face! 'Tis shining
With gravy up to his eyes.
I wonder they take no notice
When they hear my hungry cries.

Oh dear! There's dessert to follow,
The pudding and pumpkin pies,
And the fruits and nuts and candy,
And oh! how fast time flies!
Ah, there's gentle little Ethel,
She's so loving and so kind,
She's bringing me some turkey bones
And a grateful cat she'll find.

—*L. F. Armitage.*

Glad To Be a Little Girl

I'm glad I am a little girl,
And have the afternoons for play;
For if I were a busy bee
I s'pose I'd have to work all day.

And if I were an owl I'd be
Afraid to keep awake all night;
And if I were an elephant
How could I learn to be polite?

And if I were a Jersey calf
I might forget my name and age;
And if I were a little dog
I couldn't read a single page.

Dear, dear! When I begin to count
It makes my head go all a whirl,
There are so many reasons why
I'm glad I am a little girl.

—*The Infant's Magazine.*

Thanksgiving Hymn

(Air: "America")
The God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Heart, hand and voice.
The valleys laugh and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

Then God of harvest praise,
Hands, hearts and voices raise,
With sweet accord.
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

—*James Montgomery.*

The Farmer

(An exercise for several boys)

This is the way the happy farmer (1)
Plows his piece of ground,
That from the little seeds he sows
A large crop may abound.

This is the way he sows the seed, (2)
Dropping with careful hand,
In all the furrows well-prepared
Upon the fertile land.

This is the way he cuts the grain, (3)
When bending with its weight;
And thus he bundles it in sheaves, (4)
Working long and late.

And then the grain he threshes, thus, (5)
And stores away to keep;
And thus he stands contentedly (6)
And views the plenteous heap.

1. Arms extended forward, as though holding the plow.

2. A motion as of taking seed out of a bag and scattering it.

3. Motion as of cutting with a scythe.

4. Arms curved and extending forward.

5. Hands as though grasping a flail.
Strike with some force.

6. Erect position, arms folded, or hands on hips.

—*Selected.*

Tom's Thanksgiving

"Thanksgiving tomorrow," the teacher said.

"Now I wish you each to say
What you have most to be thankful for
Upon Thanksgiving Day."

A flutter of paper, a pencil's scratch,
A puzzled and anxious look,
As each little head bent over his task
And scribbled his thought in his book.

Tom wrote "Thanksgiving is always a
day

To give God thanks"; then a whirl
Of his pencil, "I'm giving my thanks,
I'm thankful 'cause I'm not a girl."

—Emma Playter Seabury.

A True Thanksgiving

For teachers kind and playmates dear,
For health and peace throughout the year.
For all the joys of free, fair living,
We offer to the Lord thanksgiving.

For home and friends and parents good,
For shelter safe and daily food,
For hope of everlasting living,
We offer to the Lord thanksgiving.

—F. C. M.

The Reason Why

We learned it all in history—You didn't think I knew?
Why, don't you suppose I study my lesson? Course I do.
The Pilgrim Fathers did it, they made Thanksgiving Day.
Why? Oh, I don't remember; my history doesn't say,
Or perhaps I wasn't listening when she was telling why;
But if the Pilgrim mothers were busy making pie
I suppose they couldn't bother, and so that is the way
It happened that the *Fathers* made our Thanksgiving Day. —Selected.

Buzz

(For a class of six)

(Primary and Calisthenic Songs p. 59.)

All together—

B'z-z-z-z.....
What a hive of bees!

Do not come too near us
If you please.

(Hands guarding.)

We are making honey,
And we fear
That your breath would spoil it
Coming near.

B'z-z-z-z.....

(Circling with full hands—)

B'z-z-z-z.....
Leave the doorway clear!

For our busy workers
Crowding here.

Laden with the honey,
See them stand,

We have never idlers
In our band.

B'z-z-z-z.....

(Moulding with hands)—

B'z-z-z-z.....
Now the wax we mould,
White and clean, the honey
To enfold.

Shut the cover over!

Seal it well!
Who the coming winter
Can foretell?

B'z-z-z-z.....

B'z-z-z-z.....

You of us can read,

How we made our honey,—

Strange indeed—

In a lion's carcass,

And one said:

"From the eater cometh
Sweetest bread."

B'z-z-z-z.....

B'z-z-z-z.....
Once a good man sang

Of our busy working,

Thus it rang;

"How doth the busy bee

Through the hours

Gather honey ever

From the flowers!"

B'z-z-z-z.....

(Pointing)—

B'z-z-z-z.....

Look! there comes a foe!

'Tis the great Moth Miller.

(Hands to mouths)—

Trumpets! Blow!

Form across the doorway!

(Hands pointing forward)—

Level spears!

Never bee turns traitor—

Never fears.

B'z-z-z-z.....

(A little girl comes to front and leads
off)—

Why! our Queen, we pray,

Does your Highness purpose

Flight to-day?

True and loyal people,

Are we bees.

We will swarm and follow

Where you please.

B'z-z-z-z.....

[illegible]

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
 Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze.
 By and by the harvest and the labor ended,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
 Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
 When our weeping's over he will bid us welcome,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

The First Thanksgiving

Children, do you know the story
 Of the first Thanksgiving Day,
 Founded by our Pilgrim fathers
 In that time so far away?

They had given for religion
 Wealth and comfort, yes and more;
 Left their homes and friends and kindred
 For a bleak and barren shore.

On New England's rugged headlands,
 Now where peaceful Plymouth lies,
 There they built their rough log-cabins
 'Neath the cold, forbidding skies.

And too often e'en the bravest
 Felt his blood run cold with dread,
 Lest the wild and savage red man
 Burn the roof above his head.

Want and sickness, death and sorrow,
 Met their eyes on every hand;
 And before the spring had reached them
 They had buried half their band.

But their noble, brave endurance
 Was not exercised in vain;
 Summer brought them brighter prospects,
 Ripening seed and waving grain.

And the patient Pilgrim mothers,
 As the harvest time drew near,
 Looked with happy thankful faces,
 At the full corn in the ear.

So the governor, William Bradford,
 In the gladness of his heart,
 To praise God for all his mercies,
 Set a special day apart.

That was in the autumn, children,
 Sixteen hundred twenty-one;
 Scarce a year from when they landed,
 And the colony begun.

And now, when in late November
 Our Thanksgiving feast is spread,
 'Tis the same time-honored custom
 Of those Pilgrims long since dead.

We shall never know the terrors
 That they braved years, years ago;
 But for all their struggles gave us,
 We our gratitude can show.

And the children of New England,
 If they feast or praise or pray,
 Should bless God for those brave Pilgrims
 And their first Thanksgiving Day.
 —*Youth's Companion.*

A Turkey's Soliloquy

Thanksgiving Day is coming:
 I scented pumpkin pie
 Today while walking near the house;
 Ah me, I soon must die!
 The first snowflakes are falling,
 The little birds have fled,
 Thanksgiving Day will soon be here
 And I shall lose my head.

Last night my sleep was broken,
 I dreamed a dream of woe;
 I saw the farmer's table spread
 With dishes, row on row;
 And in the very center,
 Flanked round with plates of pie,
 Was something on a platter huge,—
 I looked. Alas! 'Twas I.

My head and feet were missing
 And I was nicely browned;
 With glistening eyes and watery mouth
 The children gathered round:
 The farmer raised his carving knife
 And made one dreadful stroke—
 I gobbled loud in terror
 And luckily awoke.

Why do folks keep Thanksgiving?
 I cannot see the use,
 But I wouldn't mind it half so much
 If they would eat roast goose.
 But they're so fond of turkey
 They'll never pass me by;
 And so, I think I'll hurry round
 And bid my friends goodbye.

—*Western Teacher*

The First Thanksgiving Day

"And now," said the governor, gazing abroad on the piled-up store
Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings and covered the meadows o'er.

"'Tis meet that we render praises because of this yield of grain;
'Tis meet that the Lord of Harvest be thanked for his sun and rain.

"And therefore, I, William Bradford (by the grace of God today,
And the franchise of this good people), governor of Plymouth, say,—
Through virtue of vested power,—ye shall gather with one accord
And hold, in the month of November, Thanksgiving unto the Lord.

"He hath granted us peace and plenty, and the quiet we've sought so long;
He hath thwarted the wily savage, and kept him from wrack and wrong;
And unto our feast the sachem shall be bidden, that he may know
We worship his own Great Spirit, who maketh the harvest grow.

"So shoulder your matchlocks, masters, there is hunting of all degrees:
And fishermen, take your tackle and scour for spoils the seas;
And maidens and dames of Plymouth, your delicate crafts employ
To honor our first Thanksgiving, and make it a feast of joy!

"We fail of the fruits and dainties, we fail of the old home cheer;
Ah! these are the lightest losses, mayhap, that befall us here.
But see! in our open clearings how golden the melons lie!
Enrich them with sweets and spices, and give us the pumpkin pie!"

So bravely the preparations went on for the autumn feast;
The deer and the bear were slaughtered; wild game from the greatest to least
Was heaped in the colony cabins; brown home-brew served for wine;
And the plum and the grape of the forest for orange and peach and pine.

At length came the day appointed; the snow had begun to fall,
But the clang of the meeting-house belfry rang merrily over all
And summoned the folk of Plymouth, who hastened with glad accord
To listen to Elder Brewster as he fervently thanked the Lord

In his seat sat Governor Bradford, men, matrons, and maidens fair,
Miles Standish and all his soldiers, with corselet and sword were there;
And sobbing and tears and gladness had each in its turn the sway,
For the grave of sweet Rose Standish o'ershadowed Thanksgiving day.

And when Massasoit, the sachem, sat down with his hundred braves,
And ate the varied riches of gardens and woods and waves,
And looked on the granaried harvest, with a blow on his brawny chest,
He muttered: "The Good Spirit loves his white children best!"

—Margaret J. Preston

Hail the Glad Thanksgiving

(Tune: "Suwanee River")

Once more we hail the glad Thanksgiving
With songs of cheer;
Once more we render thanks to Heaven
For blessings of the year.

Chorus—

Countless as the sands of ocean
Or the stars above,
Are all the blessings to us given
By Heaven's boundless love.

Each promise spoken by the springtime
In bud and flower,
Returns to us in golden harvests—
Now is fulfillment's hour.

Though fast the snowy flakes are falling
And skies are gray;
A welcome to the autumn season
That brings Thanksgiving Day.

—Alice J. Cleator.

Our Country

(Exercise for four pupils)

First Pupil (carrying a flag) —

Our glorious country is our pride,
 Its mountains, vales and hills;
 Its forests grand, its fruitful fields,
 Its rivers, lakes and rills.
 From North and South come products rare
 To bless the laborer's toil,
 From Central states, rich fields of grain
 Produced by fertile soil.

Second Pupil (bearing pine branch and birch bark) —

From coldest states of North I come,
 Where grows the sturdy pine;
 On hemlocks, too, and birch tree tall,
 The slanting sun-rays shine.
 Throughout the forest there is heard
 The woodman's steady blows,
 And many a valued lumber raft
 Adown the river flows.

Third Pupil (bearing grains and apples) —

From golden fields of Central states
 I bring the ripened grain;
 Corn, wheat, rye, oats in full abound
 My fields of rich domain.
 The apple tree, with lucious fruit,
 Its laden boughs doth bend;
 The fruits and grains of Central States
 To many a home I send.

Fourth Pupil (with cotton, oranges, etc.) —

I come from warm states of the South,
 Where grows the spreading palm,
 Where fragrant groves of orange trees
 Afford a cooling balm.
 The cotton plant, in whiteness pure,
 Reigns undisputed king,
 And songsters sweet, of every hue,
 Within the treetops sing.

All (waving flags near the end of stanza) —

We love our glorious native land,
 Its products rich and fair,
 From shore to shore, from North to South,
 Are blessings everywhere.
 Long may it stand, the cherished pride
 Of every patriot true.
 And long may wave our glorious flag
 Of loved Red, White and Blue.

—Selected.

God's Gift In Nature

(Tune—"Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.")

We plow the fields and scatter
 The good seed on the land,
 But it is fed and watered
 By God's almighty hand.
 He sends the snow in winter,
 The warmth to swell the grain
 The breezes and the sunshine,
 And soft refreshing rain.

He only is the Maker
 Of all things near and far:
 He paints the wayside flower,
 He lights the evening star.
 The winds and waves obey Him,
 By Him the birds are fed;
 Much more to us, His children,
 He gives our daily bread.

We thank Thee, then, O Father,
 For all things bright and good,
 The seedtime and the harvest,
 Our life, our health, our food.
 Accept the gifts we offer,
 For all thy love imparts,
 And, what Thou most desirest,
 Our humble, thankful hearts.

The Corn Song

(The pupil bearing a basket of corn.)

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
 Heap high the golden corn!
 No richer gift has Autumn poured
 From out her lavish horn.

Let other lands, exulting, glean
 The apple from the pine,
 The orange from its glossy green,
 The cluster from the vine.

We better love the hardy gift
 Our rugged vales bestow,
 To cheer us when the storms shall drift
 Our harvest fields with snow.

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
 Let mildew blight the rye,
 Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
 The wheat field to the fly:

But let the good old corn adorn
 The hills our fathers trod,
 Still let us, for his golden corn
 Send up our thanks to God.

—J. G. Whittier.

The Doll's Thanksgiving

(Little girl and twelve dolls)

There now, I've fixed you nicely, all sitting in a row
 Upon the parlor sofa, and mind you stay just so!
 Tomorrow'll be Thanksgiving, and if you're good, you see,
 I'll take you all to Grandma's to spend the day with me.
 My mamma says there's so much to make us very glad,
 'Twill be the best Thanksgiving Day she ever, ever had,
 And so, my dearest children, I want that each of you
 Should think of something pleasant to make you thankful, too!

Now first there's Angelina—she's very glad, I know,
 Because she's new and pretty, and people pet her so;
 Then Lily must be thankful to be so straight and tall;
 And Daisy—just as happy because she's nice and small.
 Poor Polly *is* afflicted—she only has one eye;
 I'm very sorry for her, but if she will but try
 To think how very dreadful it would be if both were out,
 I'm sure she'll feel that's nothing to be distressed about.

Though Lucy's arms have flattened, it doesn't show at all;
 And no one knows that Susy's back is crooked from a fall;
 And Mary's just as lively although one leg is lost;
 And Sallie can be thankful that, though her eyes *are* crossed,
 They're such a lovely color, the sweetest shade of blue,—
 And she has a fine complexion, and pretty dimples, too.
 And if my dearest Betty *is* rag, and rather old,
 She knows *I* think her lovely, and worth her weight in gold!

Matilda's nose is broken—that's bad, I must confess;
 But I always try to give her the very prettiest dress,
 May still can smile a little, although it's really sad
 That floating in the cistern quite spoiled what looks she had.
 Louisa's scratched up badly from playing with the cat;
 He might have clawed her eyes out, she must remember that;
 And baby fell down cellar, but only cracked her head,
 When she might so very easily have ruined it instead.

The puppy caught Rosanna and pulled off half her hair;
 I know she didn't like it, for she hadn't much to spare.
 But she need never worry over such a slight mishap
 When she can wear a pretty, becoming little cap.
 If you thought about your troubles you might feel a little blue,
 But I'm certain you're as happy as if you were quite new.
 I want you to remember things that might be so much worse,
 And you always find your mother the kindest little nurse.

Why, you might all be orphans, instead of having me!
 Or if I were cross and scolded, how dreadful that would be!
 But I love you all so dearly I'm sure you will consent.
 That *that's* the best of reasons why you should be content.
 So sit up straight, my darlings, and think of what I've said!
 I'm afraid you might forget it if I let you go to bed,
 So I'll leave you here till morning, all sitting in a row,
 Then you'll be up bright and early for Thanksgiving Day, you know.

—*Youth's Companion.*

Who Gives Us Our Thanksgiving Dinner?

On Thansgiving day little Dorothy said,
 With many a nod of her wise curly head,
 "The cook is as busy as busy can be,
 And very good, too—for 'tis easy to see
 She gives us our Thansgiving Dinner."

"Oh! no, little Dorothy," answered the cook,
 "Just think of the trouble your dear mother took
 In planning the dinner and getting for me
 The things that I cook; so 'tis mother, you see,
 Who gives us our Thanksgiving Dinner."

"Of course it is mother: I ought to have known,"
 Said Dorothy then, in a satisfied tone.
 But mother said smiling: "You are not right yet:
 'Tis father who gives me the money to get
 The things for our Thanksgiving Dinner."

But father said: "I earn the money, 'tis true:
 But money alone not a great deal can do.
 The butcher, the grocer, whose things we must buy,
 Should not be forgotten, for they more than I
 Will give us our Thanksgiving Dinner."

"Oh, isn't it funny?" said Dorothy then;
 "And now, I suppose, if I asked these two men,
 The grocer, the butcher, about it, they'd say
 It surely is somebody else and not they
 Who gives us our Thanksgiving Dinner."

And soon little Dorothy heard with delight
 That her guess about grocer and butcher was right.
 The grocer said he only kept in his store
 What miller and farmer had brought in before
 To help for the Thanksgiving Dinner.

The jolly old butcher laughed long and laughed loud,
 "My Thanksgiving turkeys do make me feel proud,
 And one's for your dinner; but then you must know
 The turkeys are raised by the farmer, and so
 He gives you your Thanksgiving Dinner."

"Oh, yes! 'tis the farmer: at last I've found out,"
 Said Dorothy then with a glad little shout.
 "The miller must go to the farmer for wheat,
 The butcher from him gets the turkeys we eat;
 Yes!—he gives our Thanksgiving Dinner."

"Yet all the others had something to do:
 The miller and butcher, and grocer helped, too,
 And then there was father and mother and cook.
 I never before knew how many it took
 To give us our Thanksgiving Dinner."

So said little Dorothy, full of surprise,
 And feeling that now she had grown very wise.
 But what do you think? Had she found it all out?
 Or was there still more she might learn about
 Who gives us our Thanksgiving Dinner?"

—*Emilie Poulsson in Kindergarten Review.*

Honor the Mayflower's Band

(Tune: "America.")

Honor the Mayflower's band,
Who left their native land

And homes so bright;

Honor the bravery

That crossed the winter sea,

For worship, fearless, free,

In cause of right.

Oh, they had much to fear,

Sickness and death were near

To many a one;

Foes did them cruel wrong,

Winter was dark and long,

Ere came the Springtime's song

And burst of sun.

Honor those valiant sons,

Honor those fearless ones,

The Mayflower's band.

Honor the bravery

That scorned all tyranny,

And crossed the stormy sea

To this fair land.

We Thank Thee

(Concert Exercise)

Great God, we thank Thee for this home,

This bounteous birthland of the tree,

Where wanderers from afar may come

And breathe the air of liberty!

Still may her flowers untrammelled spring

Her harvests wave, her cities rise;

And yet till time shall fold her wing

Remain earth's loveliest paradise.

—*Pabodie.*

Gentleman Gay's Thanksgiving

Said old Gentleman Gay, "On a Thanksgiving Day,

If you want a good time, then give something away;"

So he sent a fat turkey to Shoemaker Price,

And the shoemaker said, "What a big bird! How nice!

And since such a good dinner's before me, I ought

To give Widow Lee the small chicken I bought."

"This fine chicken, oh, see!" said the pleased Widow Lee,

"And the kindness that sent it, how precious to me!

I would like to make some one as happy as I—

I'll give Washwoman Biddy my big pumpkin pie."

"And oh, sure!" Biddy said, "'tis the queen of all pies!

Just to look at its yellow face gladdens my eyes,

Now it's my turn, I think; and a sweet ginger cake

For the motherless Finnegan children I'll bake."

Said the Finnegan children—Rose, Denny, and Hugh—

"It smells sweet of spice, and we'll carry a slice

To poor little lame Jake, who has nothing that's nice."

"Oh, I thank you, and thank you!" said little lame Jake;

"Oh, what a bootiful, bootiful, bootiful cake!

And oh, such a big slice! I will save all the crumbs,

And give them to each little sparrow that comes."

And the sparrows, they twittered, as if they would say,

Like old Gentleman Gay, "On a Thanksgiving Day,

If you want a good time, then give something away."

—*Marian Douglas*

A Thanksgiving Song

(Tune: "Jingle Bells.")

Thanksgiving Day has come,

The ground is white with snow,

The little flowers sleep—

'Tis winter time, you know!

Oh, happy are we all,

For turkeys and mince pies

Are waiting on the pantry shelf

To take us by surprise!

Chorus—

Hear us sing! hear us sing!

Come and join our song,

All these happy girls and boys

To this dear school belong.

Hear us sing! hear us sing!

Loud our voices raise,

Singing of Thanksgiving Day,

To God we give the praise.

—*Laura R. Smith.*

Who Shall Be Queen?

(This dialogue requires seven girls. The tallest should represent Autumn, and the others, Wheat, Rye, Oats, Barley, Rice and Corn. Autumn enters, decorated with Autumn leaves and berries and laden with fruit and nuts.)

Autumn—

“Shall I tell of my harvest festival?
'Tis the happiest time of the year:
For then I see the fruits and grains—
My children all appear.

(Enter Wheat, Rye, Rice, Barley, Oats, and Corn.)

See here they come together,
Now through the smoky haze!
Wheat, Rice, Rye, Oats, and Barley,
And here is my golden Maize.

Welcome, my children, I hope your year's work has been well done.

Grains—

We've worked, we've worked, we've worked with a will,
Your barns and your granaries all to fill.

Autumn—

That is well, my children. Whatever you find to do, I would have you do with all your might. And now, my dears, since you are ready for the festival, who shall be Queen?

Wheat—

I make the flour for your bread, I should be Queen.

Rye—

Go to northern Europe if you would know my merits. There you will be told, “Rye is the queen of grains.”

Oats—

I am the food of Scotland, I should be Queen.

Barley—

I was used by the ancient Greeks and Romans, and I am mentioned by Moses in the Old Testament. By virtue of my age the crown belongs to me.

Rice—

I am the food of a whole nation. Make me Queen.

Corn—

I am your national grain. The crown should be mine.

Autumn—

But this will never do, my children. Tell me more of yourselves and perhaps you may help me decide which one is the worthiest.

Wheat—

Nobody knows where I had my birth,
I was sent by the Father down to earth;
In the earliest times, when the world began,
I came a blessing and a gift to man.
Oh, far and wide I have roamed since then.
To feed the millions of hungry men;
And the daintiest morsels you may eat,
You will find, dear Autumn, are made from wheat.

Autumn—

Yes, Wheat you are one of the most useful of my grains.

Rye—

Go to Russia and Sweden,
Or to Germany's far shore;
And if there you seek to question
All the people o'er and o'er,
They will tell you of my virtues,
Call down blessings on my head,
And bid you break with them your fast,
With loaves of their black bread.

Autumn—

Yes, Rye, I'm sure the peasants of those northren countries would find it hard to do without you.

Oats—

Come where Scotland's lakes and rivers,
In their storied beauty rest;
Ask the simple hardy peasants,
Of the grain they deem the best,
They, within their lowly dwellings,
Then may bid you all partake
Of what makes their bone and sinew,-
Oaten porridge, oaten cake.

Autumn—

You are useful to both man and beast.

Rice—

I was born where the Ganges floweth
And my kernels, every one,
In their milky hearts have garnered well,
The glow of the summer sun.
I feed with my snowy grains
The Chinese and the Hindoo,
And now, from the sunny southern land,
Dear Autumn, I come to you.

Autumn—

We are all ready to welcome you to our circle, child of the sun.

Barley—

I'm older than the pyramid,
And my origin is hid
In the past, and no one knows
How the useful barley grows.
Food for man and food for beast,
From the highest to the least,
Ever since the world began
I have done my best for man.

Autumn—

I, too, acknowledge your usefulness, Barley, and am glad to welcome you here.

Corn—

Adown Time's stream I gently glide,
Within my birch canoe.
A simple Indian maid, I come
And bring the maize to you.
Then let the grains their garlands bring,
Each its own blossom-sign,
But leading all, let maize be Queen,
Holding its place by right divine.

Autumn—

Child of the forest, I bid you welcome. You have done well, my children. Your faithfulness will receive just reward. Each shall be made queen over her own dominion and Mother Nature shall crown you.

Pen Picture of the First Thanksgiving

'Tis the morn of the first Thanksgiving,
The air it is crisp and cold,
The snow lies in drifts in the highways,
The wind is cutting and bold.

From each lowly hut and cottage,
Unto the house of prayer,
With rifles upon their shoulders,
The pilgrims assemble there.

The dark dreary winter is ended,
The spring with its soft gentle rain;
And the warm sunny days of the summer,
Had ripened the much needed grain.

Now each garner is bursting with plenty,
Each heart, too, is filled with great joy;
This winter no famine will haunt them,
No terror their thoughts will employ.

In the bleak little church in the village
Are gathered stern men and fair maids;
Their praises are joyfully ringing,
And echo o'er high hills and glades.

Thus passed the first day of Thanksgiving,
With thanks that e'er came from the heart;
And no matter how humble his station,
Each person in them took his part.

—*American History Stories.*

A Thanksgiving

(An exercise for eight children)

First Child—

For the wealth of pathless forests,
Whereon no axe may fall;
For the winds that haunt the branches;
The young bird's timid call;
For the red leaves dropped like rubies
Upon the dark green sod;
For the waving of the forests,
I thank Thee, O my God!

Second Child—

For the sound of waters gushing
In bubbling beads of light;
For the fleets of snow-white lilies
Firm-anchored out of sight;
For the reeds among the eddies;
The crystal on the clod;
For the flowing of the rivers,
I thank Thee, O my God!

Third Child—

For the rosebud's break of beauty
Along the toiler's way;

For the violet's eye that open
To bless the new-born day;
For the bare twigs that in summe
Bloom like the prophet's rod;
For the blossoming of flowers,
I thank Thee, O my God!

Fourth Child—

For the lifting up of mountains,
In brightness and in dread;
For the peaks where snow and sunshine
Alone have dared to tread;
For the dark of silent gorges,
Whence mighty cedars nod;
For the majesty of mountains,
I thank Thee, O my God!

Fifth Child—

For the splendor of the sunsets
Vast mirrored on the sea;
For the gold-fringed clouds that curtain
Heaven's inner mystery;
For the molten bars of twilight,
Where thought leans, glad, yet awed;
For the glory of the sunsets,
I thank Thee, O my God!

Sixth Child—

For the earth, and all its beauty;
The sky, and all its light!
For the dim and shooting shadows
That rest the dazzled sight;
For unfading fields and prairies,
Where sense in vain has trod;
For the world's exhaustless beauty,
I thank Thee, O my God!

Seventh Child—

For an eye of inward seeing;
A soul to know and love;
For these common aspirations,
That our high heirship prove;
For the hearts that bless each other
Beneath Thy smile, Thy rod;
For the amaranth saved from Eden,
I thank Thee, O my God!

Eighth Child—

For the hidden scroll, o'erwritten
With one dear Name adored;
For the Heavenly in the human;
The Spirit in the Word;
For the tokens of Thy presence
Within, above, abroad;
For Thine own great gift of Being,
I thank Thee, O my God!

—*Lucy Larcom.*

Catching the Thanksgiving Turkey

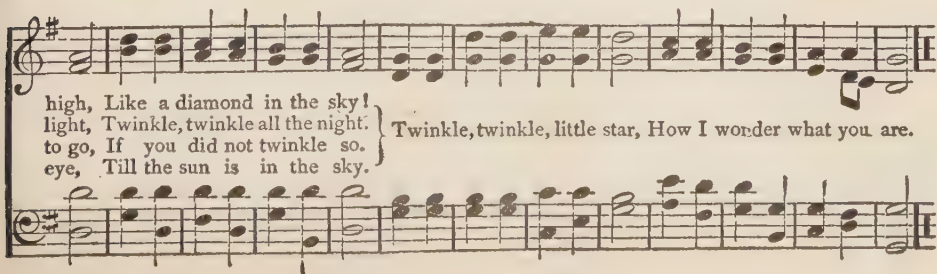
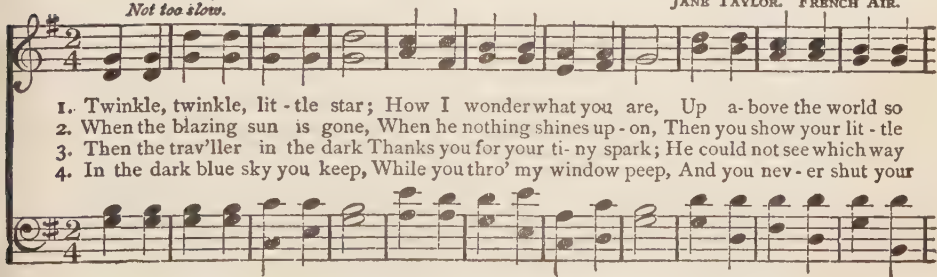
Grandpa has turkeys, oh! nearly a dozen,
 And ev'ry November Miss Brown and her cousin
 Spend many an hour inspecting each one
 To decide on the finest, and when that is done
 They pamper and pet him; with corn he is stuffed,
 And should Tony chase him, right soundly he's cuffed.
 So fat lazy gobbler just waddles along
 Or pauses to warble his queer, funny song.
 But there comes a fine day as Thanksgiving draws near
 When the poor, corn-stuffed turkey beholds something queer.
 First Dorothy, smiling, with corn in her hand,
 Creeps up; then young Reggie with countenance bland
 Accompanied by Tony appears on her right;
 On her left marches Grandpa, prepared for a fight.
 Though it seems but a call of the friendliest sort,
 The wily old bird is not easily caught.
 He edges away and flaps each big wing,
 But he cannot escape from that narrowing ring
 Of hard-hearted folks who have penned him in tight.
 Then a rush and a whoop! and a "gobble" of fright!
 For grandpa and Reggie have caught him at last,
 By the neck and the legs, and are holding him fast
 Till Hiram, the hired man, comes to the scene
 With a hatchet, alas! And next the bird's seen
 Reposing in gravy upon a wide platter,
 And when grandpa carves him just hark to the clatter—
 As white meat and dark meat and wings disappear;
 For the Browns dote on turkey; and don't you, my dear?

—Douglas Z. Doty.

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star

Not too slow.

JANE TAYLOR. FRENCH AIR.



Books are a guide in youth and an entertainment for age. They support us under solitude and keep us from becoming a burden to ourselves. They help us to forget the crossness of men and things, compose our cares and our passions and lay our disappointments asleep. When we are weary of the living, we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride or design in their conversation.—*Collier*.

The past but lives in words; a thousand ages
Were blank if books had not evok'd their ghosts
And kept the pale, unbodied shades to warn us
From fleshless lips.

—*Bulwer*.

The place that does
Contain my books, the best companions, is
To me a glorious court, where hourly I
Converse with the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels;
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict account; and in my fancy
Deface their ill-plac'd statutes.

—*Fletcher*.

As good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself.—*Milton*.

I have somewhere seen it observed, that we should make the same use of a book that the bee does of a flower: she steals sweets from it, but does not injure it.—*Colton*.

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.—*Milton*.

Books are faithful repositories, which may be awhile neglected or forgotten but when they are opened again, will again impart their instruction.—*Jonson*.

Every great book is an action, and every action is a great book.—*Martin Luther*.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.—*Bacon*.

Nothing is so unhomelike as a bookless home, unless it is a house whose books betray a vulgar and narrow conception of life. A man's books form an average portrait of himself. Without books, a merchant's palace becomes but a prison; the trail of the upholsterer is over it all; while a small library well-selected may, like Alladin's lamp, turn the abode of poverty to a princely home.—*Selected*.

The Blessedness of Books

Books should be found in every house,
To form and feed the mind;
They are the best of luxuries
'Tis possible to find.

For all the books in all the world
Are man's most precious treasure;
They make him wise, and bring to him
His best, his choicest pleasure.

Books teach ten million artisans
The proper way to take,
To find, to place, to build, to mix,
And every product make.

Books give, besides descriptions of
This grand world of our own,
Vast knowledge of the starry worlds,
And point to world unknown.

Books give the best and greatest thoughts
Of all the good and wise;
Books treasure human knowledge up,
And thus it never dies.

Books show man all that men have done,
Have thought, have sung, have said;
Books show the deeds and wisdom of
The living and the dead.

Books, therefore, are, of all man buys,
The choicest things on earth;
Books have, of all his worldly goods,
The most intrinsic worth.

Books are the greatest blessings out,
The grandest thing we sell;
Books bring more joy, books do more good
Than mortal tongue can tell.

—*E. W. Cole*.

The Land of Story Books

At evening, when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river on whose brink
The roaring lions came to drink.

I see the others far away
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear land of Story Books.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Climbing the Hill

(Merry Songs, p. 66)

As we climb fair Science Hill,
Schoolmates true, schoolmates true,
Let us do it with a will,
Schoolmates true, schoolmates true;
Forward, forward, one and all,
Frowning cliff or phantom wall
Shall no gallant heart appall,
Persevere, persevere;
Shall no gallant heart appall,
Persevere, persevere.

Bright above us are the skies,
Comrades dear, comrades dear,
On the summit fix your eyes,
Comrades dear, comrades dear;
Meet each terror with a smile,
Let not indolence beguile,
Heed not pleasure's artful wile,
Comrades dear, comrades dear;
Heed not pleasure's artful wile,
Comrades dear, comrades dear.

In our free and happy land,
Comrades mine, comrades mine,
We may join the noblest band,
Comrades mine, comrades mine;

Here no haughty lord ~~not~~ dame,
Here no proud ancestral claim
Bars our way to highest fame,
Comrades mine, comrades mine;
Bars our way to highest fame,
Comrades mine, comrades mine.

Our Books—An Acrostic

(Each child should carry a book with
his letter fastened upon it)

Our books are our best friends.
Upon them we can always rely.
Read only the best books.
Books are the best educators.
Of all things which man can do or make
books are the most wonderful.
One good book is better than a dozen
poor ones.
Keep thy books with all diligence.
Search for the golden treasures hidden
in books

The Book Stall

It stands in a winding street,
A quiet and restful nook,
Apart from the endless beat
Of the noisy heart of Trade;
There's never a spot more cool
Of a hot midsummer day
By the brink of a forest pool,
Or the bank of a crystal brook
In the maple's breezy shade,
Than the book stall old and gray.

Here are precious gems of thought,
That were quarried long ago,
Some in vellum bound, and wrought
With letters and lines of gold;
Here are curious rows of "calf,"
And perchance an Elzevir;
Here are countless "mos" of chaff,
And a parchment folio,
Like leaves that are cracked with cold,
All puckered and brown and sere.

In every age and clime
Live the monarchs of the brain,
And the lords of prose and rhyme,
Years after the long last sleep
Has come to the kings of earth
And their names have passed away,
Rule on through death and birth;
And the thrones of their domain
Are found where the shades are deep
In the book stall old and gray.

—Clinton Scollard.

Time Enough

Two little squirrels out in the sun,
 One gathered nuts, the other had none;
 "Time enough yet," his constant refrain,
 "Summer is only just on the wane."

Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate
 He roused him at last, but he roused him too late;
 Down fell the snow from the pitiless cloud,
 And gave little squirrel a spotless white shroud.

Two little boys in a schoolroom were placed,
 One always perfect, the other disgraced;
 "Time enough yet for my learning," he said;
 "I'll climb by and by from the foot to the head."

Listen, my darling: Their locks have turned gray,
 One as a governor is sitting today;
 The other, a pauper, looks out at the door
 Of the almshouse, and idles his days as of yore.

Two kinds of people we meet every day;
 One is at work, the other at play,—
 Living uncared for, dying unknown—
 The busiest hive hath ever a drone.

Tell me, my child, if the squirrels have taught
 The lesson I long to impart to your thought;
 Answer me this, and my story is done,
 Which of the two would you be, little one?

—*Selected.*

Traveling the High Road to Learning

(Tune: "The Battle Cry of Freedom.")

We're a band of youthful travelers, some half a hundred strong,
 Traveling the high road to learning;
 And we'll fill our minds with knowledge, as the days shall roll along,
 Traveling the high road to learning.

Chorus—

The schoolroom forever! Hurrah! all hurrah!
 Gather to the schoolroom from near and from far,
 Yes, we'll rally to the schoolroom with cheerful hearts and true,
 Traveling the high road to learning.

We've listed in the army in childhood's joyous time,
 Traveling the high road to learning;
 And we're sure to win the victory o'er ignorance and crime,
 Traveling the high road to learning.

We will never prove deserters, nor meet a coward's fate,
 Traveling the high road to learning;
 But we'll heed the ancient motto, "Learn to labor and to wait."
 Traveling the high road to learning.

—*Merry Songs.*

My Books

I love my books as drinkers love their wine,
 The more I drink, the more they seem divine;
 With joy elate my soul in love runs o'er,
 And each fresh draught is sweeter than before.

Books bring me friends where'er on earth I be,
Solace of solitude—bond of society!
I love my books and they are companions dear,
Sterling in worth, in friendship most sincere.

Here talk I with the wise in ages gone,
And with the nobly gifted of our own;
If love, joy, laughter, sorrow please my mind,
Love, joy, grief, laughter in my book I find.

—*Bennock.*

Books

(A Class Recitation for Five Pupils)

First Pupil—

“Books, dear books
Have been, and are, my comfort, morn and night,
Adversity, prosperity, at home,
Abroad, health, sickness, good or ill report,
The same firm friends; the same refreshments rich,
And source of consolation.”

Second Pupil—

My days among the dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.
With them I take delight in weal
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

—*Southey.*

Third Pupil—

Better than men and women, friend,
That are dust, though dear in our joy and pain,
Are the books their cunning hands have penned,
For they depart, but the books remain;
Through these they speak to us what was best
In the loving heart and the noble mind;
All their royal souls possessed
Belongs forever to all mankind!
When others fail him, the wise man looks
To the sure companionship of books.

—*Stoddard.*

Fourth Pupil—

“Consider what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civil countries, in a thousand years, have set in best order the results of their learning and wisdom.”

Fifth Pupil—

‘Tis, therefore, an economy of time to read old and famed books. Nothing can be preserved which is not good.—*Emerson.*

What a Book Said

“Once upon a time,” a Library Book was overheard talking to a little boy who had borrowed it. The words seemed worth recording and here they are:

"Please don't handle me with dirty hands. I should feel ashamed to be seen when the next little boy borrowed me.

"Or leave me out in the rain. Books can catch cold as well as children.

"Or make marks on me with your pen or pencil. It will spoil my looks.

"Or lean on me with your elbows when you are reading me. It hurts.

"Or open me and lay me face down on the table. You wouldn't like to be treated so.

"Or put in between my leaves a pencil or anything thicker than a single sheet of paper. It would strain my back.

"Whenever you are through reading me, if you are afraid of losing your place, don't turn down the corner of one of my leaves, but have a neat little book mark to put in where you stopped, then close me and lay me down on my side, so that I can have a good, comfortable rest.

"Remember that I want to visit a great many other little boys after you are through with me. Besides, I may meet you again some day and you would be sorry to see me looking old, and torn, and soiled. Help me to keep fresh and clean and I will help you to be happy."

—*Maxon Book Clark.*

Geography Song

(Tune: "King of the Cannibal Islands")

O! have you heard Geography sung?

For if you've not it's on my tongue;

About the earth in air that's hung,

All covered with green little islands.

Chorus—

Oceans, gulfs, and bays and seas;

Channels, and straits, sounds, if you please;

Great archipelagoes, too, and all these

Are covered with green little islands.

All over the earth are water and land,

Beneath the ships or where we stand,

And far beyond the ocean strand

Are thousands of green little islands.

Chorus—

Continents and capes there are,

Isthmus and peninsula,

Mountains and valleys, and shore stretch-
ing far;

And thousands of green little islands.

Chorus—

All over the globe some circles are found;

From east to west they stretch round,

Some go from north to southern bound,

Right over the green little islands.

Chorus—

Great equator, tropics, too,

Latitude lined, longitude, too,

Polar circles, and all go thro'

The thousands of green little islands.

Chorus—

Oh! don't you think 'tis pleasant to know

About the sea and land just so?

And how the lines, the circles go,

Right over the green little islands.

Chorus—

Now you hear how we can sing;

This is, today, all we can bring;

Come again soon and then hear sung

The names of the green little islands.

(See music page 77)

The Value of Books

(A Dialogue for Two Pupils)

First Pupil—

"Can any friendship or society be more important to us than that of the books which form so large a part of our minds, and even of our characters?"

Second Pupil—

"Books are not wiser than men; the true books are not easier to find than the true men; the art of right reading is as long and difficult to learn as the art of right living."

First Pupil—

"The first intellectual task of our age is rightly to order and make serviceable the vast realm of printed material which four centuries have swept across our path."

Second Pupil—

"How are we to know the best; how are we to gain this definite idea of the vast world of letters?"

First Pupil—

"In such a matter the judgment of the world, guided and informed by a long succession of accomplished critics, is almost unerring. If our reading be utterly closed to the great poems of the world there is something amiss with our reading. If you find Milton, Dante, Calderon, Goethe so much 'Hebrew-Greek' to you; if your Homer and Virgil, your Moliere and Scott rest year after year undisturbed on the shelves beside your school trigonometry and your old college text-books; if you have never opened the 'Cid', the 'Nibelungen', 'Crusoe', and 'Don Quixote' since you were a boy, and are wont to leave the Bible and the 'Imitation' for some wet Sunday afternoon, know, friend, that your reading can do you little real good." These words were said by Frederick Harrison.

First Pupil—

Schopenhauer says: "Be careful to limit your time for reading and devote it exclusively to the works of those great minds of all times and countries who o'ertop the rest of humanity—those whom the voice of fame points to as such. These alone really educate and instruct."

Second Pupil—

I remember Edward Everett Hale said: "In the first place, we must make this business of reading agreeable; or else, in a world which the good Creator has made very beautiful, the young people will always be going a-skating, or a-fishing, or a-swimming, or a-voyaging, and not a-reading, and no blame to them."

What Books Give

Books they give

New views to life and teach us how to live;
They soothe the grieved, the stubborn they chastise;
Fools they admonish and confirm the wise;
Their aid they yield to all; they never shun
The man of sorrow, nor the wretch undone;
Unlike the hard, the selfish and the proud,
They fly not sullen from the suppliant crowd;
Nor tell to various people various things,
But show to subjects what they show to kings.

Blest be the gracious power, who taught mankind
To stamp a lasting image of the mind!
Beasts may convey, the tuneful birds may sing
Their mutual feelings in the opening spring,
But man alone has skill and power to send
The heart's warm dictates to the distant friend;
'Tis his alone to please, instruct, advise
Ages remote and nations yet to rise.

—Crabbe.

Crooked Spectacles

An elf lived in a buttercup,
 And, waking after dawn,
 He donned his golden spectacles
 And stepped out on the lawn.
 "Dear me," said he,
 "I scarce can see,
 The sunbeams shine so crookedly!"

He met a merry bumble-bee
 Within the clover gay,
 Who buzzed "Good-morning!" in his ear,
 "It is a pleasant day,"
 "Don't speak to me,
 Sir Bumble-bee,
 Until you trim your wings!" cried he.

He met a gallant grasshopper,
 And thus accosted him;
 "Why don't you wear your green coat
 straight

And look in better trim?
 It frets me quite,
 In such a plight,
 To have you field-folks in my sight."

He saw an airy dragon-fly
 Float o'er the meadow-rail,
 "Pray stop, Sir Dragon-fly!" he cried;
 "So upside down you sail,
 The sight will make
 My poor head ache;
 Fly straight, or rest within the brake."

Then a wise owl, upon the tree,
 Blinked his great staring eye;
 "To folks in crooked spectacles,
 The whole world looks awry.
 To-whit! to-wheel!
 To-whoo!" said he,
 "Many such folks I've lived to see."

—Selected

Jane Jones

Jane Jones keeps talkin' to me all the time,
 An' says you must make it a rule
 To study your lessons 'nd work hard 'nd learn,
 An' never be absent from school.
 Remember the story of Elihu Burritt,
 An' how the clum up to the top,
 Got all the knowledge 'at ever he had
 Down in a blacksmithing shop.
 Jane Jones she honestly said it was so!
 Mebbe he did—
 I dunno!

'Y' course, what's a-keepin' me 'way from the top
 Is not never havin' no blacksmithing shop.

She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor,
 But full of ambition an' brains;
 An' studied philosophy all his hull life,
 An' see what he got for his pains!
 He brought electricity out of the sky
 With a kite an' a bottle an' key,
 An' we're owing him more'n any one else
 For all the bright light 'at we see.
 Jane Jones she honestly said it was so!
 Mebbe he did—
 I dunno!

O' course what's allers been hinderin' me
 Is not havin' any kite, lightnin', er key.

Jane Jones said Abe Lincoln had no books at all
 An' used to spilt rails when a boy;
 An' General Grant was a tanner by trade
 An' lived way out in Ill'nois.
 So when the great war in the South first broke out
 He stood on the side o' the right,
 An' when Lincoln called him to take charge o' things
 He won nearly every blamed fight.

Jane Jones she honestly said it was so!

Mebbe he did—

I dunno!

Still I ain't to blame, not by a big sight,
For I aint' never had any battles to fight.

She said 'at Columbus was out at the knees

When he first thought up his big scheme,
An' told all the Spaniards 'nd Italians too,

An' all of 'em said 'twas a dream;
But Queen Isabella jest listened to him,

'Nd pawned all her jewels o' worth
'Nd bought him the Santa Maria 'nd said,

"Go hunt up the rest o' the earth!"

Jane Jones she honestly said it was so!

Mebbe he did—

I dunno!

O' course that may be, but then you must allow
They ain't no land to discover jest now!

—Ben King.

The Book Lover

How easily one may distinguish a genuine lover of books from a worldly man! With what subdued and yet glowing enthusiasm does he gaze upon the costly front of a thousand embattled volumes! How gently he draws them down, as if they were little children; how tenderly he handles them! He peers at the title page, at the text, or the notes, with the nicety of a bird examining a flower. He studies the binding: the leather—Russia, English, calf, morocco; the lettering, the gliding, the edging, the hinge of the cover! He opens it and shuts it, he holds it off and brings it nigh. It suffuses his whole body with book magnetism.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

My Best Friends—(Tableau)

(A young maiden seated on the floor, surrounded by many books.)

What We Know About Books

Books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

Books are yours
Within whose silent chambers treasures lie
Preserved from age to age; more precious far
Than that accumulated store of gold
And orient gems, which for a day of need,
The Sultan hides deep in ancestral tombs—
These hoards of truth you can unlock at will.

—Wordsworth.

A Bookish Tale

"Beside the Bonny Brier Bush," "When Knighthood Was In Flower,"
I one day heard "A Winter's Tale" that reached to "Aulnay Tower."
"A Golden Gossip" whispered it way down "Ascutey Street,"
Then "Hamlet," raving, told "The Spy" to watch from his retreat
And see "Guy Mannering," "Come Forth" and bolt "The Open Door,"
To keep "Hugh Wynne" from paying court to "Hannah" any more.
"The Master Christian" saw "Miss Lou" down by "The Marble Faun,"
And told "Nell Gwyn" to ask "Tom Brown" if "Eleanor" had gone:

Then "Robert Elsmere" strolling by "The Old Maid's Paradise,"
 Saw "Boy" kiss "Janice Meredith" who threw him "Loaded Dice,"
 "John Ward, Preacher," coming down the steps of "Notre Dame,"
 Beheld "The Wandering Jew" pass by on "Elsie Venner's" arm;
 And, passing "Up From Slavery," quite "Like Another Helen,"
 Saw "Lorna Doone" up "On the Heights," and "David Harum" sellin'
 "Black Beauty" to "Your Uncle Lew," who gave "The Ivory Gate,"
 "To Have and to Hold" "The Heavenly Twins" from breaking "Ardath's" pate.
 "Our Mutual Friend," "The Octopus," sat down on "The Good Red Earth,"
 And gossiped "Over the Teacups" of "Aunt Serena's Worth,"
 "A Daughter of Eve" and "Adam Bede," "The Little Minister" sought,
 "The Crisis" came in "Ninety-Three" when "Prue and I" were shot.
 "Rienzi" challenged the brave "Rob Roy" to fight for "The Begum's Daughter,"
 "The Pilot" sighted "The Rebel Queen," but "Richard Carvel" caught her
 A-gazing through "A Window in Thrums" and smiling on "Ivanhoe,"
 Till "A Fair God" sung from "Under Two Flags," "Remember The Alamo!"
 "Seth Brether's Wife" told "Marjorie Daw" to watch "The Minister's Wooing,"
 Then go and tell the "Old Town Folks" it was "Uncle Terry's" doing.
 "The Prince of India" invited "Ben Hur" to ride in a chariot race,
 "John Halifax, Gentleman," put them to "Work" and "Trilby" set them the pace;
 "Count Robert of Paris" was umpire made, and said "Eye-Spy" "Foul Play,"
 "The Man in Gray" from "Behind Closed Doors" saw "Barriers Burned Away,"
 "Ships That Pass in the Night" sailed by where "The Light of Asia" shone,
 And "The Roman Singer" sang to "Lucile" of his love for "Kitty Alone,"
 "The Virginians" trundled "The Newcomes" along on their way to "Vanity Fair,"
 They paused for awhile on "The Heart's Highway"—"The Seats of the Mighty were
 there.
 They ate "Red Pottage" and "Unleavened Bread" and drank from "St. Ronan's Well,"
 Till "The Light That Failed" had flickered out; there is plenty more to tell
 But 'twould take, I know, till "Middlemarch" or into "One Summer's" prime,
 So I'll tell no more of these "Twice-Told Tales" till "Resurrection" time.

—*Lou Boyce Hayden in The Editor.*

When the Cooling Breezes Come and Go

When the autumn days have come and the sunlight grows more dim,
 When the cooling breezes come and go,
 Then we labor with a will, fitting for old winter grim,
 With his mantle cold of glistening snow.

Chorus—

List, the joyous shouts arise!
 Rings wild laughter to the skies!
 Oh, ye happy girls and boys,
 Life is full of precious joys,
 Any one can win them if he tries.

When the autumn days have come, grandest days of all the year,
 When the cooling breezes come and go,
 Hear the rustling of the corn when the glist'ning frosts appear,
 See the ripen'd pumpkin's ruddy glow.

When the autumn days have come, and the loaded tables groan,
 With their meats, their fruits, their cakes and pies,
 Apples, peaches, grapes, and pears, better than there e'er were known,
 Then a mighty shout from youth will rise.

—*S. C. Hanson in Merry Melodies.*

DECEMBER



The Barefoot Boy

THE MONTH'S ENTERTAINMENTS

DECEMBER

A Christmas Song

(Tune: "There's a Song in the Air.")

There's a thrill in the air,
There's a joy in the heart;
There is generous stir
In the home and the mart;
For the Yuletide is with us; make ready to greet
The Child of the Manger; lay gifts at his feet.

No time for complaining,
For envy or strife;
Let the swift-flying hours
With laughter be rife;
Put by all forebodings, your murmuring cease;
All hail One that cometh, the bringer of peace!

If, led by false glitter,
You've wandered afar,
Come back to your loyalty,
Led by the star;
Give up your vain quest and your wandering wild,
For the pearl of great price is the Wonderful Child.

Ring out the glad carols,
Old strifes put away;
Deck chapel and church
In His honor today;
Let the great organs tremble with symphonies grand,
And send the glad tidings all over the land.

O sing, little children,
And sing, young and old;
Though the joy of the Christmas
Can never be told—
But sing and rejoice, with your banners unfurled,
For the Christ that is come is the hope of the world.

Decorations

Begin the decoration the first of the month, and let the whole month be a jolly, happy time of preparation. Of course there will always be a few last things reserved for a final surprise, but the main decorations should be planned and the children enlisted in the making early in the month. In the first place, have all the greens you can get; then strings of cranberries, strings of popcorn, (some of them colored red), red stars and rosettes, etc. If there be a post or posts in the room, twine them with greens or red cheese cloth and greens; window sills and cabinets are also pretty covered with red cheese cloth or paper, on which pine twigs are arranged. Dress up the blackboards with drawings of holly and misletoe, either in border or sprig form;

sketches of Santa engaged in busy preparation, making innumerable toys, or just starting out with his sleigh load, on the housetop of some home, filling a stocking in another, etc. A blackboard drawing of two Brownies at either end of a rope, pulling a string of Christmas bells, with a streamer attached, including a suitable quotation, will please the pupils. Crown the Madonna with wreaths. Make chains of bright colored rings. Make bags of colored cheese cloth, which may be filled with popcorn, nuts and candy, to be hung upon the tree. Much of this work will make profitable Busy Work for the pupils. There are other days than Christmas to celebrate in this month, but there need be no special decoration. Let the main thought be the cultivation of the Christmas spirit.

Memory Gems

From "A Christmas Exercise," by Nelle Spangler Mastaine in Normal Instructor.

"God rest ye, little children, let nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this happy night;
Along the hills of Galilee, the white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ, the Child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas Day."

I hear the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play;
And wild and sweet,
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men.
—*Longfellow.*

"Oh, holly branch and mistletoe,
And Christmas chimes wher'er we go,
And stockings pinned up in a row!
These are thy gifts, December!"

"Peace, peace—the Christ-child's love—
Flies over the world, a white, white dove,
This happy Christmastide."

"Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meats choke,
And all their spits are turning."

When suns are low and nights are long
And winds bring wild alarms,
Through the darkness comes the Queen of
the Year
In all her peerless charms—
December, fair and holly-crowned,
With the Christ-child in her arms.
—*Edna Dean Proctor.*

There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king.
—*J. G. Holland.*

"At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."

"Deep, mellow bells salute the air,
With benisons sent far and wide;
Good will and joy go everywhere,
Upon the golden Christmas-tide."

Holly bough and Holly berry,
Take from me a message merry;
Take remembrance and a rhyme
For the Merry Christmas time.
—*Elizabeth Sandford.*

"There is Christmas music everywhere.
The Christmas bells are ringing,
The very air is full of joy,
The Christmas tidings bringing."

"Then ring, O bells, across the snow:
To listening millions bring
Once more that story of the Long Ago
The story of the King."

"Christmas is a solemn time,
Because beneath the star
The first great Christmas gift was given
To all men, near and far."

"O'er hill and vale, through wood and dale,
Ring out the tidings sweet again;
'Be glad; rejoice in heart and voice;
Glory to God, and peace to men.'"

"No room within the wayside inn
Was there for Him, the Christ, the King;
But we, who know the debt we owe,
Our hearts to him in welcome bring."

Suggested Poems

For the Teacher's Reading and for Discussion with the Pupils:—

Christmas Treasures—*Eugene Field.*

Merry Xmas—*Louisa M. Alcott.*

There's a Song in the Air—*J. G. Holland.*

The Old English Christmas—*Selected from Marmion.*

Other Literature

The Fir Tree—*Andersen's Wonder Book.*

'Twas the Night Before Christmas—*Moore.*

Santa and the Mouse.

Legend of the Christ Child—*Elizabeth Harrison.*

The First Christmas Tree—*Henry Van Dyke.*

The Little Christmas Tree—*Susan Coolidge.*

Discontented Pine Tree.

The Old Oak Tree's Christmas Dream.

St. Christopher and the Christ Child.

Where the Christmas Tree Grew.

The Christmas Book—*Hervey.*

Other Times and Other Seasons—*L. Hutton.*

The Miraculous Pitcher—*Hawthorne.*

For Picture Study

Sistine Madonna—*Raphael, (322.)*

Madonna of the Chair—*Raphael, (324.)*

St. Anthony of Padua—*Murillo, (682.)*

The Annunciation—*Hoffman, (797B.)*

The Nativity—*Hoffman, (797C.)*

Arrival of the Shepherds—*Lerolle, (620.)*

Worship of the Wise Men—*Hoffman (797D.)*

(Figures in parenthesis refer to Perry Pictures.)

The spring will come with all its beauteous flow'rs,
 The summer, too, with all its happy hours,
 And autumn, with its fields of golden grain,
 Will give us pleasure when they come again,
 But now, old winter, with his mantle white,
 Bids ev'ry heart be full of joy tonight,
 And merry voices ringing out so clear
 Are telling, "Winter, happy time, is here." Oh!

Chorus.

From Hanson's Golden Glees. Copyrighted. By permission of the publishers, A. Flanagan & Co.

Acrostic

"We shape, ourselves, the joy or fear
 Of which the coming life is made,
 And fill the future's atmosphere
 With sunshine or with shade."

"Happy must be the State
 Whose ruler heedeth more
 The murmurs of the poor
 Than flatteries of the great."

"I pray the prayer of Plato old;
 God make thee beautiful within,
 And let thine eyes the good behold
 In everything save sin!"

"Thy nature, which through fire and flood
 To place or gain finds out its way,
 Hath power to seek the highest good,
 And duty's holiest call obey."

"The hour draws near, howe'er delayed
 and late,
 When at the Eternal Gate
 We leave the words and works we call our
 own,
 And lift void hands alone."

"I feel the earth more sunward,
 I join the great march onward,
 And take by faith, while living,
 My freehold of thanksgiving."

"Earth shall be near to Heaven when all
 That severs man from man shall fall,
 For, here or there, salvation's plan
 Alone is love of God and man."

"Rejoice in hope! The day and night
 Are one with God and one with them
 Who see by faith the cloudy hem
 Of Judgment fringed with Mercy's light!"

Quotations

"And, soon or late, to all that sow,
 The time of harvest shall be given;
 The flowers shall bloom, the fruits shall
 grow,
 If not on earth, at last in heaven."

"The riches of the commonwealth
 Are free strong minds, and hearts of health,
 And more to her than gold or grain,
 The cunning hand or cultured brain."

"God's ways seem dark, but soon or late,
 They touch the shining hills of day;
 The evil cannot brook delay,
 The good can well afford to wait."

"No task is ill where hand and brain
 And skill and strength have equal gain,
 And each shall each in honor hold,
 And simple manhood outweigh gold."

"And so beside the Silent Sea
 I wait the muffled oar;
 No harm from Him can come to me
 On ocean or on shore.
 I know not where his islands lift
 Their fronded palms in air;
 I only know I cannot drift
 Beyond His love and care."

"Wiser than the miser's hoards
 Is the giver's choice;
 Sweeter than the songs of birds
 Is the thankful voice."

"For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
 The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'
 Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
 Deeply buried from human eyes;
 And in the hereafter, angels may
 Roll the stone from the grave away."

"The tissues of the life to be
 We weave with colors all our own
 And in the field of destiny
 We reap as we have sown."

"Wisely and well said the Eastern bard;
 Fear is easy, but love is hard;
 Easy to glow with the Santon's rage
 And walk on the Meccan pilgrimage,
 But he is greatest and best who can
 Worship Allah by loving man."

"Our lives are albums, written through
With good or ill, with false or true;
And as the blessed angels turn

The pages of our years,
God grant they read the good with smiles
And blot the ill with tears!

"No dull, mechanic round of toil
Life's morning charm can quite despoil;
And youth and beauty, hand in hand,
Will always find enchanted land."

"Let us, then, uniting, bury
All our idle feuds in dust,
And to future conflicts carry
Mutual faith and common trust;
Always he who most forgiveth
In his brother is most just."

"Give fools their gold, and knaves their
power;

Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all.
For he who blesses most is blest;
And God and man shall own his worth
Who toils to leave as his bequest,
An added beauty to the earth."

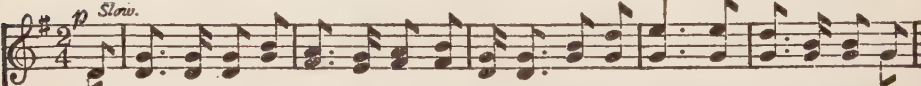
"And still we trust the years to be
Shall prove his hope was destiny,
Leaving our flag with all its added stars
Unrent by faction and unstained by wars."

"Now let the merriest tales be told,
And let the sweetest songs be sung
That ever made the old heart young!"

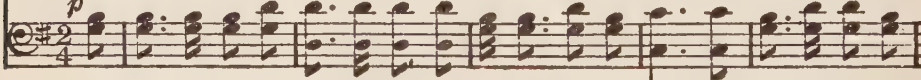
Auld Lang Syne

ROBERT BURNS.

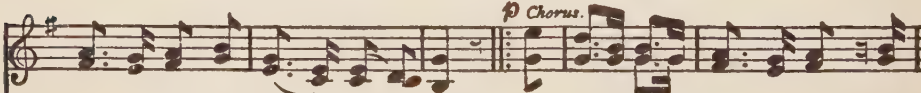
Slown.




1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance
2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine; But we've wander'd mony a
3. We twa ha'e sported i' the burn Frae mornin' sun till dine, But seas between us
4. And here's a hand, my trus - ty frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll tak' a cup o'



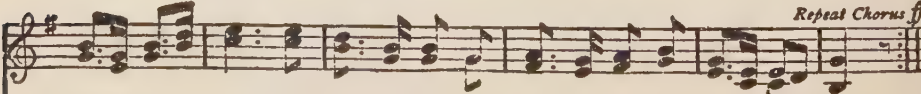
Chorus.



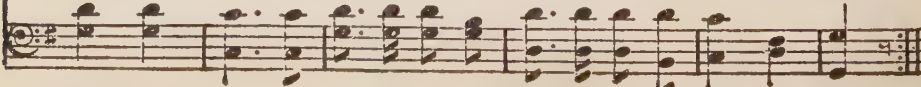
be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
wea-ry foot, Sin' auld lang syne.
braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.
kindness yet, For auld lang syne. } For auld lang syne, my dear, For



Repeat Chorus ff



auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.



The Pumpkin

On the banks of the Xenil the dark Spanish maiden
Comes up with the fruit of the tangled vine laden;
And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to behold
Through orange-leaves shining the broad spheres of gold;
Yet with dearer delight from his home in the North,
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks forth,
Where crook-necks are coiling and yellow fruit shines,
And the sun of September melts down on his vines.

Ah! on Thanksgiving day, when from East and from West,
From North and from South come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye?
What calls back the past, like the rich Pumpkin pie?

O,—fruit loved of boyhood!—the old days recalling,
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling!
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within!
When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin, our lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who travelled like steam,
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team!

Then thanks for thy present!—none sweeter or better
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter!
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking, than thine!
And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to express,
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less,
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,
And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin-vine grow,
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own Pumpkin pie!

Brown of Ossawatomie

John Brown of Ossawatomie spake on his dying day:
"I will not have to shrive my soul a priest in Slavery's pay,
But let some poor slave-mother whom I have striven to free,
With her children, from the gallows-stair put up a prayer for me!"

John Brown of Ossawatomie, they led him out to die;
And lo! a poor slave-mother with her little child pressed nigh.
Then the bold, blue eye grew tender, and the old harsh face grew mild
As he stooped between the jeering ranks and kissed the negro's child!

The shadows of his stormy life that moment fell apart,
And they who blamed the bloody hand forgave the loving heart,
That kiss from all its guilty means redeemed the good intent,
And around the grisly fighter's hair the martyr's aureole bent!

Perish with him the folly that seeks through evil good!
Long live the generous purpose unstained with human blood!
Not the raid of midnight terror, but the thought which underlies;
Not the borderer's pride of daring, but the Christian's sacrifice.

Nevermore may yon Blue Ridges the Northern rifle hear,
 Nor see the light of blazing homes flash on the negro's spear;
 But let the free-winged angel Truth their guarded passes scale,
 To teach that right is more than might, and justice more than mail!

So vainly shall Virginia set her battle in array;
 In vain her trampling squadrons knead the winter snow with clay,
 She may strike the pouncing eagle, but she dares not harm the dove;
 And every gate she bars to Hate shall open wide to Love.

Chime On, Sweet Village Bells

Mellow chimes, whose silver sweetness,
 All the depths of mem'ry wakes,
 As upon the Sabbath stillness
 On the ear yon music breaks,
 I have heard you e'er from childhood,
 Down thro' all the mists of years;
 Still I hear your soft chime pealing,
 Full of mingled smiles and tears.

Chorus—

Chime on, sweet bells,
 Chime on, sweet village bells,
 Chime on, sweet bells,
 Chime on, sweet village bells.

Sounding thro' the verdant meadows,
 Singing in the quiet dells

Till the hills the sounds re-echo
 With your chime, sweet village bells,
 You have rung in joy and sorrow.
 Farewell toll and wedding chime;
 Thro' the frosts and snows of winter,
 Thro' the summer's golden time.

I have wandered o'er the ocean,
 I have heard in other climes,
 From cathedral, tower and steeple,
 Glorious peals, and silver chimes.
 But I love to listen later,
 To the tale your music tells;
 To the thoughts of home and childhood,
 That you wake, sweet village bells.

Chorus.

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The Yankee Girl

She sings by her wheel at that low cottage-door,
 Which the long evening shadow is stretching before,
 With a muisc as sweet as the music which seems
 Breathed softly and faint in the ear of our dreams!

How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye,
 Like a star glancing out from the blue of the sky!
 And lightly and freely her dark tresses play
 O'er a brow and a bosom as lovely as they!

Who comes in his pride to that low cottage door,—
 The haughty and rich to the humble and poor?
 'Tis the great Southern planter,—the master who waves
 His whip of dominion o'er hundreds of slaves.

"Nay, Ellen,—for shame! Let those Yankee fools spin,
 Who would pass for our slaves with a change of their skin!
 Let them toil as they will at the loom or the wheel,
 Too stupid for shame, and too vulgar to feel!

"But thou art too lovely and precious a gem
 To be bound to their burdens and sullied by them,—
 For shame, Ellen, shame,—cast thy bondage aside,
 And away to the South, as my blessing and pride.

"O, come where no winter thy footsteps can wrong,
 But where flowers are blossoming all the year long,
 Where the shade of the palm-tree is over my home,
 And the lemon and orange are white in their bloom!

"O, come to my home, where my servants shall all
Depart at thy bidding and come at thy call;
They shall heed thee as mistress with trembling and awe,
And each wish of thy heart shall be felt as a law."

O, could ye have seen her—that pride of our girl's—
Arise and cast back the dark wealth of her curls,
With a scorn in her eye which the gazer could feel,
And a glance like the sunshine that flashes on steel!

"Go back, haughty Southron! thy treasures of gold
Are dim with the blood of the hearts thou hast sold;
Thy home may be lovely, but round it I hear
The crack of the whip and the footstep of fear!

"And the sky of thy South may be brighter than ours,
And greener thy landscapes, and fairer thy flowers;
But dearer the blast round our mountains which raves,
Than the sweet summer zephyr which breathes over slaves!

"Full low at thy bidding thy negroes may kneel,
With the iron of bondage on spirit and heel;
Yet know that the Yankee girl sooner would be
In fetters with them, than in freedom with thee!"

Selections from Snow Bound

EVENING

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;

* * * * *

The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head;
The cat's dark shadow on the wall
The couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andiron's straggling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north wind raved?
How high, how low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth fire's ruddy glow.

* * * * *

Our uncle, innocent of books,
Was rich in lore of fields and brooks.

* * * * *

He told how teal and loon he shot,
And how the eagle's eggs he got,
The feats on pond and river done,
The prodigies of rod and gun;—
Still, warming with the tales he told,
Forgotten was the outside cold;
The bitter wind unheeded blew,

From ripening corn the pigeons flew,
The partridge drummed in the wood, the
mink

Went fishing down the river brink.
In fields with bean and clover gay
The woodchuck, like a hermit gray,
Peered from the doorway of his cell;
The muskrat plied the mason's trade,
And tier by tier his mud walls laid:
And from the shagbark overhead,
The grizzled squirrel dropped his shell.

At last the great logs, crumbling low,
Sent out a dull and duller glow;—
The bull's-eye watch that hung in view,
Ticking its weary circuit through,
Pointed with mutely warning sign
Its black hand to the hour of nine.
That sign the pleasant circle broke:

* * * * *

Within our beds awhile we heard
The wind that round the gables roared,
With now and then a ruder shock,
Which made our very bedsteads rock.
We heard the loosened clapboards toss,
The board-nails snapping in the frost;
And on us, through the unplastered wall,
Fell the light sifted snowflakes fall.

But sleep stole on as sleep will do,
When hearts are light, and life is new;
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew.
Till in the summer-land of dreams
They softened to the sound of streams,
Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars.

Notes About Whittier's Life

(To be read by several pupils)

From "John Greenleaf Whittier," by Nelle Spangler Mustain in Normal Instructor.

1. Both of Whittier's parents were members of the Society of Friends or Quakers. The family consisted of four children; two sons and two daughters. The father was a farmer of only moderate circumstances; the farm was not a profitable one; it was burdened with debt and money was scarce. The home was somewhat lonely, half hidden in oak woods, with no house in sight. The mother was a very tender-hearted woman and most hospitable, hence the home was seldom without visitors.

2. One day an old Scotchman visited the home, and from him Whittier gained his first knowledge of Burns' poetry. The old man sang "Bonnie Doon" and "Highland Mary" in such an impressive manner that the boy, John, never forgot them. When Whittier was fourteen years of age, a graduate of Dartmouth college taught their district school and spent many evenings in the Whittier home. One evening he brought a copy of Burns' poems and read aloud to the family. Young Whittier listened spell bound. Noticing his interest, the teacher left the book with him; and thus was kindled the poetic fire which glowed for seventy years.

3. Whittier scribbled verses on his slate when he was a little boy, but he was a lad of nineteen when he sent his first poem to William Lloyd Garrison, editor of *The Free Press*. Garrison was so pleased with the poem that he drove out to the farm to see the writer and found him hoeing in the field. They had a long talk, the editor advising Whittier to take some course of study as a training for a literary future.

4. Whittier's education had been limited to the district school, half a mile away, and with a term of but twelve weeks in the year. He was puzzled to know how to secure the means to gain the coveted education, and finally solved the problem by learning to make shoes. From the money so earned he got six months' board and tuition in Haverhill Academy. At the close of this term of study, he became editor of a home paper, and also edited the *Hartford New England Review*, consequently he soon became known to all the writers and thinkers of New England.

5. The Haverhill farm was sold in 1830 and the family moved to Amesbury, eight miles further down the beloved Merrimac. In this plain, old-fashioned wooden house was written "Snow Bound," and many other of his best poems. Whittier gave thirty of his best years to the anti-slavery struggle. While other poets traveled in foreign lands or studied in their libraries, he was earnestly working to free the slaves, aiding Garrison, who sent forth his paper, *The Liberator*, from a garret in Boston.

6. Mr. Whittier never married. Sept. 7, 1892, at the dawn of a beautiful Autumn day, he slipped quietly away from this life. His last words were, "My love to the world." Funeral services were held under the trees in the garden at the rear of the Amesbury home, Saturday afternoon, Sept. 10. Beautiful tributes were rendered by many prominent men. The body was borne to rest in the cemetery on the hill overlooking the valley of Powow, close by the beautiful Merrimac, the river which he so loved. The grave is marked by a simple slab of pure white marble; on one side is engraved his name, date of birth and death, on the other the closing words of Dr. Holmes' beautiful tribute: "Here Whittier lies."

The Mayflowers

(The trailing arbutus, or Mayflower, grows abundantly in the vicinity of Plymouth, and was the first flower that greeted the Pilgrims after their fearful winter.)

Sad Mayflower! watched by winter stars,
And nursed by winter gales,
With petals of the sleeted spars,
And leaves of frozen sails!

What had she in those dreary hours,
Within her ice-rimmed bay,
In common with the wild-wood flowers,
The first sweet smiles of May?

Yet, "God be praised!" the Pilgrim said,
Who saw the blossoms peer
Above the brown leaves, dry and dead,
"Behold our Mayflower here!"

"God wills it: here our rest shall be,
Our years of wandering o'er,
For us the Mayflower of the sea
Shall spread her sails no more."

O sacred flowers of faith and hope,
As sweetly now as then
Ye bloom on many a birchen slope,
In many a pine-dark glen.

Behind the sea-wall's rugged length,
Unchanged, your leaves unfold,
Like love behind the many strength
Of the brave hearts of old.

So live the fathers in their sons,
Their sturdy faith be ours,
And ours the love that overruns
Its rocky strength with flowers.

The Pilgrim's wild and wintry day
Its shadow round us draws;
The Mayflower of his stormy bay,
Our Freedom's struggling cause.

But warmer suns ere long shall bring
To life the frozen sod;
And, through dead leaves of hope, shall
spring
Afresh the flowers of God!

Barbara Frietchie

Up from the meadows rich with corn
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall,—

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind, the sun
Of noon looked down and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down:

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er
And the rebel rides on his raid no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
 Flag of Freedom and Union wave!
 Peace and order and beauty draw
 Round thy symbol of light and law;
 And ever the stars above look down
 On thy stars below in Frederick town!

The Robin

My old Welsh neighbor over the way
 Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,
 Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,
 And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,
 And cruel in sport, as boys will be,
 Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped
 From bough to bough in the apple tree.

"Nay!" said the grandmother; "have you
 not heard,
 My poor, bad boy! of the fiery pit,
 And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
 Carries the water that quenches it?"

'He brings cool dew in his little bill,
 And lets it fall on the souls of sin;
 You can see the mark on his red breast still
 Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

"My poor bron. rhuddyn! my breast-burned
 bird,
 Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,
 Very dear to the heart of our Lord
 Is he who pities the lost, like him!"

"Amen!" I said to the beautiful myth;
 "Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well;
 Each good thought is a drop wherewith
 To cool and lessen the fires of hell."

Prayers of love like raindrops fall,
 Tears of pity are cooling dew,
 And dear to the heart of our Lord are all
 Who suffer like Him in the good they do.

The Song of the Scissors

(Motion Song)

We're a jolly pair of twins,
 And we always work together;
 We are always bright and sharp,
 However dull the weather.
 Whenever little maidie
 Takes her work box in her lap,
 We are always up and ready,
 With our "Snip, snip, snap."
 Snip, snip, snap,
 Snip, snip, snap,
 We are always up and ready
 With our "Snip, snip, snap."

We cut the pretty patches
 To piece, the pretty quilt;
 Each square the next one matches;
 Their posies never wilt.
 We trim the edges neatly
 With never a mishap,
 And what music sounds so sweetly
 As our "Snip, snip, snap."
 Snip, snip, snap,
 Snip, snip, snap,
 We are always up and ready
 With our "Snip, snip, snap."

We cut the dolly's mantle;
 We shape the dolly's dress;
 Oh, half, the clever things we do,
 You'd never, never guess!
 For food, or sleep, or play-time
 We do not care a rap,
 But are ready, night and day-time,
 With our "Snip, snip, snap"
 Snip, snip, snap,
 Snip, snip, snap,
 But are ready night and day-time,
 With our "Snip, snip, snap."

(Extend the right hand as if cutting with
 a pair of scissors, and snap the fingers.)

The Pipes at Lucknow

Dear to the Lowland reaper,
 And plaided mountaineer,—
 To the cottage and the castle
 The Scottish pipes are dear;—
 Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
 O'er mountain, loch, and glade;
 But the sweetest of all music
 The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger
 Louder yelled, and nearer crept;
 Round and round the jungle-serpent
 Near and nearer circles swept,
 "Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,—
 Pray today!" the soldier said;
 "Tomorrow, death's between us
 And the wrong and shame we dread."

O, they listened, looked, and waited,
 Till their hope became despair;
 And the sobs of low bewailing
 Filled the pauses of their prayer.
 Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
 With her ear unto the ground:
 "Dinna ye hear it?—dinna ye hea it?
 The pipes o' Havelock sound!"

Hushed the wounded man his groaning,
 Hushed the wife her little ones;
 Alone they heard the drum-roll
 And the roar of Sepoy guns.

But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true;
As her mother's cradle-crooning
The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear,
She knew the droning pibroch,
She knew the Campbell's call;
"Hark! hear ye no' MacGregor's,
The grandest o' them all!"

O, they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last;
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
Rose and fell the piper's blast!
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman's voice and man's;
"God be praised! the march of Havelock!
The piping of the clans!"

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild MacGregors' clan-call,
Stinging all the air to life.
But when the far-off dust-cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithely
The pipes of rescue blew!

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
The air of Auld Lang Syne.
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
Rose that sweet and homelike strain;
And the tartan clove the turban,
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper
And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle
The piper's song is dear.
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
O'er mountain, glen and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The Pipes at Lucknow played.

Guests from Whittier Land

CHARACTERS:

Bessie.
Barefoot Boy.
Maud Muller
School-boy.
School-girl.
Red Riding Hood.
Barbara Frietchie.

COSTUMES:—Bessie, School-boy and School-girl are in ordinary dress; Barefoot Boy has a large straw hat, his feet bare and trousers turned up to the knees; Maud Muller wears a large hat, plain dress and carries a hay rake; Barbara Frietchie is dressed as an old lady, her hair whitened, wears glasses and hobbles on a cane; Red Riding Hood is—

"Half lost within her boots, her head Warm-sheltered in her hood of red, Her plaited skirt close about her drawn."

SCENE:—An ordinary room. Bessie is reading, she allows her book to fall to her lap and soliloquizes as follows:

Bessie—

I've read this book of poems through,
Nor missed a single line,
And all the people in it seem
Like real true friends of mine.

The Barefoot Boy with "cheek of tan,"
Maud Muller raking hay.
And Barbara Frietchie, good old dame,
So old and bent and gray.

I wish—I really wish they might
Come here and visit me,
Just like real folks that walk and talk,—
How jolly that would be!

I'd ask them each one for myself,
If the poems here are true,
Or if Mr. Whittier made them up,
As poets often do.

But, of course, such strange queer happenings
Are out of the question, quite,
Unless within my cozy bed
I dream of them at night.

(*A pause. Barefoot Boy rushes in.*)

Barefoot Boy—

Heigh-ho! here I am at last
Never did I run so fast.

Bessie (jumping up)—

Who are you who come into
A lady's house with such ado
Without rapping at the door
As if you'd been here before?

Barefoot Boy—

Don't be angry, little dame,
'Twas to please you that I came.

Bessie—

To please me? Pray what's your name?

Barefoot Boy—

Ha! ha! guess it if you can.
Do you see these cheeks of tan,
And these turned up pantaloons?
Hear my merry whistled tunes
Full of sunshine and of joy?
(Whistles.)

Guess it now?

Bessie—

The Barefoot Boy!
But how happened you so near
And who told you to come here?

Barefoot Boy—

Fairies came, the tiniest things,
Flying swift on gauzy wings,—
Oh, so beautiful to see!
And they told your wish to me.

Bessie—

My! how funny! yet how grand,
As if it were Fairyland.
Tell me, Barefoot Boy, is it true
You know as much as they say you do?
"Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the woodgrapes clusters shine?"

Barefoot Boy—

"How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
How the robin feeds her young,
How the orioles' nest is hung."
'Tis as easy as a book,
Or for fish to swim the brook,
These I know and many more
(Sounds of steps outside.)

But do listen! At the door,
Some one comes; I hear a sound
(Enter Maud Muller.)

'Tis Maud Muller, I'll be bound.

Bessie (advancing toward her)—

Welcome, Maud Muller. Say, did you
See the lovely fairies, too?

Maud Muller—

I was by the roadside spring
When they did your message bring.

Bessie—

Just the place where that summer's day
You "raked the meadow sweet with hay?"
Right where the Judge stopped for the
drink

And talked so nice? Why, Maud, I think
A man so rich and nobly bred,
You were very foolish not to wed.

Barefoot Boy (aside)—

'Sh! Don't talk of him. Don't you know
He didn't ask her to do so.

Maud Muller—

Oft in my dreams, I see him yet
And I try so hard to forget;
'For of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest of these 'It might have been.'"

Bessie—

Maybe in castle and gilded hall
You'd not have been happy after all.
For you know "his sisters were proud and
cold
And his mother vain of her rank and gold."

(Enter Boy and Girl)

Barefoot Boy—

Here are two more from Whittier land
Coming to greet you, hand-in-hand.

Bessie—

I have read of your "tangled, golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,"
Now tell, me, dear, why you stayed behind
"When all the school were leaving."

School-girl (shyly)—

I was sorry that I spelled the word
"I hate to go above him
Because"—

Bessie—

I know the reason why—
It is because you love him.

Red Riding Hood (calling outside)—

Come, squirrel, from your hollow oak
Come, black old crow, come poor blue-jay
Before your supper blows away—
Don't be afraid, we all are good.

(Bursts into room.)

And I'm mamma's Red Riding Hood.

(Enter Barbara Frietchie)

Barbara Frietchie—

Deary me! Who would have guessed
Barefoot Boy and all the rest
Here to see the little Miss;
Come, my dear, give me a kiss.

(Bessie kisses her.)

Barefoot Boy—

"Up sprang old Barbara Frietchie, then,
Bowed with her four-score years and ten."

Maud Muller—

"Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled
down."

Barbara Frietchie—

"In my attic window the staff I set
To show that one heart was loyal yet."

Bessie—

Is it true, without a doubt,
All that the poet wrote about?

Barbara Frietchie—

'Twas the only flag in Frederick town
And quick as a flash they shot it down;
But I raised it again, I'd have you know
And shook it right at the general—so.

All Sing (Tune "Battle Hymn of the Republic")— ~~do not sing~~

Hurrah for Barbara Frietchie's flag,
For her who waved it, too;
She took the flag the men hauled down
Our own red, white and blue,
And shook it with a royal will
Right in the rebel's view
Right in the rebel's view.

Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Right in the rebel's view.

Hurrah for Stonewall Jackson, who
When he did see her there,
Forbade his men to fire at her,
Or touch a single hair;
And so they all marched down the street,
And the old flag did spare,
And the old flag did spare.

(Some one outside calls "Bessie!")

Bessie—

There is mamma a-calling me,
Come, everybody! Come to tea!
You are, this evening, guests of mine;
So let us gather all in line,
And give mamma a great surprise.

Sarefoot Boy—

My! won't she open wide her eyes!
(All march out in line.)

—Willis Newton Bugbee in *Normal Instructor*.

In School-Days

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescos on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet, that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago, a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;—
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble in her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word,
I hate to go above you,
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss.
Like her,—because they love him.

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The Poor Voter on Election Day

The proudest now is but my peer,
The highest not more high;
Today, of all the weary year,
A king of men am I.

Today, alike are great and small,
 The nameless and the known;
 My palace is the people's hall,
 The ballot-box my throne!

Who serves today up on the list
 Beside the served shall stand;
 Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,
 The gloved and dainty hand!
 The rich is level with the poor,
 The weak is strong today;
 And sleekest broadcloth counts no more
 Than homespun frock of gray.

Today let pomp and vain pretence
 My stubborn right abide;
 I set a plain man's common sense
 Against the pedant's pride.
 Today shall simple manhood try
 The strength of gold and land;
 The wide world has not wealth to buy
 The power in my right hand!

While there's a grief to seek redress,
 Or balance to adjust,
 Where weighs our living manhood less
 Than Mammon's vilest dust,—

While there's a right to need my vote,
 A wrong to sweep away,
 Up! clouted knee and ragged coat!
 A man's a man today!

Snowflakes

(Tune:—"Yankee Doodle")

Oh, see the pretty flakes of snow,
 So graceful and so airy,
 On little gauzy wings they go
 As lightly as a fairy;
 Oh, when we see the snowflakes dear
 Our hearts with hope are humming,
 For then we know December's near
 And Christmas-time is coming!

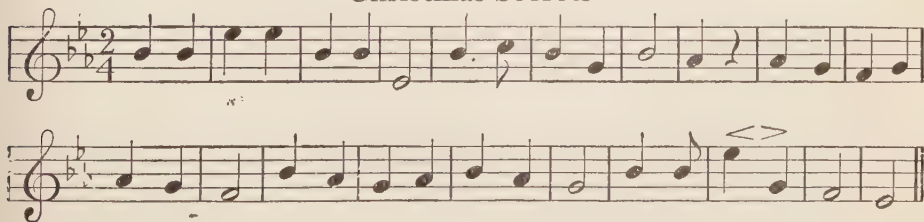
The snowflakes flutter here and there,
 But soon they grow weary,
 And then they rest in woodlands bare
 And meadow lands so dreary;
 Oh, when we see the snowflakes dear,
 Our hearts with hope are humming,
 For then we know December's near
 And Christmas-time is coming!

—*Alice Jean Cleator in Normal Instructor.*

Christmas in the Primary Grades

Song	- - - - -	Christmas Secrets
Quotations	- - - - -	- - - - -
Class Recitation	- - - - -	A Christmas Acrostic
Motion Song	- - - - -	Christmas Bells
Recitation	- - - - -	Winter
Recitation	- - - - -	Santa Claus in Morocco
Recitation for three children	- - - - -	Christmas Day
Recitation	- - - - -	A Christmas Secret
Song	- - - - -	A Christmas Hymn
Recitation	- - - - -	A Christmas Dilemma
Class Recitation (seven children)	- - - - -	A Christmas Carol
Song (For a class of little tots)	- - - - -	Sing a Song of Christmas
Recitation	- - - - -	Poor Santa Claus
Recitation	- - - - -	Santa Claus
Recitation	- - - - -	Tommy's Christmas Wish
Song	- - - - -	O Carol, Children, Carol
Exercise	- - - - -	Christmas Stockings
Recitation	- - - - -	Christmas
Class Recitation (five children)	- - - - -	Little Babes of Bethlehem
Recitation	- - - - -	A Suggestion for Santa Claus
Song	- - - - -	Santa Claus Land

Christmas Secrets



Secrets big and secrets small,
On the eve of Christmas;
Such keen ears has ev'ry wall
That we whisper, one and all,
On the eve of Christmas.

As you're coming up the stair,
On the eve of Christmas,
Watch each footstep with great care,
Secrets sweet are hidden there
On the eve of Christmas.

Secrets upstairs, secrets down,
On the eve of Christmas;
Papa brings them from the town,
Wrapped in papers stiff and brown
On the eve of Christmas.

But the secret best of all—
On the eve of Christmas,
Steals right down the chimney tall,
Fills our stockings great and small,
On the eve of Christmas.

—By Alice E. Allen and T. B. Weaver in *Normal Instructor*

Quotations

"Joy, joy and jubilee!

Good will to men from sea to sea,
This merry Christmas-tide!"

"Awake, glad heart! get up and sing!
It is the Birthday of thy King."

"God bless us every one."

"The world is happy, the world is wide,
Kind hearts are beating on every side."

"At Christmas, play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."

"Christmas bells are in the air,
Holly branches everywhere,
Soon will come the reindeer sleigh,
Santa Claus will pass this way."

"Not what we give, but what we share—
The gift without the giver is bare,
He gives but worthless gold
Who gives from sense of duty."

"Deep, mellow bells salute the air
With benison sent far and wide;
Good will and joy go everywhere
Upon the golden Christmas-tide."

"Let the children hear the bells,
Christmas bells!
With their romping shouts and laughter,
Each the other running after,
Let the children hear the bells!"

"Gather the holly and mistletoe,
Make things gay and bright;
Leave no kind deed undone—
Everywhere Christmas tonight."

A Christmas Acrostic

(Nine children, each bearing a letter, march, while singing to tune of "Marching Through Georgia.")

Sing we now of Christmas time, the best of all the year,
Peace and happiness abound, the season of good cheer;
Blessings rich from heaven above are scattered far and near,
While we sing "Merry Christmas."

Chorus—

Sweet peace, good will to men, the angels sing,
Glad bells awake and happy echoes ring,
For tidings glad to rich and poor alike today they bring,
While we sing "Merry Christmas."

Each child in turn recites:

Christ was born on Christmas day,
In a manger low He lay.

Heavenly angels praise His name,
"Peace on earth" the glad refrain.

Rich the blessing given to earth,
Gracious gift, sublimest worth.

I will sing on Christmas morn
Of the Saviour who is born.

Stores of gifts and happiness,
Homes both rich and humble bless.

Thanks our heavenly father, dear,
For Christmas blessings every year

Merry Christmas, hear the shout
Ring the glad old world about!

All the world rejoice today,
Merry, happy, Christmas day.

Saviour born in Bethlehem,
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

Sing then, happy children all, this Merry Christmas day,
 All is joy on earth today, all sorrows cast away,
 Hearts are light and free from care and gentle peace has sway,
 While we sing "Merry Christmas."

Chorus.

—*Normal Instructor.*

Christmas Bells

(Motion song)

- ¹Santa Claus is coming here we know,
- ²Listen for the jingle o'er the snow;
- ³We shall hear the reindeer's prancing gait,
- ⁴It will not be long we'll have to wait.

Chorus—

Merry little bells at Christmas-tide
 Ting-a-ling-ling, ting-a-ling-ling;
 Jingle all the time at Santa's side,
 Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling-ling.

- ⁵He will find us waiting, every one,
- ⁶Ready to surprise him—oh, what fun;
- ⁷Won't we run to meet him with delight,
- ⁸Santa Claus so jolly, gay and bright.
- ⁹Santa Claus will very soon be here,
- ¹⁰Riding on his swift and sleek reindeer;
- ¹¹Would you like to see him? ¹¹With us stay,
- ¹²For he greets the children first, they say.

MOTIONS

Each child should have a string of small jingle bells around the neck.

1. Both hands thrown gracefully outward.
2. Right hand held over right ear as if listening.
3. On word "prancing," step gracefully forward with right foot, and on word "gait" step left foot forward.
4. Arms folded in front.
5. Hands clasped over head.
6. On words "Oh, what fun," shrug shoulders and sing in laughing manner
7. Daintily lift dress skirts a bit.
8. Clasp hands in front of chest.
9. Raise hands higher than in previous line, making it all one motion.
10. Point forefinger of right hand at audience, and stop an instant after "him."
11. Point forefinger at self.
12. Hands on waist.

For every chorus, jingle bells with right hand wherever "ting-a-ling-ling" occurs.

Winter

Little Fairy Snowflakes
 Dancing in the flue,
 Old Mr. Santa Claus
 What is keeping you?
 Twilight and firelight,
 Shadows come and go,
 Merry chime of sleigh bells
 Jingling through the snow.
 Mother's knitting stockings
 Pussy's got the ball,
 Don't you think that winter's
 Pleasanter than all?

—*T. B. Aldrich.*

Santa Claus in Morocco

Queer old Santa took the steamer
 Over from Gibraltar,
 Mounted on a donkey-pack,
 With a rope for halter.
 Thought he'd do his duty by
 All the little Arabs,
 Fill their stockings up with coins,
 Bellyunes and scarebs.
 But his jolly old face fell
 When he reached a village—
 Tiny huts just thatched with straw
 One yard square for tillage.

All around he gazed aghast,
Then he said, "By Jim'ny!
What a savage heathen place,
Not a single chimney!"

Gasped again, and paler grew,
Muttered feebly: "Shocking!
'Mong these little Moorish kids
Not a blessed stocking!"
—*Hester Caldwell Oakley.*

Christmas Day

First Child—

What's this hurry, what's this flurry
All throughout the house today?
Everywhere a merry scurry,
Everywhere a sound of play.
Something, too's the matter, matter,
Out-of-doors as well as in,
For the bell goes clatter, clatter,
Every minute—such a din!
Everybody winking, blinking,
In a queer, mysterious way;
What on earth can they be thinking,
What on earth can be to pay?

Second Child—

Bobby peeping o'er the stairway,
Bursts into a little shout;
Kitty, too, is in a fair way
Where she hides to giggle out.
As the bell goes cling-a-ling-ing
Every minute more and more,
And swift feet go springing, springing,
Through the hallway to the door,
Where a glimpse of box and packet,
And a little rustle, rustle,
Makes such sight and sound and racket,
Such a jolly bustle, bustle—
That the youngsters in their places
Hiding slyly out of sight,
All at once show shining faces,
All at once scream with delight.

Third Child—

Go and ask them what's the matter,
What the fun outside and in—
What the meaning of the clatter,
What the bustle and the din.
Hear them, hear them laugh and shout
then,
All together hear them say,

All—

"Why, what have you been about then,
Not to know it's Christmas Day?"

—*Nora Perry.*

A Christmas Secret

"I know a secret," said little Belle,
"A beautiful secret, but I shan't tell!
You'd like to know it, I'm sure you would!
And if you'll be very, very good,
P'raps I will whisper it in your ear,
Just to make certain nobody'll hear.
I've knitted mamma some slippers—oh,
The loveliest color! there, now you know!
And don't you believe she'll like them well
As a thousand dollars? But don't you tell.
—*Youth's Companion.*

A Christmas Hymn

(Tune: "Nearer, My God to Thee")

Softly the night came down
O'er Bethlehem.
Little the people knew
What awaited them.
For in that holy night
There shone a wondrous light,
And angel voices fell,—
Oh, the love of God!

Cradled in straw and hay
Lay a sweet Child,—
He, Heaven's ambassador,
Holy, undefiled!
Loved over all the earth,
Millions recall his birth,
For He, the Child, had brought
All the love of God!

A Christmas Dilemma

What shall dollie have for Christmas?
I've been thinking all day long,
For I want to ask old Santa,
And I musn't get it wrong.

Would a new hat be the nicest,
With a bow and feather, too?
Or a bran new dress for Sundays,
Or a nicer sash of blue?

I know she needs a pair of slippers,
Pink ones,—they'd be very nice,
But I want the very best thing
That he'll bring for any price.

And she has so many dresses,
All the clothes and things, you know,
That used to be my other dollie's—
My dear old Arabella Jo.

That's the one I broke last summer,
And you don't know how I've missed her.
O, Santa Claus! I've thought of some-
thing,—
Bring my doll a nice, new sister.

—*Normal Instructor.*

A Christmas Carol

(Seven children. Each child should recite one verse)

"What means this glory round our feet?"
The Magi mused, "more bright than morn?"

And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"Today the Prince of Peace is born!"

"What means that star?" the shepherds said
"That brightens through the rocky glen?
And angels answering, overhead,
Sang "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

'Tis nineteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for Him, like them of yore;
Alas, He seems so slow to come!

But it was said, in words of gold
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold
In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we, our loving wills incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And clasping kindly hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

And they who do their souls no wrong
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angel-song,
"Today the Prince of Peace is born!"
—James Russell Lowell.

Sing a Song of Christmas

(Tune: "Sing a Song of Sixpence.")

Sing a song of Christmas,
Stockings hanging high,
Four-and-twenty sugar plums
In a Christmas pie.
When the pie is opened,
Cousins all will sing:
Isn't that a dainty dish
To set before our king?

Of books, four-and-twenty
Of toys rich, a plenty,
Ten pounds of candy,
Or more if 'tis handy,
Flavor with smiles,
Then stir all together
'Tween crusts like a feather.
If you children will tarry,
You can make Christmas pie.

Poor Santa Claus

I saved my cake for Santa Claus
One Christmas eve at tea;
For if riding makes one hungry,
How hungry he must be!

I put it on the chimney shelf,
Where he'd be sure to go—
I think it does a person good
To be remembered so.

When every one was fast asleep,
(Every one but me),
I tiptoed into mamma's room—
O! just as still—to see

If he had been there yet. Deary me!
It made my feelings ache—
There sat a mizzable little mouse
Eating Santa's cake!

—Caroline H. Condit.

Santa Claus

Oh, Santa Claus, the dear old man,
With cheeks and eyes aglow,
Puts dollies in his Christmas bag
For all the girls, you know.

And then he runs and gets the horns,
The horns and drums and sticks,
Skates and balls and guns, for boys,
All tumbled in a mix.

Then last he puts some candy in,
Nuts, raisins, figs and dates,
Then ties a string about his bag,
And hurries to his gates.

There stand his sleigh and reindeer four
All prancing up and down,
In such a hurry to be gone
'Way off to Children's town.

—Selected.

Tommy's Christmas Wish

I wish that good old Santa
Would travel like a show,
And to his tent of playthings
For nothing let me go;
And take along my stockings,
To fill, in laughing glee,
With all the things he fondly
Hangs on the Christmas tree.

I'd see the pasteboard camel
Wink at the kangaroo;
I'd see the china wombat
And quagga chase the gnu;
I'd see the rubber ostrich
Serenely wink his eye
To see the monkey capture
The peanut on the fly.

And then I'd see old Santa
 With all his books of rhymes;
 I'd grab him by the whiskers
 And kiss him fifty times,
 And on his back go riding
 Beneath the fairy dome,
 And with a lot of playthings
 Go running gaily home.

'Tis then I think old Santa
 Should up and go away,
 And in some other village
 Put up his tent next day;

And then go on still further,
 And further still and still,
 To let all lovely children
 Their great big stockings fill.

'Twould then be always Christmas,
 All musical with joy,
 And bending tree and turkey
 And hobby-horse and toy;
 For while upon his travels
 Old Santa'd scatter cheer;
 He'd make a Christmas somewhere
 Each day throughout the year.

—R. K. Munkittrick.

O, Carol, Children, Carol

GERMAN.



1. O car - ol, chil - dren, car - ol, Be mer - ry while you may,
2. With - in a low - ly man - ger, They laid the child so fair,
3. O car - ol, chil - dren, car - ol, The world in dark - ness lay,
4. How can we show our glad - ness, No gold or gems have we,



And blend your hap - py voic - es, When all the world re - joic - es,
 And wise men knelt be - fore him, To praise him and a - dore him,
 Till glo - ry shone a - round him, Where wond'ring shepherds found him,
 If on - ly we in - her - it, A meek and qui - et spir - it,



And sor - row flies a - way, For Christ was born this day.
 With gold and spic - es rare, Such pre - cious gifts they bear
 That bless - ed Christ - mas day, O praise him while you may.
 This will our off - 'ring be, Our gift of love so free.

Christmas Stockings

An exercise for ten children carrying stockings of various colors and sizes. On each stocking is fastened a large white letter. The letters all together spell "Santa Claus."

(All march in, singing and swinging the stockings gaily, making graceful motions to interpret the words):

While the snowflakes scatter,
 Down the quiet street,
 Hark, here comes a patter
 As of tiny feet.

What can be the matter?
 "Ten" strike all the clocks,
 'Tis the pit-pit-patter
 Of the Christmas Socks.

See them lightly tripping,
 All on tiny toes,
 Blue and black ones skipping
 Off with brown and rose.
 Fast the minutes slipping,
 "Eleven" strike the clocks;
 Hush, your trip-trip-tripping.
 Jolly Christmas Socks.

Each child recites (holding out stocking to show letter).

S Dear Santa Claus, Tom wants a Sled,
With shiny runners painted red.

A This stocking, Sir, is wee, black Dinah's,
She wants an Apron, like Miss Nina's.

N A Noah's ark for jolly Joe,
He smashed his old one, long ago.

T A Tea-set and a small Teatable,
Please leave with me for merry Mabel.

A Some Apples red, for little Nan,
And stuff in Almonds—all you can.

C Some twisted bars of crispy Candy,
Some Cakes, and oh, some Cars—for Andy.

L A Lady-doll all gowned in lace
And little ribbons will suit Grace.

A I'm grandma's sock, hung up for Dora,
She wants a cat—a real Angora.

U A small, pale blue Umbrella, please,
I want all ruffles for Louise.

S I'm baby's Sock. He wonders:—Can't he
Please find *you* in it, dear old Santa?

All (singing and dancing the stockings about).

Christmas snowflakes sprinkle
On old Santa's brow,
Reindeer bells tink-tinkle.
Nearer—clearer now.
How his eyes will twinkle—
"Twelve," strike all the clocks—
Twinkle—twinkle—twinkle—
When he sees those socks!
—*Primary Education.*

Christmas

The whole world is a Christmas tree,
And stars its many candles be.
O, sing a carol joyfully,
The world's great feast in keeping;
For once on a December night,
An angel held a candle bright,
And led three wise men by its light,
To where a child was sleeping.
—*Selected.*

Little Babes of Bethlehem

(Each child recites one verse)

Little babes of Bethlehem,
From the town's unwanted din
Safely housed in quiet homes
Or the shelter of an inn,
While He, the King of kings, was found
With oxen lowing all around.

Little babes of Bethlehem,
Dainty robes which love had shaped
Deftly, for these festal days,
Round your infant limbs were draped.
In swaddling band and cattle stall
Was throned the Kingliest of all.

Little babes of Bethlehem,
Cradled on the mother breast,
Loving word and crooning song
Lulled you tenderly to rest.
Along the ramparts of the skies
Glad angels sang His lullabies.

Little babes of Bethlehem,
Lights that in your dwellings gleamed,
Radiant as the summer stars,
Softly o'er your pillows streamed—
A single star, of heavenly ray,
Shown where the world's Redeemer lay.

Little babes of Bethlehem,
Children of a bygone age,
Slain of Herod, cruel king—
Nothing more on history's page;
But He Who in the manger lay
Is Lord of heaven and earth today.
—*Youth's Companion.*

A Suggestion for Santa Claus

I wonder why old Santa Claus,
Makes his visits all at night.
I am sure he would find it pleasanter
To come in broad daylight.

If he only came in day time,
We would meet him at the door,
And then he wouldn't have to climb
The chimney any more.

And wouldn't it be nicer
To see him every year
Come driving up before the house,
With all his prancing deer?

All children love Old Santa Claus,
And it never seems quite right
That one so good and kind as he,
Must always come at night.

Perhaps he's never thought of this,
So I will write a letter
And tell him of my little plan—
I'm sure he'd like it better.

And when I get the letter written,
Will sign it "One and all,"
And then we need not be surprised
At Santa's morning call.

—*Mrs. J. F. Barnhart.*

Santa Claus Land

O, there's ma - ny a coun - try far o - ver the seas, Of
 which our ge - og - ra - phies tell; There's A - si - a, Af - ri - ca,
 Chi - na and Greece, We know all their names, ve - ry
 well; But a - las, we can - not un - der - stand, Where
 li - eth the San - ta Claus Land; No maps will ex - plain to our
 wan - der - ing band, Where li - eth the San - ta Claus Land.

O, it must be a country far, far from our view,
 Long hundreds of miles o'er the seas;
 Where toys grow in gardens the whole season through,
 And candies and cakes on the trees;
 But there's one thing we know very well,
 'Tis where dear old Santa Claus dwells,
 Our jolly old Santa, who never forgets,
 His hundreds of dear little pets.

But no matter how distant is Santa Claus Land,
 Old Santa is never behind;
 On each Christmas night he is surely at hand.
 He's jolly and swift as the wind;
 And we know he is coming tonight,
 Tomorrow our hearts will be light;
 Old Santa is coming with presents so grand,
 From wonderful Santa Claus Land.

Christmas in the Intermediate and Grammar Grades

Song	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	The Christmas Welcome
Memory Gems	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	(See page 108)
An Acrostic	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	'Christmas
Song	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Christmas Bells
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Two Little Stockings
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Signs of Christmas
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	How We Spent Christmas
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Watching in Christmas
Song	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Old Santa Claus
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Santa Claus on the Train
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	A Christmas Carol
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Through the Telephone
Exercise	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Christmas in All Lands. (Four children)
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Little Town of Bethlehem
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	An Address to Santa Claus
Song	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Deck the Hall
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	The Strange Child's Christmas
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Old Santa Claus
Song	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ye Shepherds Arise
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Santa Claus' New Outfit
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	A Letter to Santa Claus
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Christmas Day
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Again the Angel Hosts Draw Nigh
Song	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

The Christmas Welcome

(Air, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.")

When the summer time is passed and the harvest housed at last,
 And the woods are standing bare and brown and sere;
 When the frost is sharp at night, and the days are short and bright,
 Comes the gladdest, merriest time of all the year.

Chorus—

Shout, boys, shout the hearty welcome!
 Greet old Christmas with a roar!
 He has met us with good cheer for this many a merry year,
 And we hope he'll meet us all for many more.

Let the tempest rage without, let its blast be wild and stout,
 What care we? Our hearts are stouter still and strong;
 And within 'tis warm and light, and kind eyes are shining bright,
 And the voices of our friends are in our song.

Chorus.

Then away with every cloud that our pleasure might enshroud,
And away with every word and look unkind;
Let old quarrels all be healed, and old friendships closer sealed,
And our lives with purer, sweeter ties entwined.

Chorus.

Since we know this blessed power of this happy Christmas hour,
We will keep its holy spell upon our heart,
That each evil thing within that would tempt us into sin,
May forever from our peaceful souls depart.

Chorus.

Christmas Acrostic

(Each child carries a letter.)

Christmas is never quite Christmas to me
With one of the loved ones away.

—Will Carleton.

He was given on Christmas Day—

In his name, let
Children give the best they may.

—Anon.

Ring again, ye joy-bell! Ring gaily out!
Old Christmas is coming, now we'll sing
and shout.

—Selected.

I hear the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat

Of peace on earth, good will to men!

—H. W. Longfellow.

Sing a song of Christmas,
Stockings full of toys,
All things in Santa's pack
For merry girls and boys.

—Selected.

The whole world is a Christmas tree
And stars its many candles be;

Oh sing a carol joyfully
The world's great feast in keeping.
For once on a December night,
An angel held a candle bright
And led three wise men by its light
To where a child was sleeping."

—Selected.

Merry and bright is the Christmas-tide,
Filling the children with glee.

—Selected.

Angels sang a clear, sweet song.

For a holy Babe was born.

Down on earth, to live with men,
Jesus our dear Saviour came

On the Christmas morn.

—Anon.

Sing, Christmas bells!

Say to the earth this is the morn

Whereon our Saviour-King was born;

Sing to all men—the bond and free,

The rich, the poor, the high, the low,

The little child that sports in glee,—

The aged folks that tottering go,—

Proclaim the morn

That Christ is born

That saveth them and saveth me.

—Eugene Field.

Christmas Bells

(Tune: "Lightly Row." See page 141.)

Christmas bells! Christmas bells! how your music sweetly swells!

Ringings still, ringings still, of the glad, good will.

O'er and o'er the story ring

Till the poor and suffering

Eagerly, joyfully, know the love it tells.

Christmas bells! Christmas bells! echo over land and sea!

Still repeat joy replete, all the anthem sweet.

Oh, the peace of heaven bring

In delight and prospering,

Whispering, caroling, Christmas melody!

—Normal Instructor.

Two Little Stockings

Two little stockings hung side by side
Close to the fireplace, broad and wide.
"Two?" said St. Nick, as down he came,
Loaded with toys and many a game.

"Ho, ho!" said he with a laugh of fun,
"I'll have no cheating, my pretty one;
I know who lives in this house, my dear,
There's only one little girl lives here."

So he crept up close to the chimney place
And measured a sock with a sober face.
Just then a wee little note fell out
And fluttered low like a bird about.
"Aha! what's this?" said he in surprise,
As he pushed his specs up close to his eyes,
And read the address in a child's rough hand:
"Dear Saint Nicholas," so it began,
"The other stocking you see on the wall
I have hung for a child named Clara Hall.
She's a poor little girl, but very good,
So I thought perhaps you kindly would
Fill up her stocking too, tonight,
And help to make her Christmas bright.
If you've not enough for both stockings there,
Please put all in Clara's, I shall not care."

Saint Nicholas brushed a tear from his eye,
And "God bless you, darling," he said with a sigh.
Then softly he blew through the chimney high
A note like a bird's as it soars on high.
When down came two of the funniest mortals
That ever were seen this side of earth's portals.
"Hurry up," said Saint Nick, "and nicely prepare
All a little girl needs where money is rare."

Then oh, what a scene there was in that room!
Away went the elves, but down from the gloom
Of the sooty old chimney comes tumbling low
A child's whole wardrobe from head to toe.
How Santa laughed as he gathered them in
And fastened each one to the sock with a pin.
Right to the toe he hung a blue dress.
"She'll think it came from the sky, I guess,"
Said Saint Nicholas, smoothing the folds of blue
And tying a hood to the stocking, too.

When all the warm clothes were fastened on
And both little socks were filled and done,
Then Santa Claus tucked a toy here and there,
And hurried away to the frosty air,
Saying, "God pity the poor and bless the dear child
Who pities them too on a night so wild."

The wind caught the words and bore them on high
Till they died away in the midnight sky;
While Saint Nicholas flew through the icy air
Bringing "peace and good will" with him everywhere.

Signs of Christmas

When we hear the sleigh bells jingle
In the icy atmosphere,
And the snow comes softly whirling,
Then we know Christmas is near.

When the mistletoe and holly
In the market space appear,
And the cedar trees adorn it,
Then we know Christmas is near.

When the practicing of carols
Daily fall upon the ear,
And the children try their "pieces,"
Then we know Christmas is near.

When we think of mince and pumpkin
And of cider, sweet and clear!
And of nut and figs and sweetmeats,
Then we know Christmas is near.

When the happy little children
Up the chimney try to peer,
"Calling up" their friend Kris Kringle,
Then we know Christmas is near.

When there's constant talk of presents,
And mysterious hints we hear
Of surprises and of secrets,
Then we know Christmas is near.

When we listen to the story
Of the babe that we revere,
And the Star that beamed above Him,
Then we know Christmas is near.
—*Susie M. Best in Normal Instructor.*

How We Spent Christmas

We didn't have much of a Christmas—
My papa and Rosie and me,
For mamma'd gone out to the prison
To trim up the poor pris'ners' tree;
And Ethel, my big grown-up sister,
Was down at the 'sylum all day
To help at the great turkey-dinner,
And teach games for the orphans to play.
She belongs to a club of young ladies,
With a "beautiful object," they say,—
'Tis to go among poor lonesome children
And make all their sad hearts more gay.

And Auntie, you don't know my Auntie?
She's my own papa's half-sister Kate;
She was 'bliged to be round at the chapel
Till 'twas,—Oh, sometimes dreadfully
late,
For she pities the poor worn-out curate—
His burdens, she says, are so great—
So she 'ranges the flowers and the music,
And he goes home round by our gate.

I should think this way must be the longest,
But then, I suppose he knows best,
Aunt Kate says he intones most splendid;
And his name is Vane Algernon West.

My papa had bought a big turkey
And had it sent home Christmas Eve,
But there wasn't a soul here to cook it—
You see Bridget had threatened to leave
If she couldn't go off with her cousin.
(He doesn't look like her one bit).
She says she belongs to a "union,"
And the union won't let her submit.
So we ate bread and milk for our dinner,
And some raisins and candy, and then
Rose and me went down stairs to the pantry
To look at the turkey again.

Papa said he would take us out riding—
Then he thought that he didn't quite dare,
For Rosie'd got cold and kept coughing;
There was dampness and chill in the air.
Oh, the day was so long and so lonesome!
And our papa was lonesome as we;
And the parlor was dreary—no sunshine,
And all the sweet roses,—the tea,
And the red ones, and ferns and carnations,
That have made our bay window so bright,
Mamma'd picked for the men at the prison,
To make their bad hearts pure and white.

And we all sat up close to the window,
Rose and me on our papa's two knees,
And we counted the dear little birdies
That were hopping about on the trees.
Rose wanted to be a brown sparrow,
But I thought I would rather, by far,
Be a robin that flies away winters
Where the sunshine and gay blossoms are;
And papa wished he was a jail-bird,
'Cause he thought that they fared the best;
But we all were real glad we weren't tur-
keys,
For then we'd been killed with the rest.

That night I put into my prayers,—
"Dear God, we've been lonesome today,
For Mamma, Aunt, Ethel and Bridget,
Every one of them all went away.
Won't you please make a club or society,
'Fore its time for next Christmas to be,
To take care of philantrpist's fam'lies,
Like papa, and Rosie, and me?"

—*Julia Wolcott.*

"Watching In" Christmas

Have you heard the sweet old legend
Of the cattle in the field?
How they bow their knees in worship
And their praise to heaven yield,

At the solemn midnight season
Just before the Christmas dawn?
Bending low in adoration
At the hour when Christ was born?

Do you know the Southern custom
Built upon this legend sweet?
Held in all the old plantations
When the light and darkness meet,
How they watched the dawning Christmas;
"Watched it in" with prayer and praise,
"Watched it in" with consecration;—
Blessed Day-spring! Day of days!

While we know 'tis but a legend,
That the cattle kneel and pray;
Has it not a tender lesson
For each Christian heart today?
Calling out a rev'rent mem'ry
Of that first glad Christmas-tide;
When the Christ in sweet compassion
Laid His robes of light aside,

Chose a manger for His cradle,
Pillowed low His Kingly head
On the yellow hay at midnight
In a Bethl'em cattle-shed.
What a wondrous sight was granted
To the cattle standing by,
With His angels singing o'er them
And His starlight in the sky!

As this latest Christmas season
Comes to greet the world once more;
As the joyous Christmas carol
Tells the story o'er and o'er,
Let the sweet old Southern legend
Whisper to our hearts today,
Let the "Watching In" of Christmas,
Move us now to watch and pray.

Old Santa Claus

(Tune—"Rally 'Round the Flag." See page 74.)

Old Santa Claus will come tonight,
And a Christmas greeting bring.
Jingle, jingle, jangle, jingle.
We'll greet him with a hearty cheer
And Christmas anthems sing.
Jingle, jingle, jangle, jingle.

Chorus—

O'er ¹mount and through ²valley,
The clang can be heard.
The hoofs of the reindeer
The fleecy snow has ³stirred.
Old Santa Claus will come tonight.
Oh! ⁴hear the sleigh bells ring,
Jingle, jingle, jangle, jingle.

He's ⁵sailing through the frosty air,
To north, south, west and east.
Jingle, jingle, jangle, jingle.
And offers gifts from out his pack
To ⁶highest and to ⁷least.
Jingle, jingle, jangle, jingle.

Chorus.

When on the roof the Saint doth bound
And ⁸down the chimney flies.
Jingle, jingle, jangle, jingle.
He fills our stockings to the top,
And "Merry Christmas" cries.
Jingle, jingle, jangle, jingle.

Chorus.

MOVEMENTS

1. Extend right hand upward.
2. Left hand downward.
3. Move right hand as though scattering snow.
4. Bend forward, and put right hand to the ear.
5. Wave hand through the air.
6. Extend right hand upward.
7. Left hand downward.
8. Bend forward, motion right hand downward.

—Bertha M. Vanderpool.

Santa Claus on the Train

On a Christmas eve an emigrant train
Sped on through the blackness of night,
And cleft the pitchy dark in twain
With the gleam of its fierce headlight.

In a crowded car, a noisome place,
Sat a mother and her child;
The woman's face bore wan's wan trace,
But the little one only smiled,

And tugged and pulled at her mother's dress,
And her voice had a merry ring,
As she lisped, "Now, mamma, come and
guss
What Santa Claus'll bring."

But sadly the mother shook her head,
As she thought of a happier past;
"He never can catch us here," she said
"The train is going too fast."

"O, mamma, yes, he'll come, I say,
So swift are his little deer,
They run all over the world today,—
I'll hang my stocking up here."

She pinned her stocking to the seat,
And closed her tired eyes;
And soon she saw each lounged-for sweet
In dreamland's paradise.

On a seat behind the little maid
A rough man sat apart,
But a soft light o'er his features played
And stole into his heart.

As the cars drew up at a busy town
The rough man left the train,
But scarce had from the steps jumped down
Ere he was back again.

And a great big bundle of Christmas joys
Bulged out from his pocket wide;
He filled the stocking with sweets, and toys
He laid by the dreamer's side.

At dawn the little one woke with a shout,
'Twas sweet to hear her glee;
"I knowed that Santa would find me out,
He caught the train, you see."

Though some from smiling may scarce refrain,
The child was surely right;
The good St. Nicholas caught the train,
And came aboard that night.

For the Saint is fond of masquerade
And may fool the old and wise,
And so he came to the little maid
In an emigrant's disguise.

And he dresses in many ways because
He wishes no one to know him,
For he never says, "I am Santa Claus,"
But his good deeds always show him.
—Henry C. Walch.

A Christmas Carol

The moon that now is shining,
In skies so blue and bright,
Shone ages since on shepherds
Who watched their flocks by night.
There was no sound upon the earth,
The azure air was still,
The sheep in quiet clusters lay
Upon the grassy hill.

When lo! a white-winged angel
The watchers stood before,
And told how Christ was born on earth
For mortals to adore.
He bade the trembling shepherds
Listen, nor be afraid,
And told how in a manger
The glorious child was laid.

When suddenly in the heavens
Appeared an angel band,
The while in reverent wonder
The Syrian shepherds stand,

And all the bright host chanted
Words that shall never cease—
Glory to God in the highest,
On earth, good will and peace.

The vision in the heavens
Faded and all was still;
And the wondering shepherds left their
flocks
To feed upon the hill.
Towards the blessed city
Quickly their course they held,
And in a lowly stable
Virgin and child beheld.

Beside a humble manger
Was the maiden-mother mild,
And in her arms her son divine,
A new-born infant, smiled.
No shade of future sorrow
From Calvary then was cast;
Only the glory was revealed,
The suffering was not past.

The Eastern kings before him knelt
And rarest offerings brought;
The shepherds worshiped and adored
The wonders God had wrought;
They saw the crown for Israel's King,
The future's glorious part;
But all these things the mother kept
And pondered in her heart.

—Adelaide Anne Proctor.

Through the Telephone

(This should be an Impersonation)

Santa Claus must have a telephone
If he is right up to date.
I wonder if I can talk to him;
I'll try it at any rate.
Hello! please give me Santa Claus!
He lives at the North Pole!
(Oh, won't it be just jolly fun
To talk with the dear old soul?)

What's that you say? "Mrs. Santa Claus?"
"He has started off," you say,
"His reindeer flying like the wind
And coming fast this way?"
Mrs. Santa Claus! Will you tell me, please,
If he took a lot of toys?
"He did?" All right. That will be good
news

For all the girls and boys.

And say! Were there any skates and sleds
And hockeys and bats and balls?
And were there any picture-books
And dishes, games and dolls?

"A lot?" That's good And did you see
A bicycle or a gun?
"A dozen or more?" Oh my! Oh my!
"And root balls, too?" What fun!

What's that you say? "He's back again
To take another load,
And then he'll surely start right off,
He'll soon be on the road?"
How soon will he to our town come?
Will you answer quickly, pray?
"In about two minutes?" Well, then,
goodby!
Why, he'll be here right away.
(Runs off stage.)

—Primary Education.

Christmas in All Lands

First Child—

From the wild Northland where the wolf's
long howl
Stirs the depths of down in the ocean fowl,
And the white bear prowls with stealthy
creep
To the spot where the seal lies fast asleep,
And the sledges flash through the silence
vast
Like a glittering dream, now here, now
past,—
On this waste of sparkle and waste of snow
'Neath skies aflame with a crimson glow;
The feet of the Christ-child softly fall,
And Christmas dawn brings cheer to all.

Second Child—

'Tis the homestead low in the quiet vale
Where the farm-dog follows Dobbin's trail
To the pasture lot, now cold and bare,
And sniffs with glee the snow-filled air.
In this home of busy household joys,
'Mong the rosy girls and sturdy boys,
Sweet peace descends on wings of light,
And all exclaim, "'Tis Christmas night,
The dear Christ-child is hovering near,
Let each one share our Christmas cheer."

Third Child—

'Tis the prairies vast where cyclones sweep,
And their sturdy men world-harvests reap,
Where the skies are such an airy blue
An angel's robe might flutter through;
And the lark flings down her music sweet,
A chain of song, each link complete;
Then a white day comes, so bland or wild,
It bears in arms the sweet Christ-child,
And hearts touch heart and hands touch
hand,
While Christmas light illumines the land.

Fourth Child—

'Tis the land of palms and of orange trees,
Whose lamps of gold swing in the breeze.
Where the pickanny's black eyes glow,
O'er swarthy cheeks and teeth of snow,
And the dusky hand is raised to bless
The gift that makes his misery less;
For rich and poor and young and old
Stand in the charmed ring of gold
Which Christmas brings. Lo, want and sin
Flee from the blessed eyes of Him,
The dear Christ-child, who far and near
Gives Christmas love and Christmas cheer.
—G. A. Brown.

Little Town of Bethlehem

O, little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given;
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still:
The dear Christ enters in.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O, morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King!
And peace to men on earth.

O, holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray,
Cast out our sin and enter in.
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell,
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

—Phillips Brooks.

An Address to Santa Claus

O, Santa Claus, dear Santa Claus'
I wonder if you know
How many poor folks' stockings hang
All in a gaping row—

How anxiously you're waited for
By many a girl and boy
As you dash by with jingling bells
And never leave a toy!

O, Santa Claus, dear Santa Claus!
You have such pretty things—
Great heaps of dolls and picture-books,
Gold chains and finger-rings,
And loads of china sets!
Dear Santa, please believe
We would be very glad to have
Just what the rich folks leave.

When from its merry midnight round
Your sleigh comes dashing back,
And all the toys are given out
From every Christmas pack,
Could you not bring some last year's drums,
Or skates, or balls, or sleds,

Or dollies who have lost their hair
Or cracked their arms or heads?
O, Santa Claus, dear Santa Claus!
You may be very sure
Rich children do not love you more
Than children of the poor.
Ah! what delight at Christmas time
Your tinkling bells to hear,
To see the prancing, dancing feet
Of your tiny fleet reindeer!

O, Santa Claus, dear Santa Claus!
I don't believe you know
How many poor folks' stockings hang
All in a gaping row;
How anxiously you're waited for,
Or you would ride this way
And cram the empty stockings full
On every Christmas day.

—Mrs. M. F. Butts.

Deck the Hall With Boughs of Holly

WELSH AIR.

1. Deck the hall with boughs of hol - ly, }
2. See the blaz - ing yule be - fore us, } Fa la la la la la la la la.
3. Fast a - way the old year pass - es, }

'Tis the sea - son to be jol - ly, }
Strike the harp and join the chorus, } Fa la la la la la la la la. { Don we now our
Hail the new, ye lads and lasses! } Sing we joy - ous

gay ap - par - el, Troll the ancient Christmas car - ol, }
mer - ry measure, While I tell of Christmas treasure, } Fa la la la la la la la la.
all to - geth - er, Heedless of the wind and weather. }

The Strange Child's Christmas

There went a stranger child,
As Christmas eve closed in,
Through the streets of a town whose windows shone
With the warmth and light within.

It stopped at every house
The Christmas tree to see,
On that festive night when they shone so bright,
And it sighed right bitterly.

Then wept the child, and said:
"This night hath every one
A Christmas tree that he glad may be,
And I alone have none.

"Ah, when I lived at home
From brother's and sister's hand
I had my share; but there's none to care
For me in the stranger's land.

"Will no one let me in?
No presents I would crave,
But to see the light and the tree all bright,
And the gifts that others have."

At shutter and door and gate
It knocked with a timid hand;
But none will mark, where alone in the dark
The little child doth stand.

Each father brings home gifts,
Each mother kind and mild;
There is joy for all, but none will call
And welcome that lonely child.

"Mother and father are dead—
O, Jesus, kind and dear,
I've no one now, there is none but Thou,
For I am forgotten here."

The poor child rubs its hands
All frozen and numbed with cold,
And draws round its head with shrinking dread
Its garments worn and old.

But see—another child
Comes gliding through the street,
And its robe is white, in its hand a light,
It speaks and its voice is sweet.

"Once on this earth, a child
I lived as thou livest yet,
Though all turn away from thee today,
Yet I will not forget.

"Each child with equal love
I hold beneath my care,—
In the street's dull gloom, in the lighted room,
I am with them everywhere.

"Here in the darkness dim,
I'll show thee, child, thy tree;
Those that spread their light through the chambers bright,
So lovely scarce can be,"

And with its white hand, points
 The Christ-child to the sky.
 And lo! afar, with each lamp a star,
 A tree gleamed there on high.
 So far and yet so near,
 The light shone overhead;
 And all was well, for the child could tell
 For whom that tree was spread.
 It gazed as in a dream,
 And angels bent and smiled,
 And with outstretched hand, to the brighter land
 They carried the stranger child.
 And the little one went home
 With its Saviour Christ to stay,
 All the hunger and cold and the pain of old
 Forgotten and passed away.

Old Santa Claus

Old Santa Claus sat all alone in his den,
 With his leg crossed over his knee;
 While a comical look peeped out at his eyes,
 For a funny old fellow is he.
 His queer little cap was tumbled and torn,
 And his wig it was all awry;
 But he sat and mused the whole day long,
 While the hours went flying by.
 He had been as busy as busy could be,
 In filling his pack with toys;
 He had gathered his nuts and baked his pies,
 To give to the girls and boys.
 There were dolls for the girls, and whips for the boys,
 With wheelbarrows, horses and drays;
 And bureaus and trunks for dolly's new clothes—
 All these in his pack he displays.
 Of candy, too, both twisted and striped,
 He had furnished a plentiful store;
 While raisins and figs, and prunes and grapes
 Hung up, on a peg, by the door.
 "I am almost ready," quoth he, quoth he,
 "And Christmas is almost here,
 But, one thing more—I must write a book,
 And give to each one, this year."
 So he clapped his specs on his little round nose
 And seizing the stump of his pen,
 He wrote more lines in one little hour,
 Than you ever could write in ten.
 He told them stories all pretty and new,
 And wrote them all out in rhyme,
 Then packed them away, with his box of toys
 To distribute one at a time.
 And Christmas eve, when all were in bed,
 Right down the chimney he flew,
 And stretching the stocking-leg out at the top,
 He clapped in a book for you.

Ye Shepherds Arise

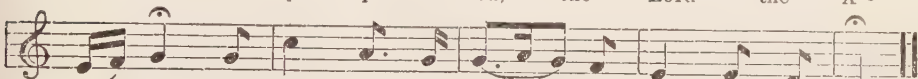
German.

Moderato.

1. Ye shep - herds, a - rise . and shout to the skies! The
 2. Come, sing - ing gay psalms . with pipes and with shalms,— And
 3. As soon as this word . the shep - herds had heard, They



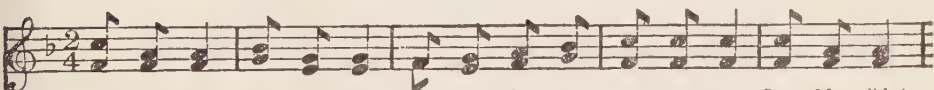
an - gels are wing - ing their way . here and
 come . to the man - ger to wel - come the
 sought the ap point - ed, the Lord the A -



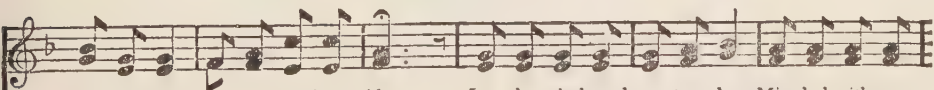
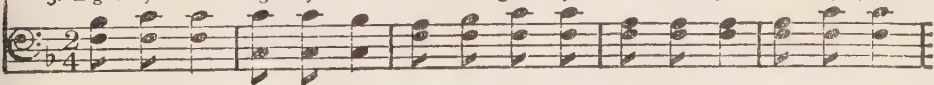
sing - ing; Sal - va - tion is near, . The Sav - iour is here.
 stran - ger, Who, born in a stall, . Is Lord o - ver all.
 point - ed, And found in a stall . . The Sav - iour of all.

Lightly Row

SPANISH MELODY.



1. Light - ly row! Light - ly row! O'er the glas - sy waves we go; Smoothly glide!
 2. Far a - way! Far a - way! Ech - o in the rocks at play, Callest not,
 3. Light - ly row! Light - ly row! O'er the glas - sy waves we go; Smoothly glide!



Smoothly glide! On the si - lent tide.
 Call - eth not, To this lone - ly spot.
 Smoothly glide! On the si - lent tide.

Let the winds and wa - ters be Mingled with our
 On - ly with the sea - bird's note, Shall our dy - ing
 Let the winds and wa - ters be Mingled with our



mel - o - dy; Sing and float! Sing and float! In our lit - tle boat.
 mu - sic float! Light - ly row! Light - ly row! Ech - o's voice is low.
 mel - o - dy; Sing and float! Sing and float! In our lit - tle boat.



Santa Claus' New Outfit

"Oh, auntie," said Tom, as he sat himself down
 In a chair by the bright kitchen fire;
 "Papa told me that old Santa can't come,
 To bring to us what we'd desire.
 He said that Santa's reindeer can't travel in mud
 And his sleigh would sink deep in the mire.
 "It's pouring down rain and now what shall we do
 For all our nice candies and toys,
 And here we've been looking so long for it, too,
 And tried to be good girls and boys,
 And now papa says that old Santa can't come
 To bring us our candy and toys.
 "Why, Tommy, my love," said his auntie in glee.
 "Now don't go to fretting just yet,
 Your papa's not up with the times, I can see,
 Or else he is apt to forget,
 For don't you know Santa has got a new rig
 To use when the weather is wet?
 "A big brand new outfit all fine and complete,
 Fixed up from his head to his toe,
 So hail, rain, or shine, he will be here tonight,
 He don't mind the weather, you know,
 In thick rubber outfit, big booties and all,
 He's dressed from his head to his toe."
 "Hip, hip, hurrah!" cried out Tom in high glee,
 As he hopped from his chair in fine style,
 "I think that's the grandest and best piece of news
 I've heard in the longest long while,"
 And his dear honest face was delightful to see,
 As it broke in a dimpling smile.

—Selected.

A Letter to Santa Claus

"Dear Santa Claus," little Ned Newbury wrote,
 "I thought it was time to send you a note,
 "For the season of Christmas is coming so near
 My wants and my wishes I ought to make clear.
 "To begin with, the thing I want most is a brother
 Or sister to play with me—one or the other;
 I'd rather have either of these than a boat,
 Or a pony and wagon, or even a goat.
 "I'd like to have also some books and some toys,
 You know the kinds nicest for eight-year old boys;
 A sled and a pair of bright skates would come handy,
 And please, sir, remember the nuts and the candy.
 "I wish you would go and see little John Jones,
 He fell from a wagon and broke his poor bones,
 And now he must stay a long time in his bed;
 So please don't forget him. Your loving friend, Ned."
 Then he wrote on the envelope, plain as could be,
 "St. Nicholas, Esquire, the Friend of the Wee."
 And I'm certain the letter to Santa was brought,
 For all that he asked for, Ned Newbury got.

—Susie M. Best in Normal Instructor.

Christmas Day

By a beautiful road our Christmas comes,
 A road full twelve months long,
 And every mile is as warm as a smile,
 And every hour is a song.
 Flower and flake, and cloud and sun,
 And the winds that riot and sigh
 Have their work to do ere the dreams come true
 And Christmas glows in the sky.

To the beautiful home our Christmas comes,
 The home that is safe and sweet,
 With its door ajar for the beam of the Star,
 And its corner for love's retreat.
 There the mark on the wall for the golden head
 Is higher a bit, for lo!
 Between Christmas coming and Christmas sped
 There's time for the bairn to grow.

The fair white fields in silence lie,
 Invisible angels go
 Over the floor that sparkles hoar
 With the glitter of frost and snow.
 And they scatter the infinite balm of heaven
 Wherever on earth they stay,
 And heaven's own bliss they pour
 On the earth each Christmas Day.

'Tis a beautiful task our Christmas brings,
 For old and young to share,
 With jingle of bells and silvery swells
 Of music in the air.
 To make the sad world merry awhile,
 And to frighten sin away,
 And to bless us all, whatever befall,
 Is the task of Christmas Day.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Again the Angel Hosts Draw Nigh

Not over great Jerusalem
 Rested the mystic star of old,
 But over little Bethlehem,
 In holy legend we are told.

Not passed the mighty of the earth,
 The pride of wealth, the pomp of kings
 To mark a prophet's lowly birth,
 And shame the scorn of common things.

Not beat of drum, nor bugle cry,
 Announced the prophet's coming reign,
 But "Glory be to God on high,
 On earth be peace, good will to men."

The watching shepherds heard with awe,
 And felt the brush of unseen wings,
 While from afar the magi saw,
 And joyful came with offerings.

Still go before us, mystic star,
 Our dull and blinded eyes to clear,
 We follow with the magi far,
 And with the wond'ring shepherds hear.

Again the angel hosts draw nigh,
 We sing with them the Christmas strain,
 "All glory be to God on high,
 On earth be peace, good will to men."

—F. L. Hosmer.

E. H. SEARS

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

R. S. WILLIS

p It came up - on the midnight clear, That glo - rious song of old,

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold :

mf "Peace on the earth, good-will to men From heaven's all gra - cious King;"

pp The world in sol - emn stillness lay To hear the an - gels sing.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace on earth good-will to men,
From Heaven's most gracious King."
The earth in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still celestial music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds,
The blessed angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold!
When peace shall cover all the earth
Its final splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing!

O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow;—
Look up for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

JANUARY



1. The snow is soft - ly, gen - tly, fall - ing
 2. They all come tumb - ling, tumb - ling, from the



in the field and lane,..... The
 cold gray sky a - - bove,..... To



flakes come down to see me, tap - ping
 make the nice smooth coast - ing hills that



at my win - dow pane,..... I
 chil - dren al - ways love;..... But



hold my hand to catch them, but they
 when I try to speak to them, and



all melt right a - - way,.... I won - der
 grab them in my play,.... They seem to



if I scare them, for they do not stay....
 be a - afraid of me, and melt a - way....

THE YEAR'S ENTERTAINMENTS

JANUARY

A Song of Wintry Days

When golden-rod and asters and plummy gentians go,
When all across the land we hear the bugles of the snow,
And on the shore the breaking surf is like the roll of drums,
And o'er the sky in brooding awe the northern tempest comes,
O, then we'll light the fires of home, and, dear ones close together,
We'll love each other tenderly and dare the wildest weather.

We'll think how brave the fathers were, who did not fear the sea,
Who did not fear the icy coast that pledged them liberty.
From grand old books the boys will read and grand old songs we'll sing,
And thought will take a wider range, to nobler tones will ring;
And by the fireside clustering, the dear home folk together,
Will serve the good Lord faithfully, nor dread the wintry weather.

Sweet flowers there are that never bloom beyond the doorsill's space,
That need the daily sunshine of the mother's gentle face;
Sweet hopes there are that only wake within the homely arc
Where father sets the melody from dawning until dark;
And when the cold is all abroad and icy crystals feather,
Then bloom these flowers and spring these hopes in home's delightful weather.

Good-by to cheery gentian, to the purple aster's nod,
To the flaming of the sumac and the swaying golden-rod;
Another year will bring again their splendor to the lea
As surely as the heart of calm is deep beneath the sea.
Till then our hands we join at home, thank God we're all together;
We'll love each other. trust in Him and face the stormy weather.

—Selected.

Memory Gems

"Be true to truth: the proudest name
That sterling worth may win,
Is soiled and tarnished past reclaim,
Where falsehood enters in."

"Truth is beautiful and brave,
Strong to bless and strong to save;
Falsehood is a coward knave,
From him turn thy steps in youth."

"Deal with another as you'd have
Another deal with you:
What you're unwilling to receive,
Be sure you never do."

How far that little candle throws its beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

—Shakespeare.

"Never give up! the wisest is boldest,
Knowing that Providence mingles the
cup;
And of all maxims, the best as the oldest,
Is the true watchword of, Never give up!"

"Let's oftener talk of noble deeds,
And rarer of the bad ones,
And sing about our happy days
And not about our sad ones."

"It never pays to fret and growl;
When fortune seems our foe;
The better bred will push ahead
And strike a braver blow.
For luck is work and those who shirk
Should not lament their doom,
But yield the play and clear the way,
That better men have room."

"Suppose the world doesn't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation will
Be altered just for you?"

—Phoebe Cary.

"The moments fly, a minute's gone;
The minutes fly, an hour is run;
The day is fled, the night is here,
Thus flies a week, a month, a year."

Every day is a fresh beginning:

Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted, and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again.

—Susan Coolidge

"The sun will shine, and the clouds will
lift;

The snow will melt, though high it drift;
Across the ocean there is a shore;
Must we learn the lesson o'er and o'er?"

"They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

"Out in the highways wherever we go,
Seed we must gather and seed we must sow;
Even the tiniest seed has a power,
Be it a thistle or be it a flower."

"Little things,
On little wings,
Bear little souls to heaven."

Suggested Poems and Stories

*For the Teacher's Reading and for
Discussion with the Pupils:—*

Woods in Winter—*Longfellow*.

The First Snowfall—*Lowell*.

Tiny Snow Flakes—*Lucy Larcom*.

Winter Poems—*F. D. Sherman*.

Little People of the Snow—*Bryant*.

The Frost Spirit, Snow Bound, Red
Riding Hood—*Whittier*.

The Snow Flakes, The Snow Queen,
The Snow Man—*Andersen*.

Legend of the North Land—*Cary*.

The Joys That Are Left—*Carieton*.

For Picture Study

Winter—*Burne-Jones* (949).

Adoration of the Wise Men, (3168).

The Prodigal Son—*Louvre* (472).

Little Red Riding Hood (623).

Always Tell the Truth (924).

Happy as the Day Is Long (926).

"And Bitter Cold It Was" (3510).

Patience is a golden virtue.

You must live each day at your very best,
The work of the world is done by few;
God asks that a part be done by you.

Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart.

Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well

You must live up to your promises.

Ever keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from speaking guile.

All victory belongs to the most persevering.

Resolve, and thou art free.

Suggestions for a Happy New Year

Suppose we think little about number one;
Suppose we all help some one else to have fun;
Suppose we ne'er speak of the faults of a friend;
Suppose we are ready our own to amend;
Suppose we laugh with, and not at, other folk,
And never hurt anyone "just for a joke;"
Suppose we hide trouble, and show only cheer—
'Tis likely we'll have quite a Happy New Year!

—*Selected.*

New Year Resolutions

There were three little folks, long ago,
Who solemnly sat in a row,
On a December night
And attempted to write
For the new year a good resolution.

"I will try not to make so much noise,
And be one of the quietest boys,"
Wrote one of the three
Whose uproarious glee
Was the cause of no end of confusion.

"I resolve that I never will take
More than two or three pieces of cake,"
Wrote plump little Pete,
Whose taste for the sweet
Was a problem of puzzling solution.

The other, her paper to fill,
Began with, "Resolved, that I will"—
But right there she stopped,
And fast asleep dropped
Ere she came to a single conclusion.

—*Standard.*

A Hint of Life

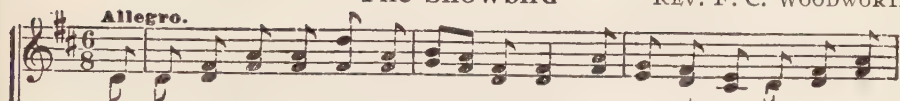
Don't look for the flaws as you go through life;
And even when you find them
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind,
And look for the virtues behind them;
For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
Somewhere in the shadows hiding.
It is better by far to hunt for a star
Than the spot on the sun abiding.

The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter;
Some things must go wrong your whole life long,
And the sooner you know it the better.
It is folly to fight with the Infinite,
And to go under at last in the wrestle;
The wiser man shapes into God's good plan,
As the water shapes into a vessel.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

The Snowbird

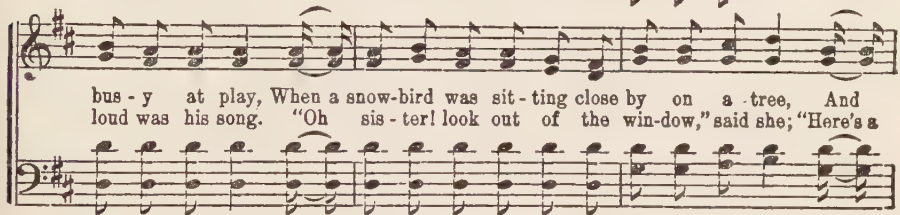
REV. F. C. WOODWORTH

Allegro.

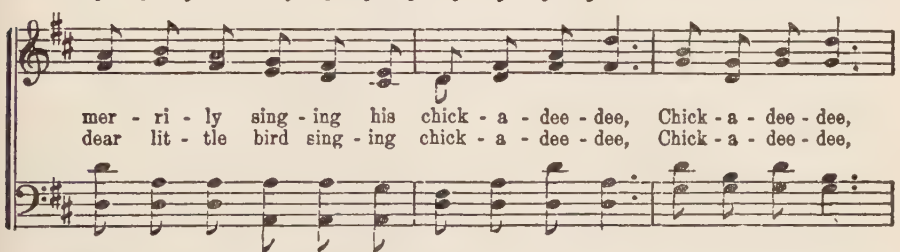
1. The ground was all cov-ered with snow one day, And two lit - tle chil-dren were
 2. He had not been sing-ing that tune very long, Ere Em - i - ly heard him, so



bus - y at play, When a snow-bird was sit - ting close by on a - tree, And
 loud was his song. "Oh sis - ter! look out of the win-dow," said she; "Here's a



mer - ri - ly sing - ing his chick - a - dee - dee, Chick - a - dee - dee,
 dear lit - tle bird sing - ing chick - a - dee - dee, Chick - a - dee - dee,



chick - a - dee - dee, And mer - ri - ly sing - ing his chick - a - dee - dee.
 chick - a - dee - dee, Here's a dear lit - tle bird sing - ing chick - a - dee - dee.



"Poor fellow! he walks in the snow and
 the sleet,
 And has neither stockings nor shoes on his
 feet;
 I pity him so! for how cold he must be!
 And yet he keeps singing his chick-a-dee-
 dee.—CHO.

"O mother! do get him some stockings
 and shoes,
 A frock, with a cloak and a hat, if he
 choose;
 I wish he'd come into the parlor and see
 How warm we would make him, poor chick-
 a-dee-dee."—CHO.

"I am grateful," he said, "for the wish
 you express,
 But I've no occasion for such a fine dress;
 I had rather remain with my limbs all so
 free,
 Than to hobble about singing chick-a-dee-
 dee.—CHO.

"There is One, my dear child, tho' I can
 not tell who,
 Has clothed me already, and warm enough
 too.
 Good-morning! O who are so happy as we?"
 And away he went singing his chick-a-dee-
 dee.—CHO.

January

(Two Children)

First Child—

"Now what is that noise?" said the glad New Year,
 "Now what is that singular sound I hear?
 As if all the paper in all the world
 Were rattled and shaken and twisted and twirled?"
 "Oh that," said the jolly old Earth, "is the noise
 Of all my children, both girls and boys,
 A-turning over their leaves so new,
 And all do honor, New Year, to you!"

Second Child—(Enter, with clothing sprinkled with cotton batting to represent snow.)

"I'm little January! perhaps you do not know
 How far I've come to see you, across the fields of snow;
 Perhaps you weren't expecting I'd be so very small,
 Perhaps you're almost wishing I hadn't come at all!"

Both—

"A year to be glad in, not to be sad in,
 A year to live in, to gain and give in;
 A year for trying and not for sighing;
 A year for striving and hearty thriving;
 A bright new year! Oh, hold it dear!
 For God who sendeth, He only lendeth."

The Cycle

(Two children; each child recites one verse)

Round and round and round they turn
 The windmills old and low,
 Grinding out beautiful golden grain
 As round and round they go.
 Impatient because the time seems long,
 Impatient because 'tis slow?
 The hand that turns them can no one see
 And its power can no one know.
 What is the grist you've brought today?
 Your best grain, full and true?
 Though they grind but slow
 With a steady flow,
 As you give they will give to you.

Round and round and round they turn,
 The years with a steady flow,
 With deeds of valor and deeds of might,
 With deeds of weal and woe.
 Impatient because they seem so long?
 Impatient because they're slow?
 The hand that turns them can no one see
 And its power can no one know,
 What are the aims you've brought today?
 The best aims, pure and true?
 Though they turn but slow
 With a steady flow
 As you give they will give to you.

After the Holidays

The drum in the corner lies forlorn,
 A hole in its head unmended;
 While battered and bent is the Christmas
 horn—
 Its mission on earth is ended.
 The skates are nicked and covered with rust,
 And now to the past are ceded;
 The books with eagerness once discussed,
 Repose on the shelf unheeded.
 The doll has ruined her wardrobe all,
 Her bed no more is slept on,
 But out in the maze of the dim-lit hall
 She is often rudely stepped on.
 The candy is only a morsel wee,
 Too stale for further dwindling;
 The dried remains of the Christmas tree
 Are at last reduced to kindling.
 The cat and the dog have resumed their
 cares,
 After a rapt vacation;
 The cook in the sanctum daily bears
 Full many a visitation.
 For Santa Claus in the neighborhood
 Of the distant pole now snoozes,
 And Willie makes up for the time he was
 good,
 And Jane is as bad as she chooses.
 —Edwin L. Sabin in *Leslie's Weekly*.

Snow Storm Glee

Old Mother Hubbard's a-picking¹ her geese,
 Picking her geese,
 Picking her geese;
 Old Mother Hubbard's a-picking her geese,
 And she's throwing the feathers away.
 Ha,¹ ha, ha, ha,
 Ha, ha, ha, ha,
 And she's throwing² the feathers away.

Snowflakes are falling³ so silently down,
 Silently down,
 Silently down;
 Snowflakes are falling so silently down.
 And they're forming⁴ a mantle of white.
 Ha,¹ ha, ha, ha,
 Ha, ha, ha, ha,
 And they're forming⁴ a mantle of white.

Snowbirds are chirping their snowstorm glee,
 Snowstorm glee,
 Snowstorm glee;
 Snowbirds are chirping their snowstorm glee,
 Oh, let us be joyous as they!
 Ha, ha, ha, ha,
 Ha, ha, ha, ha,
 Oh, let us be joyous as they!

Old Mother Hubbard's a-picking¹ her geese,
 Picking her geese,
 This wintry day,
 Old Mother Hubbard's a-picking her geese,
 Poor⁵ things they will die with a cold.
 Ha, ha, ha, ha,
 Ha, ha, ha, ha,
 Poor⁶ things they will die with a cold.

DIRECTIONS

1. Both hands up, faces expressing delight at seeing the snow fall.
2. Hands toss alternately to the right and left.
3. Move hands slowly and irregularly downward to represent falling snow.
4. Move the opened hands (palms down) from left to right and *vice-versa*.
5. Faces expressive of mock sympathy.

From Hanson's Primary and Calisthenic Songs. By permission.

When the Birds Go North Again

Oh, every year hath its winter,
 And every year hath its rain—
 But a day is always coming
 When the birds go north again—

When new leaves swell in the forest,
 And grass springs green on the plain,
 And the alder's veins turn crimson
 And the birds go north again.

Oh, every heart hath its sorrow,
 And every heart hath its pain—
 But a day is always coming
 When the birds go north again.

'Tis the sweetest thing to remember
 If courage be on the wane,
 When the cold, dark days are over—
 Why the birds go north again.

—Ellis Higginson.

The Old Year and the New

(Two Children)

First Child—

A tangled mass of wind-blown hair;
 A beard of sorrow, a brow of care;
 Sad, serious eyes, from which the light
 Of youth and hope have taken flight;
 A trembling hand that strives to hold
 A tattered robe against the cold;
 While dragging marks upon the snow
 Show how the tottering footsteps go,
 As toiling onward toward the West
 He whispers only, "Give me rest!"

In Concert—

A little heap of ermine white,
 And twelve o'clock rings through the night.
 A world of snow;
 The morning light
 Sets diamond gems
 And jewels bright
 On every bending bough.

Second Child—

A dimpled face with wondering eyes
 Is peeping through the Eastern skies;
 A childish face both soft and clear
 Calls to the earth, "A glad New Year."
 —*Herald and Presbyterian.*

The Snowflakes

It was a little snowflake
 With tiny ringlets furled;
 Its warm cloud-mother held it fast
 Above the sleeping world.
 All night the wild wind blustered
 And blew o'er land and sea;
 But the little snowflake cuddled close,
 As safe as safe could be.

Then came the cold gray morning,
 And the great cloud-mother said:
 "Now every little snowflake
 Must proudly lift its head,
 And through the air go sailing
 Till it finds a place to alight,
 For I must weave a coverlet
 To clothe the world in white."

The little snowflake fluttered,
 And gave a wee, wee sigh;
 But fifty million other flakes
 Came softly floating by;
 And the wise cloud-mothers sent them
 To keep the world's bread warm
 Through many a winter sunset,
 Through many a night of storm.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

Hidden Treasures

Little people, do you know
 What is underneath the snow?
 Flowers pink and blue and white
 Big red roses, all a-glow,
 In their dark roots folded tight
 Till the merry south winds blow.

Do you know what secrets deep,
 All the woods of winter keep?
 Ah! the darling little things,
 Down below the snow-bank's heap!
 Fern leaves curled in tiny rings,
 Violet babies fast asleep.

Little folks, now do you know,
 January soon will go?
 Then will come the sunny spring,
 When the snow will melt, and oh!
 How the meadow-brooks will sing,
 And the daffodils will blow.

—*Youth's Companion.*

The Conscience Man

The Conscience Man who lives with me
 I hear and feel, but cannot see.
 He lives with me both day and night,
 He's never wrong, but always right.

He has his house within my breast,
 And guards and warns me without rest;
 And though an endless watch he keeps,
 He never tires and never sleeps.

Sometimes a mournful song he sings,
 Which to my heart deep sorrow brings;
 And when I hear his sad, sad song,
 I know he's right and I am wrong.

And when I seem to be alone,
 And think the Conscience Man has flown
 I listen and I hear, "Beware!"
 And know the Conscience Man is there.

I'm sure that he is always good,
 And tells me all the things he should,
 And grieves to see me come to shame,
 And sorrows when I am to blame.

And all my life he pleads and prays
 For me to keep from evil ways;
 And I believe that no one can
 Be good without the Conscience Man.
 —*Arthur Macy in Youth's Companion.*

Busy Little Snowflakes (Action Song)



Some dear little snowflakes were ¹flying
About in the wint'ry air,
With all of their might, they were trying
To cover the branches bare.

²High up in the clouds were some others,
Who stayed where they were, looking on;
They offered advice and suggestions
About how it should be done.

The gay little workers kept busy,
The rest saw the ³shining drifts grow
They said, "They are not very even,—
Why didn't you ⁴round them so!"

MOTIONS

1. The usual "fluttering" motion may be easily and gracefully given. Arms and fingers should move, but the action should be gentle and easy. Continue to "*air*."

2. Right arm lifted,—gesture of direction. Look up.

3. Right palm downward, at low right. Lift a little to indicate the increasing height of drifts, to "*grow*."

4. Both hands meet at centre front, gradually separating and falling a little; palms downward, at first, to nearly vertical at right and left.

Another Year

Another year of setting suns,
Of stars by night revealed,
Of springing grass, of tender buds
By winter's snow concealed.

Another year of summer's glow,
Of autumn's gold and brown,
Of waving fields and ruddy fruit
The branches weighing down.

Another year of happy work,
That better is than play,
Of simple cares, and love that grows
More sweet from day to day.

Another year of baby mirth,
And childhood's blessed ways,
Of thinker's thought, and poet's dream
And poet's tender lays.

If I Knew

(Each child recites one verse)

If I knew the box where the smiles were kept,
No matter how large the key
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,
¹'Twould open, I know, for me.
Then over the land and the sea, broadcast
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would like to gather them, every one,
From nursery, school, and street,
Then folding and holding, I'd pack them in,
And turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deep, deep sea.

--Selected.

One Thing at a Time

Work while you work,
Play while you play,
That is the way to be
Cheerful and gay.

All that you do,
Do with your might;
Things done by halves
Are never done right.

One thing each time,
And that done well,
Is a very good rule,
As many can tell.

Moments are useless,
Trifled away,
So work while you work,
And play while you play.

A Snow Song

There's a wonderful weaver
High up in the air,
And he weaves a white mantle
For cold Earth to wear.
With the wind for his shuttle,
The cloud for his loom,
How he weaves, how he weaves,
In the light, in the gloom!

Oh! with finest of lace
He decks bush and tree;
On the broad barren meadows
A cover lays he;
Then a quaint cap he places
On pillar and post,
And he changes the pump
To a silent, grim ghost.

But this wonderful weaver
Grows weary at last,
And the shuttle lies idle
That once flew so fast.
Then the sun peeps abroad
On the work he has done,
And cries, "I'll unravel it all,
Just for fun."

—Selected.

A New Year Song

When the year is new, my dear,
When the year is new.
Let us make a promise here,
Little I and you.
Not to fall a-quarreling
Over every tiny thing,
But sing and smile, smile and sing,
All the glad year through.

As the year goes by, my dear,
As the year goes by,
Let us keep our sky swept clear,
Little you and I.
Sweep up every cloudy scowl,
Every little thunder growl,
And live and laugh, laugh and live,
'Neath a cloudless sky.

When the year is old, my dear,
When the year is old,
Let us never doubt or fear
Though the days grow cold.
Loving thoughts are always warm;
Merry hearts know ne'er a storm;
Come ice and snow, so love's dear glow
Turn all our gray to gold!

—*Youth's Companion*.**A Real Child's Thought**

I wish I were the soft white snow
That's flying through the air;
I'd cover all the sleepy flowers,
And tuck them in with care.

I wish I were that tiny stream
Of solid pure white ice;
The children then that on me glide
Would cry aloud "How nice!"

I wish I were that hillside steep
With children coasting down;
I'd watch them as they passed me
On their little sleds of brown.
—*Frances Brown in Woman's Home Com-
panion*.

A Happy New Year
(A Concert Recitation)

A happy New Year, happy New Year; oh, send it afar,
To the girls and the boys, wherever they are;
To the rich and the poor, to the high and the low,
Oh! scatter its blessings wherever you go.
Happy New Year, dear children, whose homes are so bright;
Happy New Year to you whose hearts are so light;
Happy New Year, oh, say it to all who can hear,
It will cost you but little, *some* hearts it may cheer.

—Selected.

The Snow-Fairies

C. T. S.

C. T. STEELE.



1. Light-ly tripping, gai-ly skipping, Come the fair-ies o'er the snow,
2. One will try to catch the oth-er; Then they tum-ble to the ground,



And they nev-er stop to tell us Whence they come or where they go;
Up a-gain in live-ly frolic, Chase each oth-er round and round!



But, when moonbeams light the meadow, And we all are safe in-bed,
Oh, they're jol-ly lit-tle fel-lows! But they can't be seen by day;



Then the lit-tle snowflake fair-ies Frolic down from o-ver-head.
When the moon is shining brightly, They come out to dance and play!

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The Sin of Omission

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun;
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts tonight.

The stone you might have lifted,
Out of the brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say;
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time or thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind,
These chances to be angels
Which even mortals find—
They come in night and silence
Each mild reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight is dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late,
And it's not only the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bitter heartache,
At the setting of the sun.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Winter Playmates

"Tell me, little snowbirds
In the leafless trees,
Don't you fear, these stormy days
You will surely freeze?
Don't the cold winds ruffle
Downy coats and hoods?
Aren't you lonely and afraid
In the winter woods?"

"Lonely? When the snowflakes,
Merry little things,
Fly about with us like birds
On their silver wings?
How can we be lonely,"
Sang the chickadees,
'In the lovely winter woods,
With such mates as these?

"Why should we the cold winds fear,
Though their breath is sharp?
Pleasant tunes they play for us
On the pine-tree's harp.
Spite of frosty weather
And the leafless boughs,
Gladder days we spend than you
In your sultry house."

"Ah, my little lady,
If you only knew
What delightful sport is here,
You would come out, too.
Where's a playhouse fine as ours?
Who so blithe as we?
Come into the winter woods,
Come with us and see."

—*Youth's Companion.*

Not Broken, But Cracked

'Twas a set of resolutions,
As fine as fine could be,
And signed in painstaking fashion,
By Nettie and Joe and Bee;
And last in the list was written,
In letters broad and dark
(To look as grand as the others,)
"Miss Baby Grace, her mark!"

"We'll try all ways to help our mother,
We won't be selfish to each other;
We'll say kind words to every one;
We won't tie pussy's feet for fun;
And we won't be cross and snarly too;
And all the good we can, we'll do.

"It's just as easy to keep them,"
The children gayly cried;
But mamma with a smile made answer,
"Wait, darlings, till you're tried."
And truly the glad bright New Year—
Wasn't his birthday old,
When three little sorrowful faces
A sorrowful story told.

"And how are your resolutions?"
We asked of the baby Grace,
Who stood with a smile of wonder
On her dear little dimpled face.
Quick came the merry answer
She never an instant lacked,
"I don't fink much of 'em broken,
But I dess 'em's about all cracked."

—*Selected.*

The Skaters' Song

L. F. LEWIS.

R. SCHUMANN.
From "THE HAPPY FARMER."

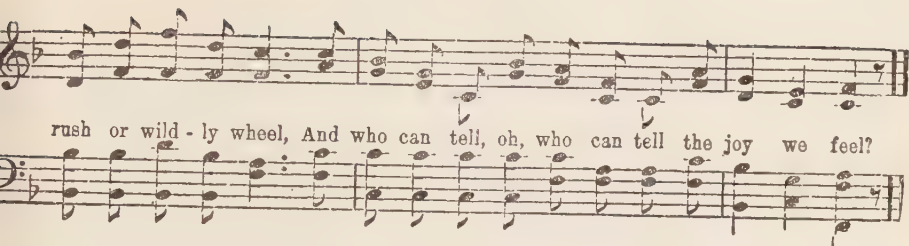
1. A - way, a - way, a - long our crys - tal path, Nor frost, nor snow, Nor
 2. As on our way with light-ning speed we fly, No cham - ois fleet, With

winds that blow, Nor tem - pest's wrath, Can chill the blood of
 bound - ing feet, With us can vie; With laugh and cheer we

skat - ers blithe and free, As o'er the lake Our way we take, So
 wake the ech - oes clear, And far and wide, On ev - 'ry side, Our

full of glee. On ring - ing steel we rush or wild - ly wheel, And
 notes we hear. On ring - ing steel we rush or wild - ly wheel, And

who can tell the thrill - ing joy we feel? On ring - ing steel we



The Good Little Boy Next Door

They say he's the best little boy in the town,
 He never does anything wrong;
 Though he wears an old jacket that's faded and brown,
 They say that he's never been known to frown
 And he's good as the day is long.
 And if I am careless or tired of play,
 And leave all my toys on the floor,
 They make such a fuss, and they always say
 That my things had better be given away
 To that good little boy next door.

He must be a dreadfully good little boy
 If he's like what I've heard them say.
 He loves to bring in the cows at night,
 And thinks it is silly to play with a kite,
 And would rather study than play.
 No matter how hard I try to do right,
 It's just no use any more;
 For it's: "Oh, don't, Teddy!" from morning till night,
 And "Teddy, I wish you were half as polite
 As that good little boy next door."

I often watch for that good little boy
 That I hear so much about;
 But I never see his face at the door,
 Or hear him talking, and then, what's more,
 He never seems to come out.
 But I think if I knew him quite well, you see,
 And coaxed him to tell me, or
 Watched how he does it, it seems to me,
 That some day or other I really might be
 Like that good little boy next door.

—*Youth's Companion.*

To the Snowstorm

Beautiful flakes, so soft and white,
 Racing and whirling with all your might,
 Where do you come from—where do you go?
 Pray, will you tell us, O beautiful snow?

And what is your mission, O beautiful snow?
 And what are you doing, wherever you go?
 You come so softly and go so still
 It must be a very nice office to fill.

We looked and listened, and what did they say
As, whirling and dancing, they hastened away?
Their voices were small, but they uttered the truth
As, noiseless and quick, they flew over the roof.

"We carry you water, that's soft and sweet,
And harness the earth with a surplus of heat;
We blanket the fields, that are bare and brown,
And furnish a trail for the hunter and hound.

"We cover the flowers with blankets of white—
A blanket that's warm, and soft, and light;
And when Winter is over and Spring comes 'round,
These same tiny flowers will peep from the ground.

"We cover the roads with a pavement of white,
And there you may ride with the keepest delight;
In a sleigh that's large—filled with boys and girls,—
Who are happy, you know, when the snow unfurls.

"We feed the rivers that turn your mills,
And furnish the water for brooks and rills;
When winter is over and work is done,
We fly from the earth, and go straight to the sun?"

—Selected.

The Frost

The frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight.
So through the valley and over the height,
In silence, I'll take my way.

I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much noise and bustle in vain;
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest.
He lit on the trees, and their bows he drest
In diamond beads; and over the breast

Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin, far and near
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept.
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the morn were seen
Most beautiful things. There were flowers and trees;
There were bevvies of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities with temples and towers; and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair,
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,

"Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"That costly pitcher I'll burst in three:

And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall 'cluck!' to tell them I'm drinking!" —Hannah F. Gould.

The Sleighing Song

swift we go o'er fleecy snow,
When moonbeams sparkle round,
When hoofs keep time to music's chime,
As merrily on we bound.

chorus—

As merrily on,
As merrily on we bound,
As merrily on,
As merrily on we bound.

On a winter's night, when our hearts are
in light,
And breath is on the wind;
Loose the rein and sweep the plain,
And leave our cares behind.

With laugh and song, we will glide
along,
Across the fleeting snow;
With friends beside, how swift we'll
ride,
The beautiful track below.

The New Year

Yesterday is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf which God holds
tight,
With glad days and sad days and bad
days, which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom
and their blight,
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrow-
ful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relive
them—
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
Laid in His mercy receive, forgive them;
Only the new days are our own—
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain:
In spite of old sorrow and old sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible
pain,
Take heart with the day and begin
again. —Susan Coolidge.

Little Miss Snowflake

Little Miss Snowflake came to town,
Dressed up in her brand-new gown;
And nobody looked as fresh and fair
As little Miss Snowflake, I declare!

Out of a fleecy cloud she stepped,
Where all the rest of her family kept

As close together as bees can swarm,
In readiness for a big snow-storm.

But little Miss Snowflake couldn't wait,
And she wanted to come in greater
state;

For she thought that her beauty would
ne'er be known
If she came in a crowd, so she came
alone.

All alone from the great blue sky,
Where cloudy vessels went scudding by,
With sails all set, on their way to meet
The larger ships of the snowy fleet.

She was very tired, but couldn't stop
On tall church spire or chimney top;
All the way from her bright abode
Down to the dust of a country road!

There she rested, all out of breath;
And there she speedily met her death;
And nobody could exactly tell
The spot where little Miss Snowflake
fell.

The Hurrying Hours

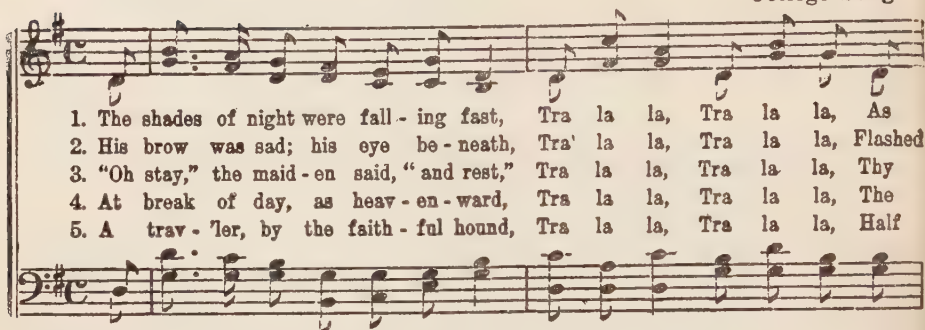
How often the thoughts come home to
me,
As the moments hurry away,
Of the many things I intend to do
Somehow, sometime, some day.
There are promises that have not been
kept,
Though I always meant to be true,
But time is too short for all the things
That a body intends to do.

I will write a letter or read a book,
I will write a bit of rhyme;
I will do the things that I ought to do—
Some day when I have time.
So I look beyond, as I hope and plan,
For the days that are just ahead,
While the day that is here goes into the
grave
With its opportunities dead.

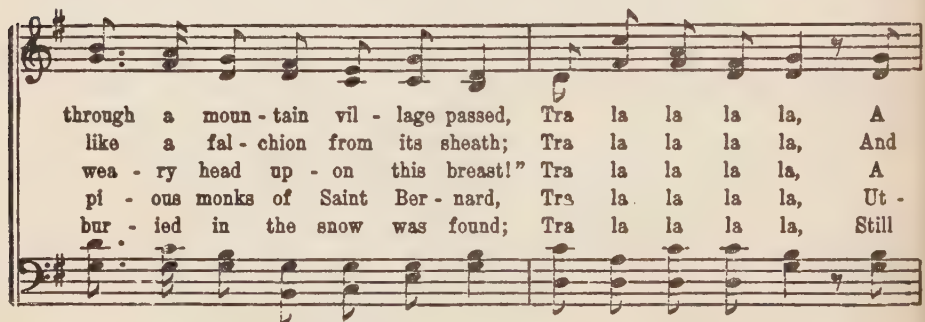
To-day is the only day we have,
Of to-morrow we can't be sure;
To seize the chance as it comes along,
Is the way to make it secure.
For every year is a shorter year,
And this is a truth sublime:
A moment misspent is a jewel 'lost
From the treasury of time.

Upidee

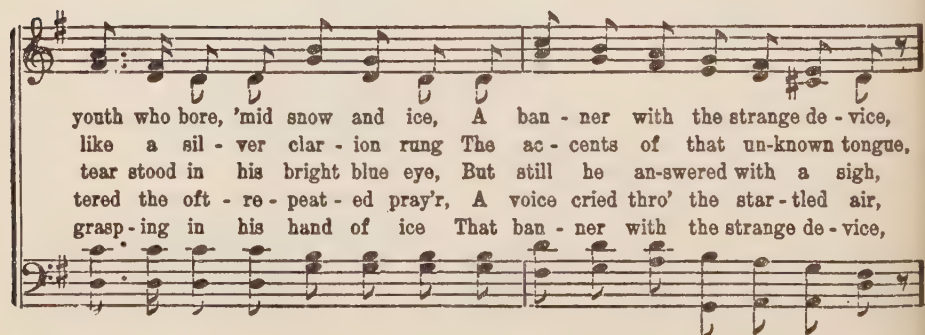
College Song.



1. The shades of night were fall - ing fast, Tra la la, Tra la la, As
 2. His brow was sad; his eye be - neath, Tra' la la, Tra la la, Flashed
 3. "Oh stay," the maid - en said, "and rest," Tra la la, Tra la la, Thy
 4. At break of day, as heav - en - ward, Tra la la, Tra la la, The
 5. A trav - ler, by the faith - ful hound, Tra la la, Tra la la, Half

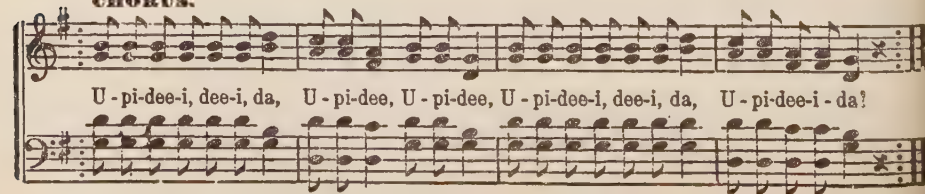


through a moun - tain vil - lage passed, Tra la la la la, A
 like a fal - chion from its sheath; Tra la la la la, And
 wea - ry head up - on this breast!" Tra la la la la, A
 pi - ous monks of Saint Ber - nard, Tra la la la la, Ut -
 bur - ied in the snow was found; Tra la la la la, Still



youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice, A ban - ner with the strange de - vice,
 like a sil - ver clar - ion rung The ac - cents of that un - known tongue,
 tear stood in his bright blue eye, But still he an - swered with a sigh,
 tered the oft - re - peat - ed pray'r, A voice cried thro' the star - tled air,
 grasp - ing in his hand of ice That ban - ner with the strange de - vice,

CHORUS.



U - pi-dee-i, dee-i, da, U - pi-dee, U - pi-dee, U - pi-dee-i, dee-i, da, U - pi-dee-i - da!

The Chicken's Mistake

A little chick one day
 Asked leave to go on the water,
 Where she saw a duck with her brood at play.
 Swimming and splashing about her.

"Indeed," she began to peep and cry,
 When her mother wouldn't let her,
 "If the ducks can swim there, why can't I?
 Are they any bigger or better?"

Then the old hen answered, "Listen to me,
 And hush your foolish talking;
 Just look at your feet, and you will see
 They were only made for walking."

But the chicky wistfully eyed the brook,
 And didn't half believe her,
 For she seemed to say by a knowing look,
 Such stories couldn't deceive her.

And, as her mother was scratching the ground,
 She muttered, lower and lower,
 "I know I can go there and not be drowned,
 And so I think I'll show her."

Then she made a plunge where the stream was deep.
 And saw too late her blunder,
 For she hadn't had hardly time to peep
 When her foolish head went under.

And now I hope her fate will show
 The child my story hearing,
 That those who are older sometimes know,
 What you will do well for heeding.

That each content in his place should dwell,
 And envy not his brother;
 And any part that is acted well
 Is just as good as another.

For we all have our proper sphere below,
 And this is a truth worth knowing;
 You will come to grief if you try to go
 Where you never were made for going.

—Phoebe Cary.

Snowflakes

Once upon a time a little raindrop thought it had played long enough up in the clouds, and said it would go down to the earth and see what it could do. So it started.

While it was falling, it had to pass through a cloud that was very cold, and this funny little raindrop, instead of shrinking together as we do when we are cold, stretched out and stretched out, until it was not round any more, but was long, and thin, and hard like a needle: and that is just what it was—a little ice needle.

As it went on falling, it met another just like itself.

The second said, "Little Ice Needle, where are you going?"

"Down to the earth, to see what I can do."

"I'll go too." So the second ice needle joined the first, and they fell together.

Pretty soon they met a third, who said, "Little Ice Needles, where are you going?"
 "Down to the earth, to see what we can do."

"Then I'll go too." So it joined the others, and they fell together. Then they met another, and another, and another, who all joined them. Then there were six little ice needles falling together, and they had a new name—"Snowflake."

Little Snowflake met others, who asked where it was going. "Down to the earth, to see what good I can do."

"We'll go too. But where shall we go?"

"I know," said one of the little flakes. "Last summer, when I was warm and round, I saw a place where a poor little sick boy had planted some seeds which a kind lady gave him. Let us fall on that place and keep it warm, so that the seed in the ground may not freeze, and the little boy may have some flowers next summer."

"O! so we will," said they all; and they fell faster and faster, so that they might get there sooner. Other snowflakes saw them and went, too, and the ground was covered more and more thickly with snow, till there was enough to keep the seeds from freezing during the winter.

When the weather began to be warm, the snow turned into water and ran down into the earth, and the seeds drank it, and swelled and swelled, and by and by little leaves came out above the ground from each seed. Then other leaves grew, and, when summer came, little Frank had his flowers again, and all because one little raindrop wanted to do some good in the world.—*Josephine Jarvis.*

Stand With New Will

It is the New Year's morn,
 The old bad year is done.
 And the wide world is all agleam
 In the wide morning sun;
 And fainting hearts take heart because
 A new year is begun.

There is no soul so desperate and forlorn
 But dreams again his dream,
 And is new-born
 And girded up to do
 All that he left undone;
 For all old things are new
 In the New Year's new sun.

Yes, and the saddest heart
 Shall deck itself in green,
 And all shall be this year,
 As last year should have been.
 Sad ones who had to part
 Shall meet again in joy,
 And aged folks shall seem again
 Glad girl and happy boy.

And you, sad soul, that failed,
 Bethink you that another year is yours;
 Cast out your old despair,
 And stand up with new will
 To win the future still.

For, as the year itself, from budding
 leaves,

Goes its bright way through flowers
 To fruit and sheaves,
 So let our year advance,
 And a like end be ours
 Of harvest song and dance.

—*Success.*

Dreaming

Two bright heads in the corner,
 Deep in the easy chair;
 One with a crown of yellow gold,
 And one like the silver fair;
 One with the morning's rosy flush
 And one with the twilight's tender hush.

"Where do the New Years come from?"
 Asks Goldlocks in her glee;
 "Do they sail in a pearly shallop
 Across a wonderful sea;
 A sea whose waters with rainbows spanned,
 Touch all the borders of fairyland?"

"Do all the birds in that country
 Keep singing by night and by day?
 Singing among the blossoms
 That never wither away?
 Will they let you feel as you hold them
 near,
 Their warm hearts beating, but not with
 fear?"

"And the happy little children,
 Do they wander as they will,

o gather the sweet wild roses,
And the strawberries on the hill;
White wings like butterflies all afloat,
And a purple cloud for a fairy boat?

There surely is such a country,
I've seen it many a night,
Though I never, never could find it
Awake in the morning light.
And that is the country, o'er the sea,
Where the beautiful New Years wait for
me!"

Where do the New Years come from?"
Says Grandpa, looking away
Through the frosty rime on the window,
To the distant hills so gray;
They come from the country of youth, I
know,
And they pass to the land of long ago.

And which is the fairest country?
Dear heart, I never can tell;
Where the New Years wait their dawning
Or the beautiful Old Years dwell;

But the sweetest summers that ever shone
To the land of the long ago have flown.

"The New Years wait for you, darling;
And the Old Years wait for me;
They have carried my dearest treasures
To the country over the sea;
The eyes that were brightest, the lips that
sung
The gladdest carols when life was young.

"But I know of a better country,
Where the Old Years all are new;
I shall find its shining pathway
Sooner, sweetheart, than you;
And I'll send you a message of love and
cheer
With every dawn of a glad New Year."

The eyes of the dear old pilgrim
Are looking across the snows,
While closer nestles the merry face,
With its flush like the pink wild rose.
Dreaming together the young and old,
Locks of silver and crown of gold.

—Selected.

Everyday Work

Great deeds are trumpeted, loud bells are rung,
And men turn round to see;
The high peaks echo to the paeans sung
O'er some great victory.
And yet great deeds are few. The mightiest men
Find opportunities but now and then.

Shall one sit idle through long days of peace,
Waiting for walls to scale?
Or lie in port until some Golden Fleece
Lures him to face the gale?
There's work enough, why idly, then, delay?
His work counts most who labors every day.

A torrent sweeps down the mountain's brow
With foam and flash and roar,
Anon its strength is spent, where is it now?
Its one short day is o'er.
But the clear stream that through the meadow flows
All summer long on its mission goes.

Better the steady flow; the torrent's dash
Soon leaves its rent track dry;
The light we love is not the lightning flash
From out a midnight sky,
But the sweet sunshine, whose unfailing ray
From its calm throne of blue, lights every day.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells;
The Book of Life the shining record tells.

—Selected.

Remember the Birds When It's Cold

A poor little snow-bird one cold winter day
Sat on a bare tree limb, watching each way,
And frequently flew to the door-step to see
If just one wee crumb for his breakfast there'd be.
'Twas late and the snow covered deep all the ground,
And still little birdie no breakfast had found,
While birdie had crept in a crevice to sleep,
And waited impatient for daylight to peep.

The hoar frost had gathered and covered all o'er,
From the twigs on the vines to the nails on the door,
His chance for a breakfast "the ghost of a show."—
The seeds of the weeds sticking out of the snow,
With long feath'ry hoar frost 'twas thickly encased,
'Twould have to be thawed and it stuck on like paste,
So birdie hopped down to the door-step to see
If any chance tid-bits or crumbs there might be.

But he had to look sharp, for there stood three cats
Not far off and looking for birds, mice and rats,
And scarcely had he time to faintly scratch 'round,
When a cat, like a bolt, was there with a bound,
But soon would he have had the poor birdie dead,
But he flew like a flash to his perch overhead,
And rather than risk his poor life in that way.
On the icy tree limb he concluded to stay.

So we made a small box full of graham and chop,
And corn meal and bran, and covered the top
With strong cayenne pepper,—so healthy he'd be,—
And placed it high up in the forks of the tree.
So morn, noon and night he found it there,
And others would come his good fortune to share,
Where they twittered and chirped on the tree near the door.
And we watched, as they feasted, each day bringing more.

FROM HANSON'S *Primary Songs*, by kind permission of the publishers.

(The celebration of this day does not properly come in this month, but we have chosen to place it here, as the month of December is well filled with Christmas spirit and the commemoration of the "Quaker Poet.")

[illegible]

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." See May Number)

From the labors of today
Let us turn awhile away
To the memories of the consecrated past.
With a ringing rhythmic tone,
Let each heart call back its own
From the shadows death and time have o'er them cast.

On, on, on, the world is marching!
On to regions grand and vast;
But we offer up a song
As she wheels her souls along,
To the brave and valiant heroes of the past.

Where we live in ease today
They were wearing life away,
Doing battle with privation, want and toil;
Chopping down the sturdy trees,
Leaving acres such as these,
Where the gold lies almost shining in the soil.

Chorus.

Now those hands which labored best
Have been crossed in well-earned rest,
Never more to ache with weariness or wound,
Save that now and then we meet
One whose head is white with sleet,
Left a hero on his former battle ground

Chorus.

Let us keep their memory green,
Through the days that lie between
Sad good-byes and glad good-mornings over there;
Laying by carpe's mourning weeds,
Let us tell their noble deeds,
Write on pages to their memory white and fair.

Chorus.

Quotations

They rise to mastery of wind and snow;
They go like soldiers grimly into strife
To colonize the plain. They plough and sow,
And fertilize the sod with their own life,
As did the Indian and the buffalo.

—*Hamlin Garland.*

What strength! what strife! what rude unrest!
What shocks! what half-shaped armies met!
A mighty nation moving west,
With all its steely sinews set
Against the living forests. Hear
The shouts, the shots of pioneer,
The rended forests, rolling wheels,
As if some half-checked army reels,
Recoils, redoubles, comes again,
Loud-sounding like a hurricane.

—*Joaquin Miller.*

"The great trouble with pioneering is that it never lasts."

"The wealth of our country has been brought out by industry and genius; by ingenuity; by improved methods; by the mixing of brains with the soil."

"O giant souls, those pioneers!
With noble women, worthy peers,
Their bold endeavor cleft the wood,
Fair cities rose, where forests stood,
And deserts blossomed far and wide,
When arts of industry were plied."

Great God, we thank thee for this home,
This bounteous birthland of the free,
Where wanderers from afar may come
And breathe the air of liberty.
Still may her flow'rs untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise;
And yet till time shall fold her wing,
Remain earth's loveliest paradise.

—*Wm. J. Peabody*

"The man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is underground."

One cannot always be a hero, but one can always be a man.—*Goethe.*

A light of duty shines on every day for all.—*Wordsworth.*

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

—*Longfellow.*

“The world wants men—true men—
Who cannot be bought or sold,—
Men who scorn to violate trust;
Genuine Gold!”

Life is too short for aught but high endeavor.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

“For he who is honest, is noble,
Whatever his fortune or birth.”

“Duty points with outstretched fingers,
Every soul to action high.”

The Landing of the Pilgrims

The breaking waves dashed high,
On a stern and rock-bound coast;
And the wood against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conquerer comes,
They, the true hearted came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums
And the trumpet that speaks of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods
rang
With the anthems of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white waves' foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest waved—
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that Pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither there,
Far from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they
found
Freedom to worship God!

—*Mrs. Hemans*

The Founders of Our Republic

When the Pilgrims at Plymouth laid down the law of self-government, and agreed that every man should have his rights in the colony, and that the governor should be chosen by the people and not appointed by the crown; and chose John Carver governor, because he had the respect of the people and because they knew he was honest and because they knew he was a religious man and a Christian, and because he set a good example to the boys and old men; it was they who set the example which all America has followed; it was they who inspired that great vital force which lies at the foundation of our republic.—*George B. Loring.*

When the Puritans Came Over

(Tune: "Dearest May")

When the Puritans came over,
 Our hills and swamps to clear,
 The woods were full of catamounts,
 And Indians red as deer;
 With tomahawks and scalping knives,
 That make folks' heads look queer;
 Oh the ship from England used to bring
 A hundred wigs a year!

But soon they knocked the wigwags down,
 And pine tree, trunk and limb,
 Began to sprout among the leaves,
 In shape of steeples slim;
 And out the little wharves were stretched
 Along the ocean's rim;
 And up the little schoolhouse shot,
 To keep the boys in trim.

And who were on the catalog
 When college was begun?
 Two nephews of the President
 And the Professor's son.
 (They turned a little Indian boy
 As brown as any bun.)
 O! how the seniors knocked about
 The freshman class of one!

They had not then the dainty things
 That commons now afford,
 But succotash and hominy
 Were smoking on the board;
 They did not rattle round in gigs,
 Or dash in long-tail blues,
 But always on commencement days
 The tutors blacked their shoes.

—From *School Song Knapsack*.

The Pioneers

I love the man of nerve, who dares to do;—
 The moral hero, stalwart through and through,
 Who treads the untried path, evades the rut,
 And in a forest clearing builds a hut;
 Removes the tares encumbering the soil,
 And founds an empire based on thought and toil.

Within his veins the blood of humble birth,
 His purpose stable as the rock-bound earth,
 His mind expansive and his pulsing brain
 Resolving problems not of selfish gain;
 This man will never servile bend his knees;—
 He feels the uplift of the centuries.

Leviathans for him forsake the main,
 And monsters leave the forest and the plain;
 The future holds no terrors for his soul,
 No avarice collects its robber toll;
 No social caste; no parties, clubs or creeds
 To multiply his cares, increase his needs.

With wants but few, no Pioneer will crave
 A crown in life or flowers on his grave.
 He leaves behind the slavery of style,
 The myrmidons of pride, deceit and guile,
 Enlisting with the cohorts of the free,
 The motto on his shield is "Liberty."

What cares he for the monarch's jeweled crown?
 For prince or plutocrat, for fame's renown?
 The turmoil and the strife of endless greed
 When honest toil supplies each simple need?
 He seeks not glory, yet the future years
 Weave all their laurels for the Pioneers.

And well they may! To them alone is due
 The march of progress since the world was new.
 They have explored the boundless realm of mind

And left their choicest blessings for mankind.
The realm of matter bears, in every clime,
Their work substantial as enduring time.

Then let me, once for all, propose this toast:
"Here's to those men of all we love the most—
Those living for the future, not the past,
Surmounting obstacles however vast!"
And so, through joys and sorrows, smiles and tears,
I say, "God bless the sturdy Pioneers."

—G. F. Rinehart.

One by One (Concert Recitation)

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to catch them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee;
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,—
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee;
Do not fear an armed band;

One will fade as others greet thee,—
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not laugh at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for tomorrow;
Every day begin again.

Every hour, that fleets so slowly,
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Hours are golden links—God's token
Reaching heaven; but one by one,
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere thy pilgrimage be done.

—Miss Proctor.

An American Indian

Not many generations ago, where you now sit, circled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing at the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate.

Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, the council fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the whooping whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshipped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written His laws for them on tables of stone, but He had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in everything around.

He beheld Him in the star that sunk in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the red orb that flamed on him from his midday throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler, that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle, whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his feet; and in his own matchless

form, glowing with a spark of light, to whose mysterious source he bent, in humble, though blind adoration.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted from its face forever, a whole peculiar people.

Here and there a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamed, untamable progenitors! The Indian, of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone!

As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast dying to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever.—*Charles Sprague.*

Noises in the Night

The creaking in our rooms at night is only just the noise
The flooring makes discussing if we little girls and boys
Are sleeping well and cozily, or if our dear mama
Had best be roused up from her bed, to see just how we are.

The rustlings in the wall we hear are whispers of the news
That Up-stairs tells to Down-stairs when Down-stairs has the blues.
For below it's very lonesome when we're all up here in bed,
So Up-stairs tells to Down-stairs everything we last have said.

The squeaking in the hallway and the cracking on the stair
Are just the timbers trying to be very silent there.
You know how 'tis yourself when you are very anxious to be good:
You're always making noises that you never meant you should.

Thus the dear old house is waiting all through the quiet night,
And watching for the dawn to show our faces fresh and bright.
So if we hear a single sound it only goes to prove
That we are guarded close by things that hold us in their love.

—*Allen French in Youth's Companion.*

Who Will be "It"?

"On-ery, u-ery, ick-ery, Ann,
Fillesy, follesy, Nicholas, John."

Down in the meadows, the children at play
Tell their quaint numbers the old-fashioned way;

All in a row, while the counting is done,
Lips tightly closed, but with eyes full of fun,

Listening to catch every saying and sign,
Waiting their turns, to the last in the line.

Grandmama smiles, for grandmamas know

The funny, old counting they said long ago,
After the spinning-wheel lessons weredone,

Down in the orchard and out in the sun,
Just a wee while before candle-light came,
Grandma was off with the rest for a game.

And she will tell, if you ask her, the way
She and her playmates the queer words would say.

In the same orchard, her grandchildren tell
Riddle and catchword that no one may spell.

Go where you may, 'tis the merry old game;

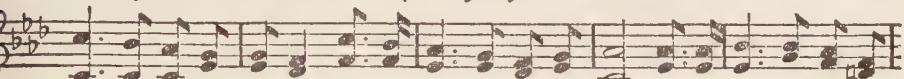
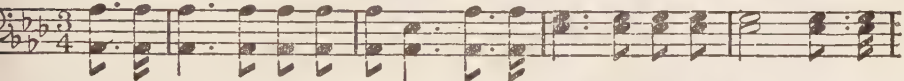
Everywhere children may play it the same.

Playing at tag the land over, they know
The counting our grandmama said long ago.

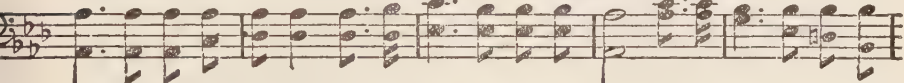
The Vacant Chair



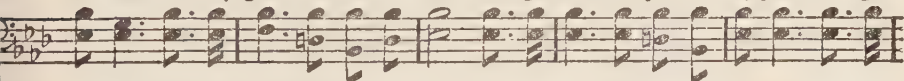
1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va-cant chair; We shall
 2. At our fire-side sad and lone-ly, Oft-en will the bo-som swell At re-
 3. True, they tell us wreaths of glo-ry Ev-er-more will deck his brow, But this



lin-ger to ca-ress him While we breathe our evening prayer. When a year a-go we
 mem-brance of the sto-ry How our no-ble Wil-lie fell; How he strove to bear our
 soothes the anguish on-ly Sweeping o'er our heartstrings now. Sleep to-day, O ear-ly

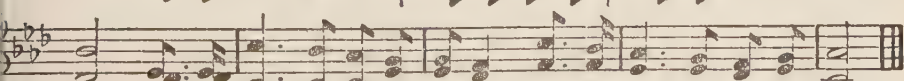


gathered, Joy was in his mild blue eye, But a gold-en chord is severed, And our
 ban-ner Thro' the thick-est of the fight, And up-hold our country's hon-or, In the
 fall-en, In thy green and nar-row bed, Dir-ges from the pine and cy-press Min-gle

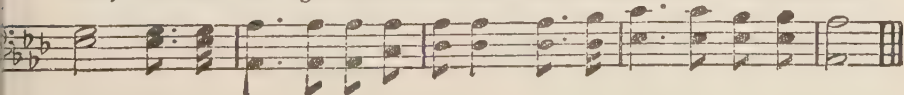


Chorus.

hopes in ru-in lie. } We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va-cant
 strength of manhood's might. }
 with the tears we shed. }



chair; We shall lin-ger to ca-ress him While we breathe our eve-ning prayer.



The Old Blue Coat

(Tune: "The Vacant Chair." See page 174)

Father's musket, brown and rusty,
 Hangs inside his study door;
 Just above it, worn and faded
 Is the old blue coat he wore
 When he marched with dashing Sherman,
 From Atlanta to the Sea,
 'Neath the tatters of "Old Glory,"
 In the war to make men free.

Chorus—

Yes, the old blue coat so faded
 Tells to me a story true,
 How a soldier fought for freedom,
 When that dear old coat was new.

Shake the dust and smooth the wrinkles
 From the coat he used to wear;
 Brush the cobwebs from the musket—
 Lay them in his vacant chair;
 Hark, the muffled drum is beating,
 There's a sound of trampling feet;
 See, his aged comrades marching,
 Clad in blue, adown the street.

They will strew his grave with flowers,
 They will speak in whispers low;
 Sing again the songs of war-time,
 As he sang them long ago;
 Now he answers to the roll call,
 From that far off spirit shore;
 While we lay a snow-white blossom
 On the old blue coat he wore.

*—Lillian Barker Beede.***The Settler**

His echoing axe the settler swung
 Amid the sea-like solitude,
 And rushing, thundering, down were flung
 The Titans of the wood.

Rude was the garb and strong the frame
 Of him who plied his ceaseless toil:
 To form that garb, the wildwood game
 Contributed their spoil;

His roof adorned a lovely spot,
 'Mid the black logs green glowed the
 grain,
 And herbs and plants the woods knew not
 Throve in the sun and rain.

The violet sprang at spring's first tinge,
 The rose of summer spread its glow,
 The maize hung on its autumn fringe,
 Rude winter brought its snow;

And still the settler labored there,
 His shout and whistle woke the air,
 As cheerily he plied
 His garden spade, or drove his share
 Along the hillock's side.

His gaunt hound yelled, his rifle flashed,
 The grim bear hurled its savage growl,
 In blood and foam the panther gnashed
 Its fangs, with dying howl.
 The fleet deer ceased its flying bound,
 The snarling wolf-foe bit the ground,
 The beaver sank beneath the wound,
 Its pond-built Venice nigh.

*—Alfred Billings Street.***Our Delight**

(Exercise for six children)

First—

Upon her head the snow-hills,
 Her feet on southern sand,
 The sunrise and the sunset
 Glowing on either hand.

All in concert—

This is our land, our country,
 Our pride and our delight.

Second—

The old time races builded
 Their mounds, and passed away;
 The red man through the forest
 Chases no more his prey.

All in concert—

This is our land, our country,
 Our pride and our delight.

Third—

We wrap our land in emerald,—
 The broad leaves of the corn,—
 With church spires for her jewels,
 Her beauty we adorn.

All in concert—

This is our land, our country,
 Our pride and our delight.

Fourth—

Strong Mother England dowered
 Her daughter with a soul
 As mighty as the mountains,
 As steadfast as the pole.

All in concert—

This is our land, our country,
 Our pride and our delight.

Fifth—

We'll weave white robes of goodness,
Our country's garb to be,
With Temperance and uprightness
For golden broidery.

All in concert—

This is our land, our country,
Our pride and our delight.

Sixth—

Till, when men praise our country,
Her greatness they'll forget,
And count for all the grandeur
Her goodness higher yet.

All in concert—

This is our land, our country,
Our pride and our delight.

—Selected.

The Lost Glasses

"Oh Johnny, my laddie, your eyes are young—

Use them for grandma, dear.
My glasses, alas! are lost again;
I've searched for them far and near.

For lack of my glasses, I cannot find
The glasses I lack—'tis true!
Look well, and some one, when you are old,
Will do the same for you."

"When I am old, dear grandmama,"
Said Johnny with roguish eye,
"I s'pose I shall read with glasses, too,
And sometimes lay them by.
But when they're lost, I shall never search
On window-sill or shelf,
I shall just put my hand on top of my head
And find 'em there myself."

—Mary A. Gillette in *St. Nicholas*.**The Banner of the Union**

(Air: "Marching Through Georgia.")

Bring the good old banner, boys, the flag our fathers bore,
Let it float across the land and shimmer on the shore.
Liberty is marching on to many conquests more,
Bearing the banner of the Union.

Chorus—

Hurrah! hurrah! we'll bring the jubilee;
Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that makes us free;
So we'll sing the chorus of truth and liberty,
Bearing the banner of the Union.

How the nation thundered when that flag was menaced long,
How the boys enlisted and the girls grew bold and strong.
How the hosts of victory triumphant swept along,
Bearing the banner of the Union.

Rally 'round the colors, boys, and keep them at the fore,
Take your stand for liberty and fight your battles o'er.
True to home and freedom, ever loyal to the core,
Bearing the banner of the Union.

—Kate Brownlee Sherwood.

The Pilgrims in America

I am afraid the Pilgrims were not overpleased when their vessel came into Cape Cod harbor, for there they found only a rocky, desolate shore awaiting them; and, as it was in the dead of winter, you can imagine how old and bare it all looked. The trees were leafless, the ground was frozen, and the waters about the shores were covered with thick, cold sheets of salty ice.

But they were a brave, sturdy band. Although they would have been glad to be welcomed by the pleasant warmth of the southern lands, and to have heard the singing of birds as they left the weather-beaten vessel, still they bravely accepted what was before them, perfectly sure that they had been guided to this shore by Divine power.

As soon as all had landed, they gathered together on that large rock at the water's edge, known now as Plymouth Rock, and kneeling down, thanked God for their safe deliverance from the perils of the sea.

Then they went sturdily to work. These men were not idle, lazy good-for-nothings, as those colonists in Virginia had been. They did not need a John Smith to urge them to be industrious. They were all terribly in earnest. They had left their native land, and with their brave, self-sacrificing wives, had come over to this wilderness to build homes for themselves. No need had these brave men and women to be coaxed and hired to do their duty.

Can't you fancy their axes ringing in the still winter days, as they felled the trees for lumber with which to build their rude houses? Can't you imagine the great fires which they built at night to keep themselves warm, and to frighten away the hungry wolves, whose howlings could be heard on every side when night came on?

Can't you fancy the brave, tender-hearted wives and mothers working on bravely in the bitter cold of their odd uncomfortable houses, washing, ironing, baking, brewing, pounding the corn, spinning the cloth and making the homes comfortable and even cheerful in the thousand ways which only wives and mothers can understand?

And the little boys and girls, too. There weren't very many of them to be sure; but can't you fancy how bravely the children of such noble men and women would behave, how they would try to bear the cold and hunger without a tear, and would try in all their little ways to do their part towards helping their papas and mamas to build up their villages?

And there was one little baby, too. A little wee, wee baby boy, who was born during the voyage from England to America. I am afraid this little baby didn't have all the beautiful little dresses and sacques and fine laces, the lovely little toilet basket, with its dainty brushes and combs and puffs and powders that the babies we see, have. I shouldn't wonder if the little stranger was wrapped in very ordinary shawls and blankets, and that the mother was very thankful if she could keep him from the cold. Nevertheless, I suspect this little baby had a very warm welcome from these sturdy, hard-working men and women. For there is one beautiful thing about babies,—they themselves are always so sweet and lovable, that it is a very hard-hearted man or woman whose heart is not drawn just a little toward the little, innocent, helpless things. I imagine the little fellow was the pet of the whole colony. Can't you see the women coming every day to look in upon the new baby; and the men, each glad to stop and amuse the little one for a few minutes as they went to and fro; and the children all happy to be allowed to take care of him now and then? This baby, I imagine, put a great deal of warm feeling into these busy colonists.

They gave the baby a very funny name you will think. They called him Peregrine, which means "wandering," because he was born while these people were wandering about, searching for a new home. In Pilgrim Hall, in the town of Plymouth, is shown the very cradle in which little Peregrine's mother used to rock him so many years ago.

The Pilgrims had not been very long in their new home when visitors came. One morning, without any warning, an Indian marched into the colony. The visitor stared at the white men, and looked them over from head to foot. Their strange clothing interested him; their hats particularly, seemed very strange to him. At last the Indian spoke. "Welcome, welcome, Englishmen," he said in broken English. They led the Indian to the fort and gave him food and presents. He spent the night with his new friends, and in the morning a warm breakfast was given him, after which he went away. By and by Massasoit, the chief came, and a treaty was made. This treaty was faithfully kept, and as long as Massasoit lived the Pilgrims were never harmed by their Indian neighbors.—*Selected from Mara L. Pratt's American History Stories.*

See-saw, Sac-a-ra-down

"See-saw, sac-a-ra-down,
Which is the way to Boston Town?
One foot up, the other foot down,
That is the way to Boston Town."

This is a song they used to know,
Quaint little children of long ago,
In queer little jacket and prim little gown,
Going sedately to Boston Town.

They came in great coaches, they walked, and they rode
Behind on a pillion, as then was the mode.
Jogging on steadily up-hill and down,
That was the way to Boston Town.

Wonderful houses and wonderful shops,
With gingerbread people and peppermint drops.
Wondering blue eyes, and bright eyes of brown,
Grew big at the sights of Boston Town.

Gay little women and men of today
Travel no longer the old-fashioned way
In trim little jacket and smart little gown,
Still they go trooping to Boston Town.

In a carriage with swift rubber tires, or a-wheel,
By steam-cars, electrics, or automobile;
Whirling on merrily up-hill and down,
This is the way to Boston Town.

Wonderful houses, more wonderful shops,
With picture-books, horses, dolls, engines and tops,
Wondering blue eyes, and bright eyes of brown,
Grow big at the sights of Boston Town.

Then come, little women and men of today,
Though we travel and dress in the new-fashioned way,
We'll take up the ditty they used to know,
The quaint little children of long ago:

"See-saw, sac-a-ra-down,
Which is the way to Boston Town?
One foot up, the other foot down,
That is the way to Boston Town."

—*Youth's Companion.*

Ruth's Christmas Box

Our Puritan fathers, stern and good,
Had never a holiday;
Sober and earnest seemed life to them—
They only stopped working to pray.

And the little Puritan maidens learned
Their catechisms through;
And spun their stints, and wove themselves
Their garments of homely blue.

And they never made merry on Christmas—
It would savor of Pope and Rome;
And never was there a Christmas-tree
Set up in a Puritan home.

And Christmas eve, in the chimney place,
There was never a stocking hung;
There never was woven a Christmas wreath
There was never a carol sung.

Sweet little Ruth, with her flaxen hair
All neatly braided and tied,
Was sitting one old December day
At her pretty young mother's side.

She listened, speaking never a word,
With her serious, thoughtful look,
To the Christmas story her mother read
Out of the good old Book.

"I'll tell thee, Ruth!" her mother cried,
Herself scarce more than a girl,
As she smoothed her little daughter's hair,
Lest it straggle out into a curl,

"If thy stint be spun each day this week,
And thou toil like the busy bee,
A Christmas present on Christmas day
I promise to give to thee."

And then she talked of those merry times.
She never could quite forget;
The Christmas cheer, the holly and yule—
She was hardly a Puritan yet.

She talked of those dear old English days,
With tears in her loving eyes,
And little Ruth heard like a Puritan child,
With a quiet though glad surprise.

But nevertheless, she thought of her gift,
As much as would any of you,
And busily round, each day of the week,
Her little spinning wheel flew.

Tired little Ruth! but oh, she thought
She was paid for it after all,
When her mother gave her on Christmas day
A little Puritan doll.

'Twas made of a piece of homespun sheet,
Dressed in a homespun gown
Cut just like Ruth's, and a little cap
With a stiff white muslin crown.

A primly folded muslin cape—
I don't think one of you all
Would have been so bold as to dare to play
With that dignified Puritan doll.

Dear little Ruth showed her delight
In her queer little quiet way;
She did not say much, but she held her doll
In her arms all Christmas day.

And when at twilight her mother read
That Christmas story o'er,
Happy Ruth took the sweetness of it in
As she had never done before.

And then (she always said "good-night"
When the shadows began to fall)
She was so happy she went to sleep
Still holding her Christmas doll.

The Message of the Snowflake

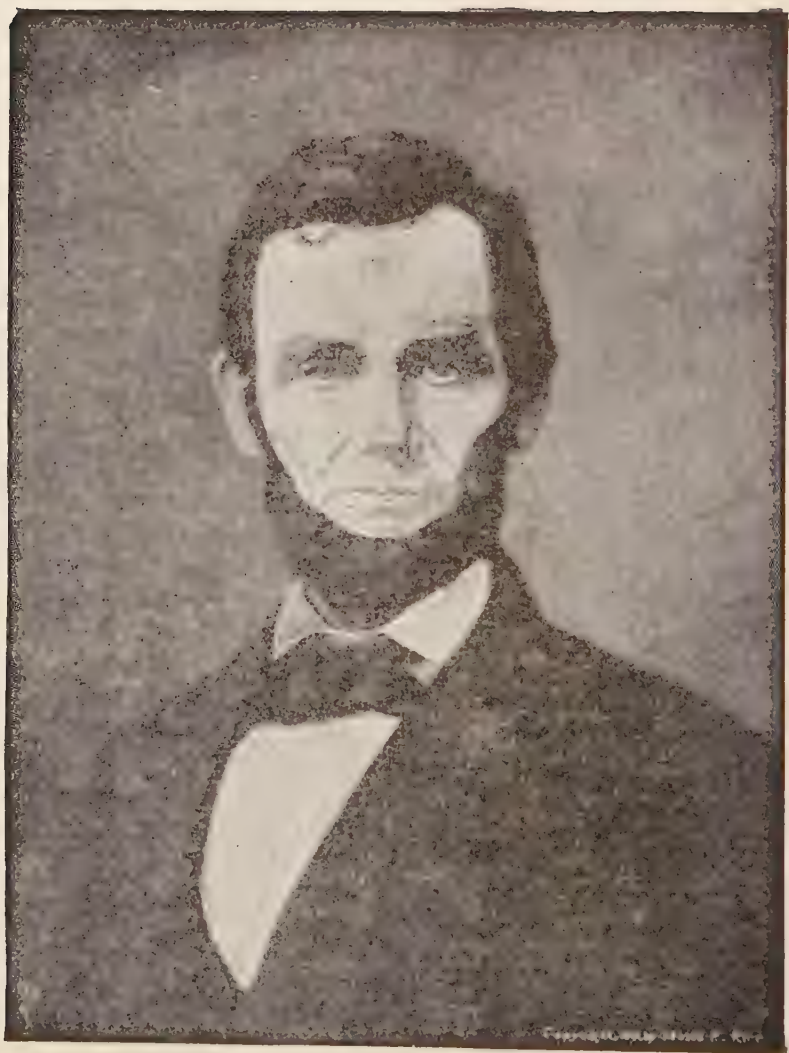
"The snowflake kissed me,
As on it sped,
And told me a story,"
The little maid said.
"I didn't mind it,
So soft and cold,
And here is the story
The snowflake told.

" 'You won't believe it,
I almost know,
But I was a raindrop
Before I was snow.
I fell by the roadside,
And there I lay,
Till the sun drew me up
Through the air one day

" 'On a cloud I floated,
Till cold I grew,
Then I turned to a snowflake,
And flew down to you.
And this is my message,
So sweet and sure:
Be pure, like the snowflake.
Be pure, be pure."

—Emily G. W. Rowe.

FEBRUARY



Abraham Lincoln

THE YEAR'S ENTERTAINMENTS

FEBRUARY

Woods in Winter

When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Sshrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day.

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,—
I listen, and it cheers me long.

—*Longfellow*,

Memory Gems

Go ring the bells and fire the guns
And fling the starry banner out;
Shout "Freedom" till your lipping ones
Give back the cradle shout.

—*Whittier*.

Thy stars are God's witness of blessing,
And smile at the foeman's frown;
They sparkle and gleam in their splendor,
Bright gems in the great world's crown. —*Montgomery*.

Patriotism is not the mere holding of a flag unfurled, but making it the goodliest in the world.—*W. J. Linton.*

Slow are the steps of Freedom, but her feet never turn backward.—*James Russell Lowell.*

The God who gave us life gave us liberty at the same time.—*Thomas Jefferson.*

I would rather be right than President.—*Henry Clay.*

For Picture Study

Washington Crossing the Delaware—*Leutze* (1414).

Washington and Lafayette at Mt. Vernon (1416).

Washington at Trenton (1415).

Washington Resigning His Commission (1416c).

Portrait of Washington (112).

Portrait of Martha Washington (113).

Mt. Vernon (1409).

Portrait of Lincoln (125).

Portrait of Longfellow (15).

Longfellow's Home, Cambridge (18b).
Longfellow's Daughters (19.)

Suggested Readings for the Month

Irving's Life of Washington.

The Revolutionary Rising—*Thomas Buchanan Reed.*

Vow of Washington—*J. G. Whittier.*

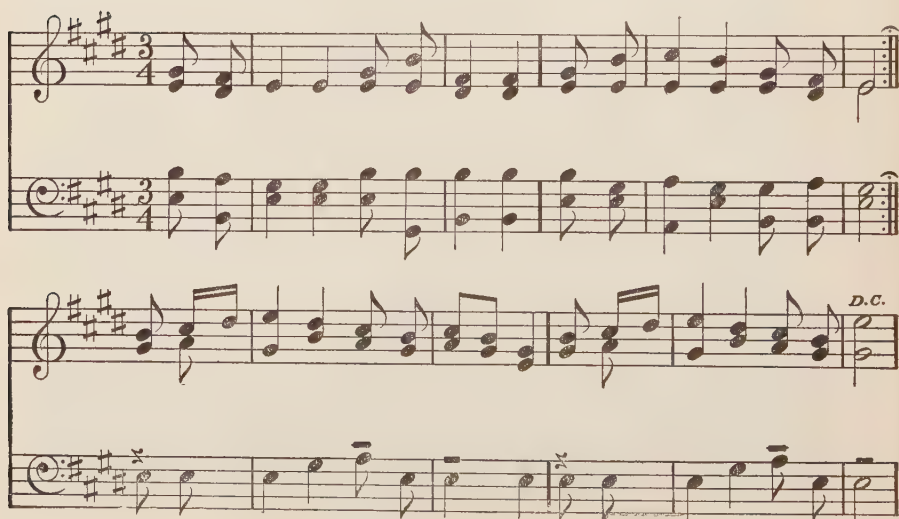
Washington's Farewell Address.

The True Story of Abraham Lincoln—*Elbridge S. Brooks.*

The Crisis—*Churchill.* (Fine portrayal of Lincoln's character)

Your Mission

Air: "Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing."



Program for Lincoln's Birthday, February 12

Song	Battle Hymn of the Republic
Quotations	
Recitation	Our Lincoln—A Tribute
Class Exercise	Our Flag
Acrostic	Lincoln
Reading	Little Blossom and President Lincoln
Song	Your Mission
Recitation	You're the Man
Recitation	Lincoln
Anecdotes of Lincoln	
Recitation	Lincoln's Gettysburg Address
Recitation	The National Flag
Song	The Red, White and Blue
Biography of Lincoln	
Recitation	Lincoln's Thoughts on the War
Lantern Drill	Beacon Lights
Reading	The Mother's Request
Song	Hail! Columbia
Exercise	Crowning Lincoln
Concert Recitation	Our Country
Recitation	Abraham Lincoln
Reading	The Flag and the Child
Recitation	When Lincoln Died
Exercise	Ten Dates in the Life of Lincoln
Song	The Star Spangled Banner (See page 64, October)

Quotations—Words of Lincoln

"Gold is good in its place; but living patriotic men are better than gold."

"God must like the common people or He would not have made so many."

"This country with its institutions belongs to the people who inhabit it."

"Let us have that faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it."

"The reasonable man has long since agreed that intemperance is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of all evils among mankind."

"The purposes of the Almighty are perfect and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail to accurately perceive them in advance."

"A nation may be said to consist of its territory, its people, and its laws."

"I believe this government cannot permanently endure half slave and half free."

Our Lincoln—A Tribute

Our gracious, manly Lincoln is as grand a figure in all that goes to the making of the lofty patriot and prevailing statesman, as Washington, the earlier champion of our liberties.

Abraham Lincoln had everything against him in his early days. Poverty, rudeness, ignorance cradled him. He was born in a prairie cabin that had not a window. He passed his boyhood without the privilege of even the poorest of country schools; but he prevailed. He emerged out of this nothingness into a character so strong and pure, so commanding and so winning, that a great nation, in the hour of its sore necessity, thankfully accepted him for its leader, loved him as its father, and, in the hour of his martyrdom, mourned him with a sorrow inconsolable, named him its saint, and wept amid the lamentations of humanity. No greater man has passed across this country than our steadfast, patient, loving Lincoln.

—*From Home, School and Nation.*

Our Flag—A Class Exercise

(For Six Children, each carrying a Flag)

First Child—

What does it mean, that pretty flag
With its stripes of crimson hue,
And just above them a group of stars,
White on a field of blue?

Second Child—

With the tramp of marching thousands
Shaking the fair green earth,
'Mid the smoke and roar of battle
The union had its birth.

Third Child—

And when we wanted an emblem
To carry in war and peace,
A flag to tell to the nations,
That the union never should cease,
We looked to the heavens above us,
To the stars in the fair blue skies,
And we copied the red from sunset clouds
In the west, when daylight dies.

Fourth Child—

The red of the stripes is an emblem of war,—
Defiance it speaks to our foes;
It tells of our courage, valor and truth,
Wherever this free flag goes.

Fifth Child—

The spotless white of the beautiful stars
Means purity, innocence, peace;
May these bind the group like a golden cord
Till time with its troubles shall cease.

Sixth Child—

An emblem of faith is the azure field,
Like the beautiful sky above;
It whispers God's promises ever are sure,
And tells of his boundless love.

All (moving flags forward)—

And now to the breezes our beautiful flag
Unfurl for the nations to view;
Let tyranny tremble and wrong hide away,
At the sight of its red, white and blue.

(Flags in left hand, and right hand
raised at side. At the words "to my
flag," extend the hand gracefully toward
the flag.)

All (Flag Salute)—

I pledge allegiance to my flag and the
republic for which it stands,—one nation
indivisible with justice and liberty for all.

Singing—"Our Flag"

(Tune: "Hold the Fort")

Oh, the flag of our own country,
Let it wave on high!
May the stars and stripes ne'er perish
And no foe come nigh.

Chorus—

Floating o'er the heads of freemen,
May it wave above;
O'er the homes we prize so dearly,
And the land we love.

Once it waved in time of bloodshed,
O'er the battle plain;
Now above a land united,
Free from slavery's stain.

May we ever love its colors,
Red and white and blue;
May we one and all prove faithful,
Faithful, kind and true.

Acrostic—Lincoln

Lincoln was the nation's defender.

I have often heard him called the Savior of his country.

Next to Washington, the father of our country, stands Lincoln our martyr president.

Come and listen to the stories we have to tell.

Of his honest, patient, unselfish devotion to his country.

Lincoln stands out on the pages of his country's history grand, unique and peculiar.

Never will the Nation forget how he preserved the Union.

All—(Each one names his letter then all pronounce)—

LINCOLN

We love to speak thy name
And thy great deeds proclaim
By valor won.
We love to gather here
To hold thy memory dear,
Thy glorious name revere,
Abraham Lincoln.

Little Blossom and President Lincoln

(Selection may be used as a Story or accompanied by a Tableau)

"Well, my little child," he said, in his pleasant, cheerful tone, "what do you want, so bright and early in the morning?"

"Bennie's life, please, sir," faltered Blossom.

"Bennie? Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh, yes;" and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. "I remember. I was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost for his culpable negligence."

"So my father said," replied Blossom, gravely; "but poor Bennie was so tired, and Jemmie so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jemmie's night, not his; but Jemmie was too tired, and Bennie never thought about himself, that he was tired, too."

"What is this you say, child? Come here; I do not understand," and the kind man caught eagerly, as ever, at what seemed to be a justification of an offense.

Blossom went to him; he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder, and turned up the pale, anxious face towards his. How tall he seemed! and he was President of the United States, too. But Blossom told her simple and straightforward story, and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read.

He read it carefully; then, taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines, and rang his bell.

Blossom heard this order given: "*Send this dispatch at once.*"

The President then turned to the girl and said "Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence, even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back, or—wait until tomorrow; Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir," said Blossom; and who shall doubt that God heard and registered the request.

Two days after this interview the young soldier came to the White House with his

little sister. He was called in the President's private room, and a strap fastened upon his shoulder. Mr. Lincoln then said: "The soldier that could carry a sick comrade's baggage, and die for the act so uncomplainingly, deserves well of his country." Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home. A crowd gathered at the Mill depot to welcome them back; and as Farmer Owen's hand grasped that of his boy, tears flowed down his cheeks, and he was heard to say fervently "The Lord be praised!"

—Selected.

Your Mission

(President Lincoln's Favorite Song)

(Tune: "Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing.")

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
||: As they launch their boats away: ||

If you are too weak to journey,
Up the mountain steep and high
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by,
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along,
Though they may forget the singer,
||: They will not forget the song: ||

If you have not gold or silver,
Ever ready to command,
If you cannot to the needy
Reach an ever open hand,
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
||: Sitting at the Saviour's feet: ||

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do,
When the battlefield is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
||: You can cover up the dead: ||

Do not then stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor,
||: You can find it everywhere: ||

You're the Man

Now who has done this greatest deed
Which History has ever known?
And who in Freedom's direst need
Became her bravest champion?
Who a whole Continent set free?
Who killed the curse and broke the ban
Which made a lie of liberty?
You, Father Abraham—you're the man!

The deed is done. Millions have yearned
To see the spear of Freedom cast.
The dragon roared and writhed and burned:
You've smote him full and square at last.
Oh, Great and True! You do not know—
You cannot tell—you cannot feel
How far through time your name must go,
Honored by all men, high or low,
Wherever Freedom's votaries kneel.

This wide world talks in many a tongue—
This world boasts many a noble state;
By all your praises will be sung—
In all, the great will call you great.
Freedom! Where'er that word is known—
On silent shore, by sounding sea,
'Mid millions, or in deserts lone—
Your noble name shall ever be.

The word is out, the deed is done,
The spear is cast, dread no delay;
When such a steed is fairly gone,
Fate never fails to find a way.
Hurrah! Hurrah! the track is clear,
We know your policy and plan,
We'll stand by you through every year;
Now, Father Abraham, you're our man
—Continental Magazine, 1862.

Lincoln

With life unsullied from his youth
He meekly took the ruler's rod,
And wielding it in love and truth
He lived, the noblest work of God.
He knew no fierce unbalanced zeal,
That spurns all human differings,
Nor craven fear that shuns the steel,
That carves the way to better things.

And in the night of blood and grief,
 When horror rested on the dark,
 His was the calm, undimmed belief
 That felt God's presence in the dark;
 Full well he knew each wandering star
 That once had decked the azure dome
 Would tremble through the clouds of War,
 And, like a prodigal, come home.

Oh, for the hosts that sleep today
 Lulled by the sound of Southern waves;
 The sun that lit them in the fray
 Now warms the flowers upon their graves;
 Sweet flowers that speak like words of love
 Between the forms of friend and foe,
 Perchance their spirits meet above,
 Who crossed their battle-blades below.

He perished ere the angel Peace
 Had rolled war's curtains from the sky,
 But he shall live when wars shall cease—
 The good and great can never die;
 For though his heart lies cold and still
 We feel its beatings warm and grand,
 And still his spirit pulses thrill
 Through all the councils of the land.

'Twas not in vain the deluge came,
 And systems crumbled in the gloom,
 And not in vain have sword and flame
 Robbed home and heart of life and gloom;
 The mourner's cross, the martyr's blood,
 Shall crown the world with holier rights,
 And slavery's storm, and slavery's flood,
 Leave freedom's ark on loftier heights.
 —James G. Clark.

Anecdotes of Lincoln

"I believe I'll sit down," said Stanton, "and give that man a piece of my mind."
 "Do so," said Lincoln; "write him now, while you have it on your mind. Make it sharp; cut him all up." Stanton did not need a second invitation. It was a bone crusher which he read to the president. "That's right," said Abe; "that's a good one." "Who can I get to send it by?" mused the secretary. "Send it!" replied Lincoln; "send it! Why, don't send it at all. Tear it up. You have freed your mind on the subject, and that is all that is necessary. Tear it up. You never want to send such letters; I never do."

All through life Mr. Lincoln tried to do right. To one client who had carefully related his case, Mr. Lincoln said: "Yes, there is no reasonable doubt that I can gain your case for you. I can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads; I can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children, and thereby get for you \$600, which rightfully belongs, it appears to me, as much to the woman and her children as it does to you. You must remember that some things that are legally right are not morally right. I shall not take your case, but will give you a little advice, for which I charge you nothing. You seem to be a sprightly, energetic man. I would advise you to try your hand at making \$600 some other way."

When Lincoln was a boy he borrowed a *Life of Washington*. In reading the book the thought came whether there was not some great work for him to do. Soon after, while he was playing noisily, an old woman asked him, "Now, Abe, what will you ever be good for if you keep a-goin' on in this way?" Abe thought a moment, then said, "Well, I reckon I'm goin' to be President of the United States one of these days!"

Lincoln, when a boy, it is supposed drew some of his fire of loyalty and love of country from Weems' *Life of Washington*, one of his favorite books. In 1842, when Lincoln was 33 years of age, he made this address:

"This is the one hundred and tenth anniversary of the birthday of Washington. We are met to celebrate this day. Washington is the mightiest name on earth—long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name a eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun, or glory to the name of Washington, is alike impossible. Let no one attempt it. In

solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked, deathless splendor, leave it shining on."

The soldiers who were bearing the heat and burden of the war always held a near place in his heart and sympathy. Upon one occasion, when he had just written a pardon for a young soldier who had been condemned by court martial to be shot for sleeping at his post as a sentinel, Mr. Lincoln remarked:

"I could not think of going into eternity with the blood of that poor young man on my skirts. It is not to be wondered at that a boy raised on a farm, probably in the habit of going to bed at dark, should, when required to watch, fall asleep; and I cannot consent to shoot him for such an act." The Rev. Newman Hall, in his funeral sermon upon Mr. Lincoln, said that this young soldier was found dead on the field of Fredericksburg with Mr. Lincoln's photograph next to his heart, on which he had inscribed, "God bless President Lincoln."

At another time there were twenty-four deserters sentenced to be shot, and the warrants for their execution were sent to the President to be signed. He refused, and the general of the division went to Washington to see Mr. Lincoln. At the interview he said to the President that unless these men were made an example of, the army itself would be in danger. Mercy to the few is cruelty to the many. But Mr. Lincoln replied: "There are already too many weeping widows in the United States. For God's sake don't ask me to add to the number, for I won't do it."

The wife of a rebel officer held as a prisoner of war, begged for the release of her husband, and to strengthen her appeal said that he was very religious. In granting the release of her husband, Mr. Lincoln said: "Tell your husband when you meet him that I am not much of a judge of religion, but that in my opinion the religion that set men to rebel and fight against their government because they think that government does not sufficiently help some men to eat their bread in the sweat of other men's faces, is not the sort of religion upon which men can get to heaven."

Lincoln's Gettysburg Address

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure.

We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather *to be dedicated* here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

The National Flag

There is the national flag! He must be cold, indeed, who can look upon its folds rippling in the breeze without pride of country. If he be in a foreign land, the flag is companionship and country itself with all its endearments. Who, as he sees it, can think of a state merely? Whose eyes once fastened upon its radiant trophies, can fail to recognize the image of the whole nation? It has been called a "floating piece of poetry," and yet I do not know if it have intrinsic beauty beyond other ensigns. Its highest beauty is in what it symbolizes. It is because it represents all, that all gaze at it with delight and reverence. It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air, but it speaks sublimely, and every part has a voice. Its stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen States to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars of white on a field of blue proclaim that union of States constituting our national constellation, which receives a new star with every new state. The two together signify union, past and present. The very colors have a language which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity, red for valor, blue for justice, and all together, bunting, stripes, stars and colors blazing in the sky, make the flag of our country—to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all of our hands.—*Charles Sumner.*

Lincoln's Thoughts on the War

If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him?

Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on, to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wound; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.—*Extract from Second Inaugural.*

Beacon Lights—A Lantern Drill

(Seven tiny lanterns are needed. They should be bright and clean and burn clearly.)

Boys enter to lively music and march in serpentine lines across stage again and again from back to front, from front to back, etc. Then they march in serpentine lines along stage from right to left, from left to right, and so on until they pause in front. Hold lanterns in right hands and sway bodies and lanterns toward the left, and vice-versa.

Bend bodies and hold lanterns near the floor. Hold lanterns in right hands and sway bodies and lanterns toward the left. Hold lanterns in left hands and sway bodies and

lanterns toward right. Extend right feet and right arms obliquely to the right. Hold lanterns as far out as possible in right hands. Swing lanterns to left until they can be transferred into left hands.

Extend left feet and arms obliquely to the left. Hold lanterns as far out as possible in left hands. Swing lanterns to right into right hands. Turn to rear of stage, backs toward audience. March to middle of stage. Hold lanterns as if searching, looking in front, to the right, to the left, sweeping around until audience is faced once more.

CONCERT RECITATION

(1) Seven little lanterns see,
Swinging, (2) swaying (3) merrily; (4)
(5) Whether traveling left or right,
Still each (6) wick is (7) burning bright (8).
Seven little lanterns (9) we
Hold aloft that all may see.
Just as many lights appear
As letters in a name most dear.
* L I N C O L N !
Hear us spell it once again:
† A B R A H A M
‡ L I N C O L N !
Unto Lincoln's (10) name today
Shall each lantern tribute pay. (11)

(1) Hold in front with right hands and swing until arms extend horizontally to the right. (2) Swing toward front. (3) Swing toward back. (4) Swing toward front. (5) Pass to left hands, extending left hands, by swinging horizontally to the left. (6) Swing toward back. (7) Swing toward front. (8) Swing toward back and then toward front and pass to right hands. (9) Hold lanterns high by grasping each side of handle. Use both hands. Middle boy holds directly in front. Three right boys stand a little toward right with eyes toward right. Left look left.

* Each one says his letter, and, as he speaks, brings lantern down and holds in right hand crooking the elbow so lantern is even with waist line.

† Each one says his letter, raising his lantern as high as he can.

‡ Each one says his letter and after he speaks places lantern at his feet.

(10) Hold lanterns high and far out with right hand.

(11) Place lanterns on floor. Middle boy directly in front; right, a little to the right; left, a little to the left.

INDIVIDUAL RECITATIONS

Honesty! (a) Yes, for that trait
Does this lantern shine,
Beaming true and strong and straight
For your road and mine.

Industry! (b) A cheery guide
Is each steady ray;
Such a lantern at the side
Gladdens every way.

Zeal! (c) A fitful flashing light
Strangely darts and gleams;
Yet do hope and faith and might
Run to meet its beams,

Kindness! (d) 'Tis a gentle flame.
 Warm its every glow,
 Sweetest light that we can name,
 Prettiest we know!

Patriotism! (e) Clear and fair
 Streams upon the path,
 Lo, this lantern everywhere
 Loyal followers hath.

Courage! (f) Sparkling, brilliant, free,
 Light of radiant red!
 O'er rough roads to victory
 Hath this lantern led.

Devotion! (g) Helpful, faithful, bright.
 Trusty lamp and tried!
 Still walks our nation 'neath the light
 Which it scattered wide. (h)

- a. Middle boy holds lantern high in both hands.
- b. Boy on right of middle boy holds lantern high in right hand.
- c. Boy on left of middle boy holds lantern high in left hand.
- d. Boy next to right end holds lantern high in right hand.
- e. Boy next to left end holds lantern high in left hand.
- f. Boy on right end holds lantern high in right hand.
- g. Boy on left end holds lantern high in left hand.
- h. Middle boy leads, still holding his lantern high by both hands; others fall in two by two behind him, taking hold of hands. They march to front, then around the stage to back, and pause in line.

Boys representing Honesty and Zeal step out, hold lanterns close together and high.

They march to the front, separate, march to back, meet, come to front together, and recite in concert, still holding lanterns high and close together.

Honesty, planning, and Zeal,
 Tempered each other for weal;
 Lincoln, the man who could *do*,
 Was Lincoln the just and the true.

They separate, march to back, meet, march to center of stage, let lanterns meet to form arch under which Devotion and Industry march to the front. They come forward, holding lanterns high and close together after coming single file through arch made by Honesty and Zeal's lanterns. They separate and march to back, come through the arch single file, and pause together in front with lanterns high and close together. They recite in concert while Honesty and Zeal put lanterns in right hands at side and step a little to the right and left respectively.

Industry and Devotion
 Placed the huge ships on life's ocean.
 O what rich cargoes were there,
 But cargoes for *others* to share.

Industry and Devotion separate, march to back, meet, march to center of stage, lanterns meet to form arch. They look at each other. Honesty and Zeal are at the right and left respectively, facing audience and swinging their lanterns in time to the music. Kindness, Courage, and Patriotism come through the arch, single file, march to front where Kindness stands while Courage and Patriotism march to back, meet,

march through the arch, come to front and pause, one on the right, the other on the left of Kindness. Industry and Devotion drop lanterns to right hands at sides.

Kindness, Courage and Patriotism recite together, holding lanterns high and close together.

*Courage, Kindness and Patriotism,
Scatter the light like a prism,
And make Lincoln's character shine
With a halo of beauty divine.*

All follow Kindness as he leads around the stage and out.

—Lettie Sterling in Primary Teacher.

The Mother's Request

A couple of aged, plain country people, poorly clad, but with frank, open countenances, were seated in the ante-room, waiting to see the President.

"Now is your time, dear," said the husband as the President dismissed the one preceding them. The lady stepped forward, made a low courtesy and said, "Mr. President."

Mr. Lincoln, looking over his spectacles, fixed those gray, piercing, yet mild, eyes upon her, then lifting his head and extending his hand, he said in the kindest tones:

"Well, good lady, what can I do for you?"

"Mr. President," she resumed, "I feel so embarrassed I can hardly speak. I never spoke to a president before; but I am a good Union woman down in Maryland, and my son is badly wounded and in the hospital, and I have been trying to get him out, but somehow couldn't, and they said I had better come right to you. When the war broke out I gave my son first to God, and then told him he might go and fight the rebels; and now, if you will let me take him home, I will nurse him up, and just as soon as he gets well enough, he shall go right back and help put down the rebellion. He is a good boy and don't want to shirk the service."

The tears gathered in Mr. Lincoln's eyes and his lips quivered as he replied:

"Yes, yes, God bless you! You shall have your son. What hospital did you say?" It seemed a relief to him to turn aside and write a few words, which he handed to the woman, saying "There, take that to the officer mentioned, and you will get your son, if he is able to go home with you."

Crowning Lincoln—Exercise

Four pupils march in, singing the following words to air, "America."

We march with hearts so true,
Our tributes we renew
To heroes dear;
Their lives we emulate,
We crown them good and great,
Each year we celebrate
Their lives so dear.

A pupil with a wreath of evergreens steps forward to the picture or bust of Lincoln.

O Lincoln! Great and wise, and good,
Our gratitude to thee is due;
A man beloved and understood,
So just, so loyal, and so true!

Struggling, striving, pushing onward,
Ever doing what seemed best;
Guarding, guiding, planning union,
Peace, and love, and rest.

So now our Lincoln I would crown
With evergreens so fair;
And may his name forever live,
Our love for him declare.

All (with school) repeat—

And ever anew our hearts shall love
His glorious deeds, his life, his name:
And ever anew our voices sing
In loyal praise our hero's fame.

—Selected.

Our Country
(A Concert Recitation)

Our country! whose eagle exults as he flies
In the splendor of noonday broad-breasting the skies,
That from ocean to ocean the land over-blown
By the winds and the shadows is liberty's own—
We hail thee, we crown thee! to East and to West,
God keep thee the purest, the noblest, the best,
While all thy domain with a people He fills
As free as thy winds, and as firm as thy hills.

Our country! bright region of plenty and peace,
Where the homeless find refuge, the burdened release,
Where manhood is king, and the stars as they roll
Whisper courage and hope to the lowliest soul—
We hail thee, we crown thee! to East and to West
God keep thee the purest, the noblest, the best,
While all thy domain with a people He fills
As free as thy winds, and as firm as thy hills.

Our country! whose story the angels record—
Fair dawn of that glorious day of the Lord
When men shall be brothers in love, like the sun,
Illumine the earth till the nations are one—
We hail thee, we crown thee! to East and to West
God keep thee the purest, the noblest, the best,
While all thy domain with a people He fills,
As free as thy winds, and as firm as thy hills.

—Proctor.

Abraham Lincoln

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier!
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,
His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please.
He went about his work,—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand,—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command.
So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And he lived to do it; four long-suffering years,
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,
The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood;
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,
A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest—
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest!

—Tom Taylor in London "Punch."

The Flag and the Child

I am going to tell you of something that happened to a child that I knew many years before most of you who read this were born.

A little girl—the child of American parents—was, by a series of unfortunate circumstances, taken from her home and kindred and placed in a foreign city.

No one loved her or cared whether she was cold or tired or hungry; nobody noticed that her garments were thin and worn. She might have asked for help, perhaps, but I think her misery had not only made her numb, but dumb.

It came to pass that one day some greater cruelty was inflicted upon her than had ever before been felt by this child. She managed to elude the watchfulness of her so-called “guardians” and ran away; where, she neither knew nor cared.

Her home had been in the outskirts of a small city, and toward the city she hurried as fast as her torn shoes could make their way over the ice-crustured roads.

No one heeded her. The people whom she met had all they could do to keep warm under their furs, woolens and stout boots. A thinly clad beggar was no unusual sight to them.

But the child's hands and feet were growing numb. Only her fear lest her tormentors should overtake her and carry her back to the miserable life she had left gave her courage to go on.

On the edge of this city lay a mighty body of water. It was not frozen. The child had heard that death came quickly to those who gave themselves into its keeping. She was a little child and had no one to love her.

She turned down a street that skirted the water's edge. Of afternoons very little business was done there, and on bitter days people closed their offices and went home early. The child heard this, and chose this particular street.

She had been taught in other days many truths. First and above all these two: To love God, and next her native land.

She had never forgotten to pray, and she believed that God lived above her up in the heaven the songs told of as beyond the sky and the golden lights of night.

She looked at the black water so very near her, and her heart took on fresh courage. Then she lifted her face upward. She said no words, but it was a prayer. God heard the silence and understood its language.

At this “evening time” He made it “light” for the ragged, outcast child; He sent her a “city of refuge,” a sheltered “mercy seat,” straight out of His Heaven.

Between the earth and the sky the child's eye beheld something that gave her life, hope, faith, trust, everything. It was a stretch of unfurled bunting. It bore stars of silver on an azure field, and there were stripes upon it of red and white.

Up to the pole she staggered, and reaching it knelt down and put her two arms as nearly about the wooden trunk as they could reach; then she laid her pinched face against it, as you children often lay your rosy cheeks against your mother's breast. And then she spoke; it was to the banner floating so far above her head that she said, “Oh, my flag, I am safe now! You will take care of me. I thought till I found you that I had no friend but death. Dear flag, I am a poor, friendless, little American girl.”

She was so cold, so faint and so happy that she never remembered how the American consul, by whose office door she had stopped, had watched her coming, and then had overheard her words.

She has never forgotten, through the long and happy life that has been hers since then, how by the power of her flag she was saved—how by the love of her flag she was cherished. I do not think the sunset ever comes but that she utters in her heart the prayer that the children repeat just before they say amen: "God bless the flag of our country."—*Selected from "Iowa Special Days."*

When Lincoln Died

When Lincoln died a universal grief
Went round the earth. Men loved him in that hour.
The North her leader lost; the South, her friend,
The nation lost its savior; and the slave
Lost his deliverer, the most of all.
O, there was sorrow 'mid the humble poor,
When Lincoln died.

When Lincoln died, a great soul passed from earth.
In him were strength and gentleness so mixed
That each upheld the other. He was firm
And yet was kind; as tender as a child,
And yet as iron-willed as Hercules.
His power was almost limitless, and yet
His mercy was as boundless as his power.
And he was jovial, laughter-loving, still
His heart was ever torn with suffering;
There was divine compassion in the man,
A God-like love and pity for his race.
The world saw the full measure of that love,
When Lincoln died.

When Lincoln died a type was lost to men.
The earth has had her conquerors and kings
And many of the common great, through all,
She only had one Lincoln. There are none
Like him in all the annals of the past.
He was the growth of our new soil; the child
Of our new time; he was American;
Was of the people, from the lowest rank,
And yet he scaled with ease the highest height.
Mankind one of its few immortals lost,
When Lincoln died.

When Lincoln died, it seemed a providence;
For he appeared as one sent for a work,
Whom, when that work was done, God summoned home.
He led a splendid fight for liberty,
And when the shackles fell, the land was saved,
He laid his armor by and sought his rest.
A glory sent from heaven covered him,
When Lincoln died.

—J. A. Edgerton.

Ten Dates in the Life of Lincoln

(Each child carries a bright card with dates, of tinsel, pasted upon them. Presents card to view as he recites.)

1809

In eighteen hundred and nine,
One February morn
In far away Kentucky
Abraham Lincoln was born.

1828

In eighteen hundred twenty-eight
The brave and active youth
Became a careful flatboatsman,
And pursued this trade with truth.

1831

In eighteen hundred thirty-one
As clerk in a country store,
He earned the name of "Honest Abe,"
Which clung to him evermore.

1832

In eighteen hundred thirty-two
He joined as volunteer,
And as captain in the Black Hawk War
He was loyal and knew no fear.

1834

In eighteen hundred thirty-four
He walked one hundred miles
To take his legislative seat.
We read his triumphs with smiles

1842

In eighteen hundred forty-two
This true son of the sod
Won for his own a lady fair,
Miss Mary Todd.

1858

In eighteen hundred fifty-eight
In a memorable debate
The "Little Giant" was defeated,
So histories relate.

1861

In eighteen hundred sixty-one
His country needed his care,
And called her trusted friend to fill
The presidential chair.

1862

In eighteen hundred sixty-two
Mr. Lincoln freed the slave,
And won for himself a crown of glory,
Which monuments his grave.

1864

In eighteen hundred sixty-four
Amidst the nation's grief
Our martyr president was laid to rest—
His great joy was brief.

Valentine's Day in the Schoolroom

Valentine's Day is frequently a trial to the teacher, coming, as it does, when there is so much historical work to be done which seems far more important. We may discourse as we please of our country, its heroes and its poets, but all to no avail while the valentine craze is on. If, however, we can so direct the universal interests in sending and receiving valentines as to lead our pupils to remember unpopular or neglected schoolmates the day will not be wasted. It is possible to so enter into the children's pleasures as to cultivate in some hearts in our child garden the beautiful blossoms of unselfishness and charity.

The first step in the celebration of the day is to tell the story of the man whose birthday is celebrated by the sending of valentines. The story of Saint Valentine will interest the children in any grade. There are different versions, but all agree in the accounts of self-denying service and of the written messages sent when old age or sickness made other help impossible. If this work seems to have no connection with the preparations for Lincoln's birthday, let the thought of kindness to humanity link together the stories of the great statesman and the humble monk. February twelfth and February fourteenth commemorate the birthdays of a great man, the greater because of his kindness, and of a humble man remembered because of his kindness.

Do not have a valentine box in the schoolroom, if it is to be a "put-in-as-you-please" exercise. Do not allow poor little neglected Mary and William, already sullen from poverty and fancied slights, to sit with empty hands and desks while popular and well-dressed children boast over their ten or fifteen valentines. There can be no greater hardening process than to allow part of the children to boast over their abundance while their schoolmates are suffering from neglect and disappointment. Let the children make valentines, in addition to those which they wish to buy, and lead the children to unite in plans so that every one in the room may get one or more valentines. As a special surprise to the pupils, on Valentine's Day the teacher should engage some one to impersonate the good Saint, and enter, at the close of the program, and distribute Valentines to all the children present.

PROGRAM

Song	- - - - -	A Valentine Song
Quotations	- - - - -	- - - - -
Story of Saint Valentine.	(May be read by a pupil, or told by the teacher.)	
Acrostic	- - - - -	Saint Valentine
Recitation	- - - - -	To My Valentine
Song	- - - - -	There's Music in the Air
Recitation	- - - - -	The Winter Woods
Recitation	- - - - -	St. Valentine's Valentine
Recitation	- - - - -	My Valentine
Concert Recitation	- - - - -	In February
Song	- - - - -	Haste Thee, Winter

Recitation	Katie's Hopes
Dialogue	Who'll Get a Valentine? (Two little girls)
Recitation	The Little Heart
Concert Recitation	The Shortest Month
Song	Coming Thro' the Rye
Recitation	Dick's Valentine
Reading	The Comic Valentine
Song	Saint Valentine

Arrival of Saint Valentine, who distributes Valentines

A Valentine Song

(Air: "Yankee Doodle")

This is the month of Valentine cheer
And pleasant memories bringing;
The month to all the children dear
To which their thoughts are clinging.
The month of merry Valentine joy
And loving gladsome greeting;
To the generous girl and boy
Its joys are never fleeting.

If we would sweetest pleasures know
And the true worth of living,
On others our kind thoughts bestow—
Think not of self-receiving.
So to February we will give
Our heartiest welcome ever,
And in our grateful memory'll live
The birthday of this lover.

Story of Saint Valentine

Long ago there lived a priest by the name of Valentine. This good man was noted in all the country round for his kindness. He nursed the sick, comforted the sorrowing, and was always ready to give help to any one who was in need. Valentine dearly loved the children, and those who went to him for food or clothes were never turned away. After this kind priest became too old to go about among his people he was very sad because he thought he could no longer be of any help to them. Then he remembered that he could write loving messages to the sick and sorrowing. Soon his friends began to watch for the kind words which were sure to come whenever sorrow or gladness entered their homes. Even the little children would say when they were sick, "I think Father Valentine will send me a letter today." But after a time no more letters were received, and the news went abroad that good old Valentine was dead. Then everyone said that such a kind man was good enough to be called a saint and from that day to this he has been known as Saint Valentine.

It was not long before people began to keep his birthday by sending loving messages to their friends. The notes and letters containing these messages were called Valentines.

This all happened years ago, but good Saint Valentine is still remembered, for every year we keep his birthday on the 14th of February.—*Selected.*

Acrostic—St. Valentine

(The children should carry bright heart-shaped cards with letters pasted upon them.)

S is for a good old Saint
Whom we all love to greet.

Though he comes in dreary weather,
We give him welcome sweet.

Voices ring with merry shout
When mail comes down the street,
And the children hurry out
With swiftly rushing feet.

Letters are scanned with anxious eyes
Valentine's seal to meet,

Everything else is cast aside
To get the precious treat.

Now the eager faces peep
Into the missives neat.

The little eyes dance with joy
As they read the dainty sheet.

Into the house they go again
Each one trying to beat.

"Now, mama, come and see what
The good Saint's sent to greet

Each one of us this happy day
Through all the snow and sleet."

To My Valentine

I know a bonnie Valentine,
Of dainty form and mien,
But all the gold the world could hold
Would buy it not, I ween.

Its face is soft and pink and white,
Adorned with roses red;
While crown of gold, bright to behold,
Rests lightly on its head.

A poem 'tis, of fourteen lines,
Each line a fleeting year,
Filled with sweet deeds for others' needs
And words of love and cheer.

Like other tokens of its kind,
A heart is hidden within it;
Sometimes 'tis sad, but oft'ner glad,
And merry as a linnet.

If you would know my Valentine,
And this my riddle guess,
Bend low your ear then, Gold-Locks dear,
'Tis you, I must confess!

There's Music in the Air

Moderato.

1. There's mu- sic in the air When the infant morn is nigh, And faint its blush is seen
2. There's mu- sic in the air When the noontide's sultry beam Reflects a gold-en light
3. There's mu- sic in the air When the twilight's gentle sigh Is lost on evening's breast,

CHORUS. 2d time *pp*

On the bright and laughing sky. Many a harp's ec- stat- ic sound With its thrill of
On the distant mountain stream: When be-neath some grateful shade, Sorrow's ach- ing
As its pensive beau-ties die. Then, oh, then the loved ones gone Wake the pure ce-

joy pro-found, While we list en-chant-ed there To the mu- sic in the air.
ead is laid, Sweet-ly to the spir-it there Comes the mu- sic in the air.
les-tial song, An- gel voi- ces greet us there In the mu- sic in the air.

The Winter Woods

The gum to the spruce is clinging,
The wintergreen peeps through the snow,
The pine cones are swaying and swinging,
And rattling down they go.

There's a play-house fit for a fairy
In the waterfall's icy cave,
There are silver feathers airy
By the little brook's frozen wave.

The rabbits are scampering gaily
On the crusty drift, pit-pat;
The woodpecker drums for us daily
His merry rat-tat-tat.

St. Valentine's Valentine

St. Valentine was breakfasting
One February day
And a little love stood waiting
With his coffee on a tray,
When some one pulled the door-bell
In a very startling way.

"Why bless me!" said the good old man,
" 'Tis most astonishing!
If I am not mistaken
That was the postman's ring,
For me to get a letter!
Who would think of such a thing!"

But sure enough, a Cupid
Looking wonderfully wise,
Came bringing on a salver
The unexpected prize,
Directed to "St. Valentine"
Was patent to all eyes.

The good saint took the letter
And spread it on his knees,
Then put his glasses on his nose
To read it with more ease,
While all the Cupids clustered round
As eager as you please.

"My dear St. Valentine, I think"—
The little note began,
"That you must be in all the world
The very nicest man,
To love so many boys and girls,
I don't see how you can.

"For no one seems to write to you,
Or thank you for the dear
Old messages and letters
You send us every year.—
And so, if you will let me,
I think I'd like to sign
Myself, with love and thanks to you,
Your little Valentine."

And from that day the dear old saint,
Forgotten though he be
By all the other boys and girls,
Lives on quite happily,
"For have I not the sweetest
For my Valentine!" says he.

—Selected.

My Valentine

(Little boy carrying a valentine which
he places in an envelope while speaking.)

The valentine I'm sending, says
"The one that I love best."
There's only one to give *that* to,—
Perhaps you may have guessed.

I'll send it with my dearest love
To you, dear mother mine,
To tell you that I'll always be
Your faithful Valentine.

In February

(Concert Recitation)

After all the winter chill,
Hearts with sudden gladness fill,
In February.

In the tints of morning skies
Dreams of coming flowers rise,
In February.

And a crowd of sparrows brings
Happy thoughts of absent wings,
In February.

Even shadows promise sweet
What the passing days complete,
In February.

Haste Thee Winter

Haste thee, winter, haste away,
Far too long has been thy stay.
¶Far too long thy winds have roared,
Snows have beat and rains have poured.¶

Haste thee, winter, haste away,
Let me feel the spring-tide ray;
¶Let the fields be green again,
Quickly end thy drear reign.¶

Haste thee, winter, haste away,
Let the spring come bright and gay;
¶Let the chilling breezes flee,
Weary winter haste from me.¶

Katie's Hopes

What will the post bring, mother,
 On the morning of Valentine's day,
 For Katie and baby brother
 As well as for big cousin May?
 She'll get a whole trayful, I know,
 Such beauties, all silver and gold,
 Like those she got twelve months ago;
 But then she's sixteen years old.

And I don't think I wish I was May,
 Because, somehow, she seems not to care
 One bit about Valentine's day;
 I wish it came ten times a year.

Oh! I know just how it will be;
 The post will come rather late,
 And there'll be a large letter for me,
 Addressed in print hand to "Miss Kate."

I shall break the great seal in a hurry,
 "What a beauty! do look!" I shall say,
 And then I shall wonder and worry
 To find out who sent it all day,
 And papa'll say it's not worth a penny,
 And laugh at our Valentine's show;
 But people who don't get any
 Always think they are silly, you know.

Who'll Get a Valentine

Belle—Oh, Mabel, I've bought the loveliest valentine! Who shall I send it to? There's Anna Blake. Now I'd like to give it to her, but she's sure to get at least a dozen others, and maybe I ought not to say it, but she *does* put on so many airs when she's got anything nicer than the rest.

Mabel—Yes, I know she does! I'm going to teach her a lesson. I've got a great valentine for her! It's a picture of a conceited young miss putting on airs and showing her valentines. It is a horrid looking thing!

Belle—Why, Mabel, you don't really mean to send Anna anything like that? You know she is so very tender-hearted. It will make her feel so bad, and she is really not a bad sort. Anna means all right; she doesn't think how it makes the neglected children feel when she makes such a spread with her valentines. Besides I think those comic valentines are so *vulgar*. You know what our teacher said the other day about Saint Valentine, and why we keep the day. The good old man never sent anything but kind, loving messages. My mamma says she thinks it must make him feel very bad to see the shocking things which are sent in his name every year.

Mabel—Ye-es, I suppose it does, but it is such fun.

Belle—For you, yes. But how do you suppose the other fellow feels. There's poor squint-eyed Billy Harris. Don't you think he feels bad enough, without getting a lot of mean valentines? Only two nice ones in the whole lot which he got last year! Why, he and his mother both cried. Mrs. Harris told mamma she just couldn't help it, poor little Harry felt so miserable, and took it all so to heart. Did you ever get an ugly valentine, Mabel?

Mabel—Yes, just once. That horrid Glenn Maxwell sent it!

Belle—I suppose you didn't like it?

Mabel—Well, I should say not! Who would?

Belle—Why, I thought you said a few moments ago that it was fun!

Mabel—Well, it was for *me*. I didn't think about the other parties. You're such a funny girl, Belle. You're always putting yourself in another's place.

Belle—Mamma says if more people would do that, there would be less "didn't thinks." I'll tell you what let's do, Mabel! Let's none of us school children send a valentine to Anna but instead give them to some poor little person who is not likely to be remembered; she'll get enough from her own special friends and relatives. I mean to send the nicest one I can get to Billy Harris, and another to that poor little hump-backed girl of Widow Malone's. What do you say?

Mabel—Capital! I've got ten pennies Uncle Harry gave me this morning. Come on, let's go and see how many pretty ones we can buy.

(Both race out.)

The Comic Valentine

With the little people the joys of Valentine day begin long before the fourteenth, so, on the very first day of February Miss Lilly was not at all surprised at the greeting she received from her children. "Oh Miss Lilly, Eddie's got a valentine! It's an awful funny one!"

"Have you, Eddie?" said Miss Lilly.

"Yes'm, I'll bring it to show you," and Eddie walked proudly to the front of the room.

Miss Lilly's heart sank as she looked. A partially intoxicated man was leaning against a bar, with a pig standing near him. However, according to her custom of exhibiting to the school any treasures brought from the children's homes, she held up the picture. Of course it was greeted with laughter.

"Do you like it?" she asked in a non-committal tone.

"Yes, Miss Lilly," came from all parts of the room.

"Why do you like it?"

"Because it's so funny."

"What is there funny about it?" said she, still striving to conceal her own feeling on the subject. There were a few voices for the pig, but the majority agreed that the man was the amusing part.

"Would you like that man for your father, Dannie?"

"No," said Dannie with a decidedly falling inflection.

"How many would like this man for their father?"

No hands were raised, and the children looked as if they were doubtful as to what Miss Lilly meant. With a note of surprise in her voice she went on: "Why wouldn't you like him for your father? You say he is funny, and I know that you like funny people."

Still more dubious looks, then after a short pause, five-year old Leola announced solemnly, "He's drunk."

"And you don't like men who are drunk," queried Miss Lilly.

Then the tongues were loosened. One little girl said: "Miss Lilly, I want to tell you something. Kitty Reilly's papa gets drunk and drives Kitty out of the house, and my mamma calls her into my house and gives her bread and molasses." As Kitty was not in this room it was safe to pursue the subject further.

"Children which would you rather have, a picture of Mr. Reilly driving Kitty out, or a picture of Dannie's mamma giving her some bread?"

Of course, Dannie's mamma has a unanimous vote. It was Miss Lilly's custom to pin up for a short time the pictures brought by the children, so now she said slowly, "Let me see. Where shall I put this? Where would you like it? Shall I fasten it up here between the White Cow and the Aurora?"

A breathless pause, and then came in a decided tone: "No, don't put it there. Don't put it up anywhere."

The teacher drew a long breath and took courage. "But you said you liked it," she said.

"I thought I did, but I don't any more," announced Della, and this seemed to be the prevailing sentiment.

"What shall I do with it? I wouldn't put it on my desk for anything."

"Tear it up and put it into the waste-basket," said Mikey, and again the teacher's heart rejoiced.

"I can't, it is not mine," said she.

"You can have it. You can do anything you want to with it," said the owner heroically. It was heroic. He did not have many pennies to spend.

"The pig is all right. You might cut him off," suggested Russel, so the pig was saved, but the man went to his own place.

"Was that the prettiest penny valentine they had at the store?"

"Oh my no, they have real lovely ones at Smith's," said Leola.

Her taste being of recognized value, Miss Lilly said, "I am going to send Leola over to Smith's to get the valentine she thinks is the prettiest. Get your hat, Leola, and here is your penny."

To be sure it was in school hours, but Miss Lilly believed with Artemus Ward that "Now is the present time." Calisthenics filled the three minutes till Leola returned. She brought a simple card with a fancy edge, a bird picture, and a verse.

"I thought I'd get a bird 'cause everybody likes them," said the little messenger.

Comments were in order, and then the teacher said, "When you are buying your valentines, if any of you should find one as pretty as this will you bring it and show it to me? I shall pin mine up on the wall, and leave it there till Valentine Day. When you bring yours, we will put them side by side."

The children were on their mettle at once. Of course they could find one as pretty as Leola's. Every day till the fourteenth came found the time before nine o'clock taken up with discussion and comparison of pleasing, not comic, valentines.

Miss Lilly looked at the clock. The time for the first and second number classes had passed. "Three threes are nine" must wait till another day. Perhaps they have gotten something better than three threes, she said to herself.—*Mary R. Atwater in Teacher's Institute.*

The Little Heart

A little Heart hid a thought of spite
Deep in his innocent white, away;
And it whispered when it knelt to pray,
"Nobody knows, for it's hid from sight."

But the little Heart lay wide awake,
And the silence spoke to it and said,
"O dear little Heart, the thought is red,
Like a danger sign for safety's sake."

The little Heart heard, but heeded not;
And it nursed the thought, and kept it
warm,—

Safe from the tempest of inward storm,—
And thought, "In the morn 'twill be for-
got."

But the blue sky wept; the sun was sad;
And the roses hung their dainty heads,
Dropping tears on the violet beds;
And the little Heart was far from glad.

So the ugly thought was thrown away,
And a lovely one came in its place,
Then smiles arose in each flower face—
The sun came out, and the Heart was gay.

—*Etta Wallace Miller.*

The Shortest Month

(A Concert Recitation)

Will winter never be over?
Will the dark days never go?
Must the buttercup and the clover
Be always hid under the snow?
Ah! lend me your little ear, love!
Hark! 'tis a beautiful thing,
The weariest month of the year, love,
Is shortest, and nearest the spring.

—*Mrs. Whitney.*

Dick's Valentine

A valentine for little Dick!

What can it be about?
He takes it from the postman's hand,
With joyous, ringing shout,
And up the stairs to mamma's room,
With steps so light and fleet,
With panting breath and nodding curls,
He climbs on restless feet.

Mamma beholds the dainty note

With wonder and surprise!
But is there not a little laugh
Of mischief in her eyes?
"Who sent it, mamma? Read it quick!
What does the writing say?
I didn't think St. Valentine
Would 'member *me* today!"

So mamma reads: "I send my love

To a little boy named Dick,
And should he guess who I may be,
He'll give me a kiss so quick!"
Then Dicky boy, he thought and thought,
And wondered "who can be
The buful vallytine which came
To a little chap like me?"

But if we chance to learn the truth

From mamma's rognish eyes,
We won't tell Dick, dear little boy,
And spoil his sweet surprise.
We'll keep your secret safe, mamma,
But how Dick's eyes would shine
If he only guessed how near he is
To his own true valentine!

—*Mary D. Brine.*

St. Valentine

(Tune "America.")

St. Valentine is coming
With his little sleigh.
Now don't you hear
The merry, merry bells.
While joy our hearts shall sway
We now a tribute pay
To him most true.

We love to speak his name
And his good deeds proclaim
By kindness won.
We love to gather here
To hold his memory dear,
His blessed name revere
Saint Valentine.

Miscellaneous Program for the Commemoration of Washington's Birth, February 22

Song	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ode to Washington
Quotations	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Words of Washington
Acrostic	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Washington
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Like Washington
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	'Tis Splendid to Live so Grandly
Song	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	A Brave Soldier
Exercise for Five Boys	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	I Would Tell
Tableau	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Playing Soldier
Concert Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	February 22
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	The Good Old Times
Song	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Washington's Christmas Party
Exercise	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	In Memory of Washington
Biography of Washington	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Crown Our Washington
Exercise	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Dates in Washington's Life
Song	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Once More We Celebrate
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	A High Resolve
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	The Boy Washington
Recitation (for a little girl)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Something Better
Anecdotes of Washington	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Washington
Exercise for ten children	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Washington Exercise
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	I'm the Little Red Stamp
Song	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mt. Vernon Bells

HINTS FOR DECORATION

Have a large portrait of Washington in a prominent place, draped with the national colors. Use flags and bunting for draping the walls and for festoons. Tiny flags, gilded pasteboard hatchets, rosettes of red, white and blue may be made by the small children for busy work, and occupy a prominent place in the room decorations. Appropriate mottoes may be placed about the room, and upon the blackboard. The Perry pictures descriptive of Washington and his life should occupy an important place. Suitable blackboard stencils and drawings should occupy considerable space.

Ode to Washington

(Air: "America.")

Welcome, thou festal morn!
 Never be passed in scorn
 Thy rising sun,
 Thou day forever bright
 With freedom's holy light
 That gave the world the sight
 Of Washington.

Now the true patriot see,
 The foremost of the free,
 The victory won.
 In freedom's presence bow
 While sweetly smiling now
 She wreathes the spotless brow
 Of Washington.

Quotations—Words of Washington

1. Peace with all the world is my sincere wish.
2. Good sense and honesty are qualities too rare and too precious not to merit particular esteem.
3. Knowledge is in every country the surest basis of public happiness.
4. Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all.
5. Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.
6. Associate yourself with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation, for 'tis better to be alone than in bad company.
7. I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, an honest man.
8. Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of others.
9. My eyes have grown dim in the service of my country, but I have never doubted her justice.
10. I require no guard but the affections of the people.

Acrostic--Washington

(Ten Children.)

(Each child is supplied with a white star, on which is a gilt letter. The stars are turned so that the letters are not visible to the audience. As each child recites, the star is turned and held up.)

W is for Warren, a soldier brave and bold.
 A is for General Arnold, a traitor, I am told.
 S is for General Schuyler, always foremost in the fight.
 H is for John Hancock, who stood firm for the right.
 I is Independence, for which our soldiers fought.
 N New York, a city, for which both armies sought.
 G is General Greene, a soldier of renown.
 T it stands for Trenton, an old historic town.
 O is for "Old Putnam," Washington's firm friend.
 N is for the Nation they both fought to defend.

The children stand for a moment and then repeat: "First in peace; first in war; first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Like Washington

(For a Boy.)

We're gathered here with one accord,
 The day to celebrate
 That gave the world a Washington,
 So wise, so good, and great.
 I love the name of Washington,
 And when of him I read,
 Oh, how I long to imitate
 Each noble thought and deed!
 But to this audience I'm quite sure
 It must be very plain
 That all my wishes to be wise
 As he will be in vain.

And as for greatness, this, my friends,
 I fear is sadly clear,
 To it there is one obstacle,
 And that, alas is here. (*Points to his forehead.*)

But though as wise, nor yet as great,
 I may not hope to be,
 Perhaps I may, by trying hard,
 Become as good as he.

Yes, boys, we must successful be,
 If working on this plan,
 For each of us I'm sure, can make
 A true and honest man.

—Selected.

'Tis Splendid to Live so Grandly

'Tis splendid to live so grandly
That, long after you are gone,
The things you did are remembered,
And recounted under the sun;
To live so bravely and purely,
That a nation stops on its way,
And once a year, with banner and drum,
Keeps the thoughts of your natal day.

'Tis splendid to have a record,
So white and free from stain
That, held to the light, it shows no blot,
Though tested and tried amain;
That age to age forever
Repeats its story of love,
And your birthday lives in a nation's heart
All other days above.

And this is Washington's glory,
A steadfast soul and true,
Who stood for his country's honor
When his country's days were few.
And now when its days are many,
And its flag of stars are flung
To the breeze in defiant challenge,
His name is on every tongue.

Yes, it's splendid to live so bravely,
To be so great and strong
That your memory is ever a tocsin
To rally the foes of the wrong;
To live so proudly and purely
That the people pause in their way,
And year by year, with banner and drum,
Keep the thoughts of your natal day.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

A Brave Soldier

(Tune: "Hold the Fort.")

Though we never may be soldiers
On the battlefield,
Though we may not carry banner,
Bayonet or shield;
Each man can be as true and valiant
Till life's work is done,
Each can be as brave a soldier
As George Washington.

There are mighty hosts of evil,
Armies great and strong,
Each can be a little soldier
Fighting all day long.
Let us ever fight them bravely,
Let us valiant be;
Fight the host of pride and envy,
Pride and cruelty.

—Normal Instructor.

I Would Tell

(For Five Boys)

First Boy—

I would tell of Washington
When he was a boy like me.
He learned his lessons well at school.
And always tried to keep the rule,
And if at work, or if at play,
He did his very best each day;
Was gentle, honest, brave, and true,
And loved by all his comrades, too,
When he was a boy like me.

Second Boy—

I would tell of Washington
When he was twenty-one—
How he journeyed through the wilderness
Ofttimes in peril and distress;
Yet never did his stout heart quail,
For he knew no such word as fail;
His dauntless courage even then
Showed him a leader among men,
When he was twenty-one.

Third Boy—

I would tell of Washington
In camp at Valley Forge.
When everything seemed dark and drear
And hope had given place to fear,
He stood alone unmoved and calm;
His very presence was like balm,
To soothe the suffering, rouse the faint;
He cheered each heart, stilled each complaint
In camp at Valley Forge.

Fourth Boy—

I would tell of Washington
After the war was o'er.
By one accord made president.
As towards the capital he went,
The streets were decked with banners gay,
And flowers were scattered in his way;
Gathered about his path the throng
Proclaimed him chief with shout and song
After the war was o'er.

Fifth Boy—

I would tell of Washington
When came life's peaceful close.
Where broad Potomac's waters flowed,
There he took up his last abode;
Respected, honored, loved, revered,
By countless friends his days were cheered
And when at length drew near the end,
The nation wept to lose a friend,
So came life's peaceful close.

—Selected.

February Twenty-Second

No country's had a hero
More steadfast, true and great
Than Washington; a captain
To guide the Ship of State.

With hand more strong and steady,
Or eye more true and keen—
Long live his name, his deathless fame,
His memory keep green.

In our love we set apart
His birthday every year,
With rev'rence tell the children
His history so dear.

—Selected.

The Good Old Times

When Washington was President,
He saw full many an icicle;
But never on a railroad went,
And never rode a bicycle.

He read by no electric lamp,
Nor heard about the Yellowstone;
He never licked a postage stamp,
And never saw a telephone.

His trousers ended at the knees;
By wire he could not send dispatch;
He filled his lamp with whale-oil grease,
And never had a match to scratch.

But in these days, it's come to pass,
All work is with such dashing done—
We've all those things; but then, alas!
We seem to have no Washington.

—R. J. Burdette.

Washington's Christmas Party

(Air: "Yankee Doodle")

Come, all who love a merry tale
With joke both true and hearty,
We'll tell you how George Washington
Once made a Christmas party.
Across the Delaware quite plain
The British flag was vaunted,
His troops ill-clad, the weather bad
And yet he was undaunted.

"Come boys," he said, "we'll go tonight
Across the raging river;
The troops will be at Christmas sports
And will suspect it never.
The Hessians all will keep this night
With games and feasting hearty;
We'll spoil their fun with sword and gun,
And take their Christmas party."

And so they row across the stream
Though storms and ice pursue them,
The fishermen from Marblehead
Knew just how to go through them.
Upon the farther shore they form
And then surround the city,
The Hessians all after their ball
Were sleeping, what a pity.

And when at last at call, to arms!
They tried to make a stand, sir,
They soon took fright and grounded arms
To Washington's small band, sir.
Across the stream they took that day,
One thousand Hessians hearty,
Their fun was spoiled, their tempers roiled
By this famous Christmas party.

In Memory of Washington

(This dialogue may be given by six pupils seated about a table upon which are a number of books. With the books open before them, each pupil may recite in a simple, natural manner, a brief quotation).

First Speaker—Well boys, busy as ever, I see. I suppose you are trying to find out all you can about Washington as our teacher requested. I should like to know what you have learned about him.

First Boy—I have found that

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time,

"Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's common main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

Second Boy—And I, that: "The best of all great men, and the greatest of all good men," was he of whom Horace B. Wallace said: "In moral qualities, the character of Washington is the most truly dignified that was ever presented to the respect and admiration of mankind." And Jefferson that, "He was, indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man."

Third Boy—The great Webster wrote: "America has furnished to the world the character of Washington! And if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind." His fame was not confined to his own country, and Frederick the Great sent him greeting as "The greatest general on earth."

Fourth Boy—Napoleon said, "Posterity will talk of him with reverence as the founder of a great empire, when my name shall be lost in the vortex of revolutions." And Charles James Fox said, "I cannot, indeed, help admiring the fortune of this great man." While Byron wrote,

"Washington's a watchword such as ne'er
Shall sink while there's an echo left to air."

Fifth Boy—James Russell Lowell sang his praise in these words:

"Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;
Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;
Not honored then or now because he wooed
The popular voice, but that he still withstood;
Broad-minded, higher-souled; there is but one
Who was all this, and ours, and all men's,
Washington."

Sixth Boy—And Whittier said:

"Thank God! the people's choice was just,
The one man equal to his trust,
Wise beyond lore, and without weakness, good,
Calm in the strength of fearless rectitude.
His rule of justice, order, peace,
Made possible the world's release;
Taught prince and serf that power is but a trust,
And rule, alone, which serves the ruled, is just;
That Freedom generous is, but strong
In hate of fraud and selfish wrong.

* * * * *

The winds of heaven should sing the praise of him
Our first and best! his ashes lie
Beneath his own Virginian sky."

And we all say with John Marshall we will ever remember "The Father of our country" as one who was,—

All—"First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

—*Emma Taylor in Popular Educator.*

Crown Our Washington

Arise—'tis the day of our Washington's glory,
The garlands uplift for our liberties won;
O sing in your gladness his echoing story,

Whose sword swept for freedom the fields of the sun,
 Not with gold, nor with gems,
 But with evergreens vernal,
 And the banner of stars that the continent span,
 Crown, crown we the chief of the heroes eternal,
 Who lifted his sword to the birthright of man!

He gave us a nation; to make it immortal
 He laid down for freedom the sword that he drew.
 And his faith leads us on through the up-lifting portal
 Of the glories of peace and our destinies new.
 Not with gold, or with gems,
 But with evergreens vernal,
 And the flag that the nations of liberty span,
 Crown, crown him the chief of the heroes eternal
 Who laid down his sword for the birthright of man!

Lead, Face of the Future, serene in thy beauty,
 Till o'er the dead heroes the peace star shall gleam,
 Till Right shall be Might in the counsels of duty,
 And the service of man be life's glory supreme!
 Not with gold, or with gems,
 But with evergreens vernal,
 And the flags that the nations in brotherhood span,
 Crown, crown we the chief of the heroes eternal,
 Whose honor was gained by his service to man!

O Spirit of Liberty, sweet are thy numbers!
 The winds to thy banners their tribute shall bring
 While rolls the Potomac where Washington slumbers,
 And his natal day comes with the angels of spring.
 We follow thy counsels,
 O hero eternal.
 To highest achievement the school leads the van,
 And crowning thy brow with the evergreen vernal
 We pledge thee our all to the service of man.

—Hezekiah Butlerworth

Washington's Life

(Recitation for five boys; each holds in his right hand a card with date, lifting it during his recitation.)

1732

In seventeen hundred and thirty-two
 George Washington was born;
 Truth, goodness, skill, and glory high,
 His whole life did adorn.

1775

In seventeen hundred and seventy-five,
 The chief command he took
 Of all the army in the State,
 Who ne'er his flag forsook.

1783

In seventeen hundred and eighty-three,
 Retired to private life,

He saw his much-loved country free
 From battle and from strife.

1789

In seventeen hundred and eighty-nine
 The country with one voice
 Proclaimed him president, to shine,
 Blessed by the people's choice.

1799

In seventeen hundred and ninety-nine
 The nation's tears were shed,
 To see the patriot life resign,
 And sleep among the dead.

All—

As "first in war, first in peace"
 As patriot, father, friend—
 He will be blessed till time shall cease,
 And earthly life shall end.

Once More We Celebrate

(Tune: "America.")

Once more we celebrate
 Birthday of him so great,
 So true and brave;
 Who struggled not in vain
 Liberty to attain,
 Breaking a tyrant's chain
 His land to save.

Bravely the patriot band
 Fought 'neath his sure command
 And freedom won;
 Honor those soldiers all
 Who did for freedom fall,
 Who followed at the call
 Of Washington.

While shines in Heaven the sun
 The name of Washington
 Shall glow with light;
 He feared no tyrant grand,
 But foremost in command
 Did like a mountain stand
 For cause of right.

A High Resolve

I think I'll be like Washington,
 As dignified and wise;
 Folks always say a boy can be
 A great man if he tries.

And then, perhaps, when I am old,
 People will celebrate
 The birthday of John Henry Jones,
 And I shall live in state.

Faithful boys make faithful men;
 I'll always do my best, and then
 I'll have a name, when I am old,
 Worth more to me than shining gold.

—Selected.

The Boy, Washington

Was Washington, in early youth,
 Like other boys, I wonder?
 I cannot think so, for I hear
 He never made a blunder.

He went to school like other boys,
 And sat upon the benches
 That were too high and that destroys
 The best of scholar's senses.

The schoolhouse was a building low,
 And in a meadow stood.
 'Twas called "the old field schoolhouse,"
 And beyond it was the wood.

And here the boy was sent to school,
 Who soon became a man
 To whom a nation could look up,
 And trust to him to plan.

In war and peace, by night and day,
 He steered the ship of state
 In safety through a dangerous way—
 This Washington the Great.

And so with joy we'll celebrate
 His birthday every year.
 Long live George Washington the Great!
 We shout with hearty cheer.

—Selected.

Something Better

(For a Little Girl.)

I cannot be a Washington,
 However hard I try,
 But into something I must grow
 As fast the days go by.
 The world needs women, good and true,
 I'm glad I can be one,
 For that is even better than
 To be a Washington.

—Clara J. Denton.

Anecdotes of Washington

Washington, one day, came across a small band of soldiers working very hard at raising some military works, under command of a pompous little officer, who was issuing his orders in a very peremptory style indeed.

Washington, seeing the very arduous task of the men, dismounted from his horse, lent a helping hand, perspiring freely, till the weight at which they were working was raised.

Then turning to the officer, he inquired why he, too, had not helped, and received the indignant reply, "Don't you know I'm the corporal?" "Ah, well," said Washington, "next time your men are raising so heavy a weight, send for your commander-in-chief," and he rode off, leaving the corporal dumbfounded.

After the surrender of Cornwallis in 1778, Washington proved his finer sentiments and delicacy of feeling by issuing the following request to his victorious soldiers:

"My brave fellows, let no sensation of satisfaction for the triumph you have gained induce you to insult your fallen enemy. Let no shouting, no clamorous huzzaing increase their mortification. It is sufficient that we witness their humiliation. Posterity will huzza for us."

(Note.—Have the pupils search their histories and other works at their command to obtain suitable anecdotes to add to this part of the program.)

Washington

- Upon the steep and lofty cliff of fame,
Above all others, stands one noble name;
A name which all the drenching storms of time
But serve to make more brilliant and sublime.
While other names, to all our country dear,
Will gleam like stars through every coming year,
Far brighter still, like noonday's golden sun,
Will shine for aye the name of Washington.

Upon a tow'ring pinnacle it stands,
With naught between it and the azure sky;
No space remains where other mortal hands
Can ever carve another name so high.
Though many in the future may be great,
And loved and honored by our mighty state,
Their brilliant names—yes, e'en the greatest one—
Must stand beneath the name of Washington.

A great invention, which perhaps cost years
Of patient, tireless thought, in time appears
So simple that we wonder, more and more,
Why 'twas not made a thousand years before.
The founding of our own colossal state
Was an invention which was doubly great;
Because 'twas first to follow Freedom's plan,
And stands unrivaled 'mongst the works of man.

What title could be given so grand, so great,
As Father of our own beloved state?
A state which in a century became
The marvel of the age in wealth and fame;
A state where Power and Liberty abide,
Like bosom friends, in concord side by side,
And Peace and Plenty dwell secure from harm
Of tyrant's power, or cruel war's alarm!

Although Virginia's son, she can not claim
Exclusive title to his wondrous name;
For 'tis our country's richest legacy,
Which by her father's will she holds in fee.
His fame is not confined to time or place
But is as wide as all the human race;
For every tribe and nation 'neath the sun
Revere the deathless name of Washington!

All hail to him, who by his saber's stroke,
The galling shackles from our country broke,
And who, refusing to be king in name,
Ranks high above the kings of widest fame!
Our noblest model both in war and peace,
The greatness of his name can but increase;
And when our nation's course at last is run,
Her grandest name will still be Washington!

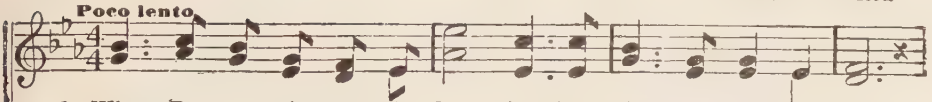
Mt. Vernon Bells


M. B. C. SLADE.

(Air: "Massa's in the Cold Ground")


STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER 1826-1864.

Poco lento

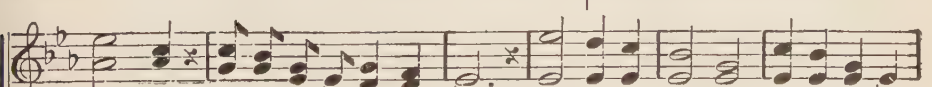
- 
1. Where Po - tomac's stream is flow - ing Vir - gin - ia's bor - der through;
 2. Long a - go the war-rior slum-bered; Our coun-try's Fa - ther slept;
 3. Sail, oh, ships, a - cross the bil - lows! And bear the sto - ry far,



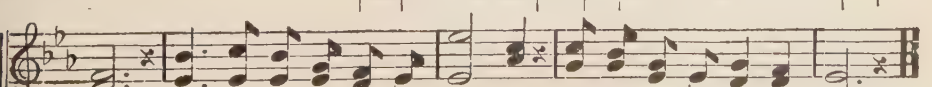
Where the white-sailed ships are go - ing, Sail - ing to the o - cean blue; Hushed the Long, among the an - gels numbered, They the he - ro - soul have kept. But the How He sleeps beneath the wil - lows, "First in peace, and first in war." Tell, while



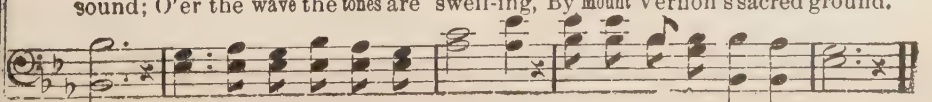
sound of mirth and sing - ing, Si - lent ev - ry one; While the solemn bells are children's children love him, And his name re - vere; So, where willows wave a - sweet adieus are swell - ing, Till you come a - gain, He within the hearts is



ring - ing By the tomb of Washing - ton. Tolling and knelling With a sad sweet bove him, Sweetly, still, his knell you hear. dwell - ing, Of his loving country - men.



sound; O'er the wave the tones are swell - ing, By Mount Vernon's sacred ground.



Washington Exercise

(A class of ten boys and girls with slips of paper written in their own hand, and this is what some of them say:)

This is the birthday of George Washington.

George Washington was our first President.

He loved our country.

He was brave, true and kind.

He was a great general.

He led the armies wisely in the Revolutionary war, and brought victory and freedom to our country.

George Washington's home was called Mount Vernon.

He left his pleasant home to fight for our country.

The people loved him and made him President.

We saw the Mount Vernon home at the World's Fair.

It was a house like the house of Washington and had many things in it once used by Washington.

George Washington planned our country's flag and had it made by Mrs. Betsy Ross of Philadelphia.

"I'm the Little Red Stamp"

(The boy who recites this verse may have a large postage stamp drawn with the right colors on manila paper, to hold before the audience.)

I'm the little red stamp with George Washington's picture;

And I go wherever I may,

To any spot in George Washington's land;

And I go by the shortest way.

And the guns of wrath would clear my path—

A thousand guns at need—

Of the hands that should dare to block my course

Or slacken my onward speed.

(Appropriate gestures here.)

Stand back! Hands off of Uncle Sam's mail!

Stand back there! back! I say;

For the little red stamp with George Washington's picture

Must have the right of way.

—Sam Walter Foss

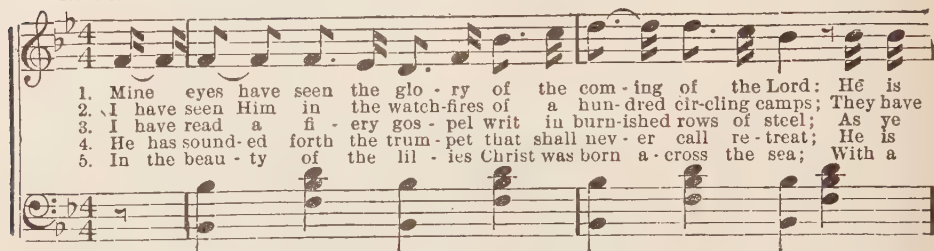
The following program is, for the most part, merely suggestive. Many of the selections for recitation will be found elsewhere in the book, while others are such old time favorites that it is believed each teacher will have them in his possession.

Song	A Psalm of Life
Quotations	
Biography of Longfellow	
Acrostic	Longfellow
Recitation	The Village Blacksmith
Song	It is not Always May
Recitation	The Wreck of the Hesperus
Reading	How Longfellow Wrote
Recitation	The Children's Hour
Exercise	Something About Longfellow. (12 children.)
Recitation	Paul Revere's Ride
Song	Skater's Song (See page 160, January)
Concert Recitation	The Ship of State
Recitation	Footsteps of Angels
Recitation	The Goblet of Life
Exercise	Excelsior. (For 8 children.)
Song	The Bridge
Concert Recitation	The Rainy Day
Recitation	The Old Clock on the Stairs
Longfellow Alphabet	By the School
Essay	Longfellow's Home Life
Tableau	Hiawatha and Minnehaha Before the Lodge of Old Nokomis
Song	The Curfew

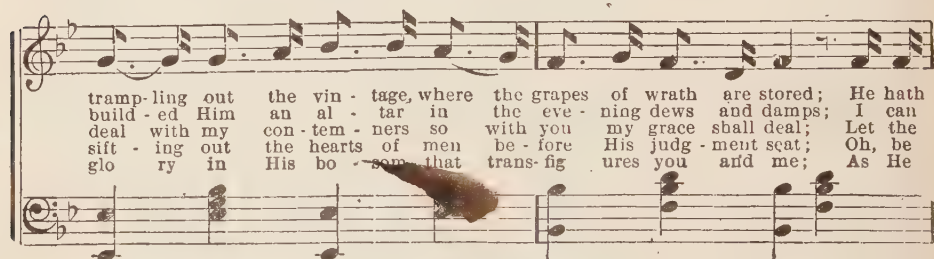
Battle Hymn of the Republic

MRS. S. G. HOWE.

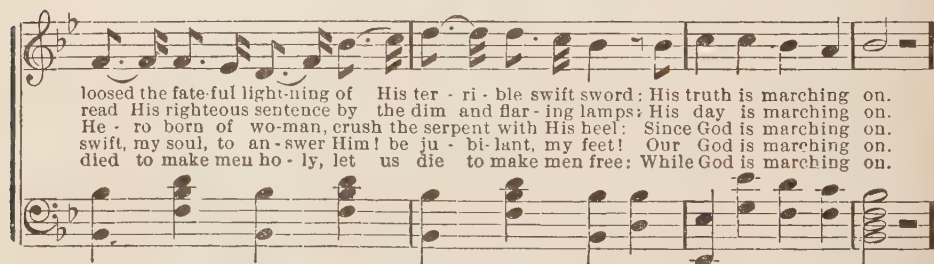
Air:—"Glory Hallelujah."



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord: He is
 2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have
 3. I have read a fi - ery gos - pel writ in burn - ished rows of steel; As ye
 4. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
 5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea; With a



tramp - ling out the vin - tage, where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
 deal with my con - tem - ners so with you my grace shall deal; Let the
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat; Oh, be
 glo - ry in His bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He

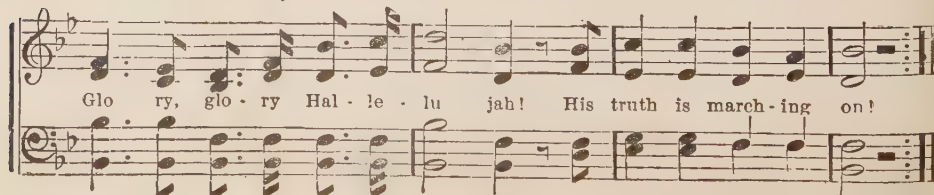


loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is march - ing on.
 read His righteous sentence by the dim and flar - ing lamps; His day is march - ing on.
 He - ro born of wo - man, crush the serpent with His heel; Since God is march - ing on.
 swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.
 died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free: While God is march - ing on.

CHORUS.



Glo - ry, glo - ry Hal - le - lu jah! Glo ry, glo - ry Hal - le - lu jah!



Glo ry, glo - ry Hal - le - lu jah! His truth is march - ing on!

• Hail, Columbia

1. Hail, Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hail, ye heroes! heav'n-born band! Who fought and bled in
 2. Im - mor - tal pa-triots! rise once more, Defend your rights, defend your shore; Let no rude foe with
 3. Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let Wash-ing-ton's great name Ring thro' the world with
 4. Be - hold the Chief who now commands, Once more to serve his country stands, The rock on which the

Freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in Free-dom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone, En-
 im - pious hand, Let no rude foe with im - pious hand, In - vade the shrine where sa-cred lies, Of
 loud ap-plause, Ring thro' the world with loud ap-plause; Let ev - ry clime to free-dom dear
 storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat; But armed in vir - tue, firm and true, His

joyed the peace your val - or won. Let in - de-pend-ence be our boast, Ev - er mind-ful
 toil and blood the well-earned prize. While off ring peace, sin-cere and just, In heav'n we place a
 Lis - ten with a joy - ful ear. With e - qual skill, with God - like pow'r, He gov-erns in the
 hopes are fixed on heav'n and you. When hope was sink-ing in dis-may, When gloom obscured Co-

CHORUS.
 what it cost; Ev - er grate-ful for the prize. Let its al - tar reach the skies.
 man-ly trust. That Truth and Justice will prevail, And ev'-ry scheme of bondage fail.
 fear-ful hour Of horrid war, or guides with ease The hap-pier times of non-est peace. } Firm, u - ni - ted.
 lumbia's day, His steady mind, from changes free, Resolved on death or lib - er - ty.

let us be, Rallying round our liberty; As a band of brothers joined. Peace and safety we shall find



^ The Village Blacksmith

Quotations

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

—*Psalm of Life.*

God is still God and
His faith shall not fail us;
Christ is eternal.

—*Tales of a Wayside Inn*

Love is sunshine, hate is shadow

—*Hiawatha.*

Let nothing disturb thee,
Nothing affright thee;
All things are passing,
God never changeth.

—*Santa Teresa's Book Mark.*

Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light;
It is daybreak everywhere.

—*The Bells of San Blas.*

Each man's chimney is his Golden Milestone;

Is the central point from which he measures every distance

Through the gateways of the world around him.

—*The Golden Milestone.*

Oh fear not in a world like this
And thou shalt know e'er long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

—*Santa Filomena.*

Longfellow—An Acrostic

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame.

Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.

God is not dead, nor doth he sleep:
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men.

For 'tis sweet to stammer one letter of the
Eternal's language:—on earth it is
called Forgiveness!

Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

Love is life, but hatred is death.
Let others traverse sea and land,
And toil through various climes,
I turn the world round with my hand,
Reading these poets' rhymes.

Out of the shadow of night
The world rolls into light.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

How Longfellow Wrote

Much has been written about Longfellow as a man, as a scholar, and as an author. We have been permitted to study his social and private life from the occasional glimpses given by his literary associates, but the story of how he came to write so many of his greatest poems has not been fully written. Stimulated by a keen desire to obtain some light upon this question, Hezekiah Butterworth wrote the poet a short time before he died, to give some account of the circumstances under which he wrote "The Bridge," which an English critic has called "the most sympathetic poem in the language." This resulted in an interview and subsequent inquiry, eliciting valuable information.

"The Bridge" was written at a time when a dark cloud hung over his head. His wife had died and his sorrow made him feel deeply for the loneliness of others. He used frequently to cross in the evening the bridge that spans the Charles River, on his way to Boston to see friends, and returned many times near midnight by the same way, and sometimes paused and looked down into the deep waters and meditated. "They rose or fell," said he, "among the wooden piers, and there was a great furnace on the

Brighton hills whose red light was reflected by the waves. It was on such a late solitary walk that the spirit of the poem came upon me."

"Excelsior" was written after receiving a letter from Charles Sumner, at Washington, full of lofty sentiments. In one of the sentences occurred the word "Excelsior." Longfellow dropped the letter and his eye fell on the suggestive word. He turned the letter over and wrote his poem on the blank page.

The "Wreck of the Hesperus" was written in the night. The poet had been reading an account of the loss of a part of the Gloucester fishing fleet in an autumn storm. He was unable to sleep on account of the impression it made on his mind and when he arose he said the poem came to him in whole stanzas.

The "Psalm of Life" was written when the author was a young man. It was on a bright summer's day, the trees were blooming, and he says, "I felt an impulse to write out my aim and purpose in the world. I wrote the poem and put it into my pocket. I wrote it for myself; and I did not intend it for publication. Some months afterward I was asked for a poem by a popular magazine. I copied it, sent it to the periodical; it saw the light, took wings and flew over the world."

"Hiawatha," took the world by surprise. Its form and manner were so unique that many critics thought the idea, form, and magic treatment had been borrowed from a Scandinavian saga. For a time it was thought this new star in the literary world was permanently eclipsed, but it soon appeared that it was possible for a Cambridge scholar and recluse to obtain the Indian traditions and suggestions from their vocabulary on which to build his poem. These essentials the poet obtained from Abraham LeFort, an Onondaga chieftain, who had furnished them to Schoolcraft, the historian. "One only has to read Schoolcraft, to whom the poet acknowledged his indebtedness, to see how this monument to the Indian race, their only great literary memorial, was builded."

Dr. Holmes called "Evangeline" Longfellow's masterpiece, and for the idea the poet was indebted to Hawthorne who told him the story of a young Acadian girl who was separated from her lover, and who spent the rest of her life searching for him. The peculiar hexameter verse, which has been both criticised and approved, and its sweet cadences caught the ear of the public and it took its undisputed place as a permanent contribution to our literature.

Longfellow was not always a brilliant conversationalist, but he was an eloquent listener. He was often absorbed in thought, and gathered from the conversation all he could carry away. In Annie Field's "Glimpses of Longfellow in Social Life," she quotes this from the diary of a friend: "However light the literature in which he indulges before going to bed, some chance thought may strike him as he goes up the stairs with the bedroom candle in his hand which will preclude all possibility of sleep until long after midnight."

Something About Longfellow

(For Twelve Children)

1. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807.
2. He has often been called "the poet of the home and the poet of the commonplace."
3. Longfellow was a great friend of James Russell Lowell, who was twelve years younger than he. They were near neighbors at Cambridge, Mass.; the homes of both overlooking the river Charles.

4. Longfellow and Lowell had many tastes in common; both studied law, but neither cared for it, and both felt that they could better succeed as poets.
5. The domestic lives of these dearly loved poets were singularly the same. They were both married early in life, and again at a later period.
6. On the death of Lowell's wife Mr. Longfellow showed the beautiful and cordial sympathy existing between them in his exquisite poem, "The Two Angels."
7. Mr. Longfellow received his numerous visitors in the library, but he did not like to write there. He had a small study upstairs.
8. His desk, with an arm chair beside it, stood close to a bright window overlooking the grassy slope beneath. You know how Longfellow used to romp with his children in this room when his day's work was done.
9. Longfellow's historic home was the same one in which Washington made his headquarters in the beginning of the Revolution. His children used the room, which Washington had occupied, for a nursery.
10. Mr. Longfellow wrote many poems against slavery.
11. He died March 29, 1882, at his home in Cambridge.
12. Father Time dealt lightly with him. He lived longer than the allotted three score years and ten, his head was crowned with silvery locks, but his heart remained young and he sang sweetly to the last.

Longfellow's Alphabet

(To be given by the pupils as the teacher calls the letters.)

All things come round to him who will but wait.
 Be still, sad heart! and cease repining; behind the clouds is the sun still shining.
 Childhood is the bough where slumber birds and blossoms many numbered.
 Death is the brother of love, but is more austere to behold.
 Each man's chimney is his golden milestone.
 Faith shineth like a morning star.
 Greater than anger is love.
 He that overcometh hath power o'er the nation.
 Intelligence and courtesy not always are combined, but often in a wooden house a golden room we find.
 Joy, temperance, and repose slam the door on the doctor's nose.
 Knowledge is power.
 Like unto ships far out at sea, outward or homeward bound are we.
 Make not thyself the judge of any man.
 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, is our destined end or way; but to act, that each tomorrow finds us further than today.
 Our lives are rivers gliding free to that unfathomed boundless sea—the silent grave.
 Patience is powerful.
 Quickened are they who touch the prophet's bones.
 Resolve and thou art free.
 Swiftly our pleasures pass away.
 'Tis always morning somewhere, and somewhere beyond the awakeing continents, from shore to shore, somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

Upon virtue and upon purity besetteth the Christian faith.

Victory belongs to the great.

With what a glory comes and goes the year.

'Xcelsior.

Ye are better than all the ballads that were ever sung or said, for ye are the living poems and all the rest are dead.

Zeal is a goddess fair.

Tableau—Hiawatha and Minnehaha Before Old Nokomis

Picture Hiawatha and Minnehaha nearing the lodge. Old Nokomis appears in the doorway to greet them. In the background several Indians may be lounging idly. Near at hand, a squaw may be busy preparing a meal. A voice behind the curtain should recite the following while the picture is being shown.

From the sky the sun benignant
Looked upon them through the branches,
Saying to them, "O my children,
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
Life is checkered shade and sunshine.
Rule by love, O Hiawatha!"
From the sky the moon looked at them,
Filled the lodge with mystic splendors,
Whispered to them, "O my children,
Day is restless, night is quiet,
Man imperious, woman feeble;
Half is mine, although I follow;
Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"
Thus it was they journeyed homeward;
Thus it was that Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis
Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,
Brought the sunshine of his people,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsome of all the women
In the land of the Dacotahs,
In the land of handsome women.

—From *The Song of Hiawatha*.

The Village Blacksmith

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,

With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies,
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

The Old Clock on the Stairs

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw.
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,—
“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

Halfway up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—
“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,

It echoes along the vacant hall,
 Along the ceiling, along the floor,
 And seems to say, at each chamber-door,—
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
 Through days of death and days of birth,
 Through every swift vicissitude
 Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
 And as if, like God, it all things saw,
 It calmly repeats those words of awe,—
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

In that mansion used to be
 Free-hearted Hospitality;
 His great fires up the chimney roared;
 The stranger feasted at his board;
 But, like the skeleton at the feast,
 That warning timepiece never ceased,—
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

There groups of merry children played,
 There youth and maidens dreaming strayed.
 O precious hours! O golden prime,
 And affluence of love and time!
 Even as a miser counts his gold,
 Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
 The bride came forth on her wedding night,
 There, in that silent room below,
 The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
 And in the hush that followed the prayer,
 Was heard the old clock on the stair,—
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

All are scattered now and fled,
 Some are married, some are dead;
 And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
 "Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
 As in the days long since gone by,
 The ancient timepiece makes reply,—
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

Never here, forever there,
 Where all parting, pain, and care,
 And death, and time shall disappear.—
 Forever there, but never here!
 The horologe of Eternity
 Sayeth this incessantly,—
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

The Belfry of Bruges

In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt, still it watches o'er the town.

As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I stood,
And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of widowhood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapors gray,
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys, here and there,
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished ghostlike into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild and high;
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,
With their strange, unearthly changes rang the melancholy chimes,

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in their choir;
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain;
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again;

All the Foresters of Flanders—mighty Baldwin Bras-de-Fer,
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy Philip, Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid that adorned those days of old;
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of Gold;

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies;
Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground;
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound;

And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a duke slept with the queen,
And the armed guard around them, and the sword unsheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold,
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold;

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods moving west,
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Dragon's nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror smote;
And again the wild alarm sounded from the tocsin's throat;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dike of sand,
"I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory in the land!"

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened city's roar
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their graves once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes; and, before I was aware,
Lo! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illumined square.

Excelsior

The shades of night were falling fast,
 As through an Alpine village passed
 A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
 A banner with the strange device,
 Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
 Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
 And like a silver clarion rung
 The accents of that unknown tongue,
 Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
 Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
 And from his lips escaped a groan,
 Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;
 "Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
 The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
 And loud that clarion voice replied,
 Excelsior!

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
 Thy weary head upon this breast!"
 A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
 But still he answered, with a sigh,
 Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
 Beware the awful avalanche!"
 This was the peasant's last Good-night,
 A voice replied, far up the height,
 Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
 The pious monks of Saint Bernard
 Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
 A voice cried through the startled air,
 Excelsior!

A traveller by the faithful hound,
 Half-buried in the snow was found,
 Still grasping in his hand of ice
 That banner with the strange device,
 Excelsior!

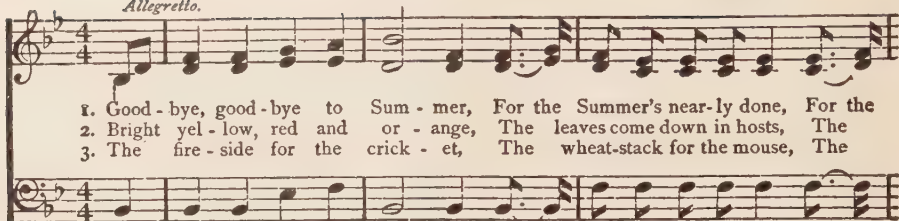
There in the twilight cold and gray,
 Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
 And from the sky, serene and far,
 A voice fell, like a falling star.
 Excelsior!

MARCH

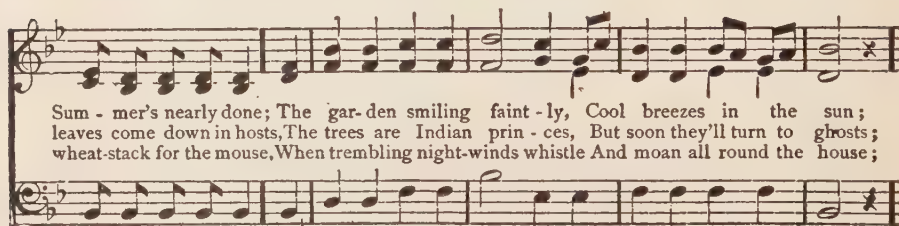
Robin Redbreast

Words by ALLINGHAM.
GERMAN AIR.

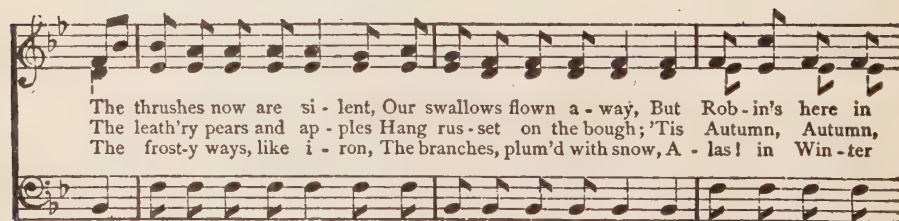
Allegretto.



1. Good - bye, good - bye to Sum - mer, For the Summer's near - ly done, For the
2. Bright yel - low, red and or - ange, The leaves come down in hosts, The
3. The fire - side for the crick - et, The wheat-stack for the mouse, The

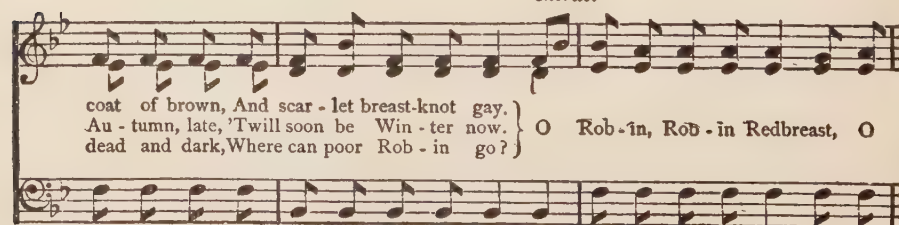


Sum - mer's nearly done; The gar - den smiling faint - ly, Cool breezes in the sun;
leaves come down in hosts, The trees are Indian prin - ces, But soon they'll turn to ghosts;
wheat-stack for the mouse, When trembling night-winds whistle And moan all round the house;

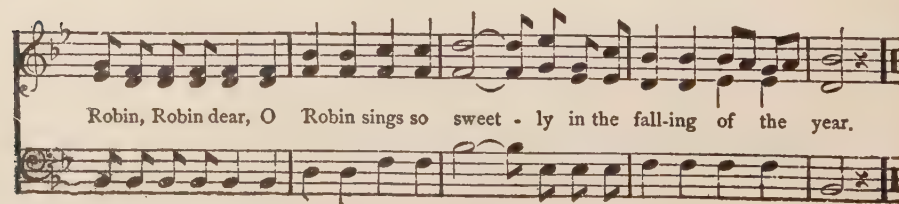


The thrushes now are si - lent, Our swallows flown a - way, But Rob - in's here in
The leath'ry pears and ap - ples Hang rus - set on the bough; 'Tis Autumn, Autumn,
The frost-y ways, like i - ron, The branches, plum'd with snow, A - las! in Win - ter

Chorus.



coat of brown, And scar - let breast-knot gay.
Au - tumn, late, 'Twill soon be Win - ter now. } O Rob - in, Rob - in Redbreast, O
dead and dark, Where can poor Rob - in go? }



Robin, Robin dear, O Robin sings so sweet - ly in the fall - ing of the year.

THE YEAR'S ENTERTAINMENTS

MARCH

Forest Trees

Children, have you seen the budding
Of the trees in the valleys low?
Have you watched it creeping, creeping
Up the mountain, soft and slow?
Weaving there a plush-like mantle,
Brownish, grayish, reddish, green,
Changing, changing, daily, hourly,
Till it smiles in emerald sheen?

Have you seen the Autumn frostings
Spreading all the leafage bright,
Frostings of the rarest color,
Red and yellow, dark and light?
Have you seen the glory painted
On the mountain, valley, hill,
When the landscape, all illumined,
Blazons forth his taste and skill?

Have you thought the resurrection
Seen in Nature year by year
Is a symbol of our rising
In a higher, holier sphere?
Children, ye are buds maturing;
Make your autumn rich and grand,
That your winter be a passage
Through the gates to Glory-land.
—*Mother Truth's Melodies.*

Memory Gems

"Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and
towers,
And groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in the grass and the
flowers."

"The snow is gone in the meadows,
The violets smile again;
The robins call in the tree top,
And gently falls the rain."

"Now the winter time is o'er,
And old March appears once more
Marching sturdily along,
While the wild winds pipe a song."

"The bluebird chants from the elm's long
branches,
A hymn to welcome the budding year.
The south wind wanders from field to forest.
And softly whispers, 'The Spring is
here.'"

"Whichever way the wind doth blow.
Some heart is glad to have it so,
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best."

"Every flower to a bird has confided
The joy of its blossoming birth--
'The wonders of its resurrection
From its grave in the frozen earth.'"

"The clouds are at play in the azure space
And the shadows at play in the bright
green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase
And there they roll on the easy gale."

"Now the days are full of music!
All the birds are back again;
In the tree tops, in the meadows,
In the woodlands, on the plain.
See them darting through the sunshine!
Hear them singing loud and clear!
How they love the busy springtime—
Sweetest time of all the year!"

"Like an army defeated,
The Snow hath retreated
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The plowboy is whooping anon-anon;
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing;
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone."

"After the winter, springtime,
The sunshine follows rain;
Tho' grief and sorrow chill us,
The heart grows warm again.
From earth to His glad heaven
God will His loved ones bring;
Still, after frosts and snowdrifts,
We hear the bluebirds sing."

"The brown buds thicken on the trees,
Unbound, the free streams sing,
As March leads forth across the seas
The wild and windy Spring.
Where in the field the melting snow
Leaves hollows warm and wet,
Ere many days will sweetly blow
The first blue violet."

Suggested Poems

(*For the Teacher's Reading and for Discussion with the Pupils.*)

The Voice of Spring—*Hemans*.

The Birth-Day of Spring—*Horace Smith*.

The Awakening Year—*Thomas Buchanan Read*.

The Notes of the Birds.

The Voice of the Grass—*Dr. Denman*.

For Picture Study

Spring—*Burne-Jones* (946).

Sparrows—*Laux* (3160).

Merry Awakening—*Munier* (3155).

Robin Redbreast—*Munier* (3156).

Spring—*Knaus* (820 C).

A Shower—*Laugee* (616).

The Sparrow's Song

I'm only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
My life is of little value,
But the dear Lord cares for me.

He gives me a coat of feathers;
It is very plain, I know,
Without a speck of crimson—
For it was not made for show.

But it keeps me warm in winter,
And it shields me from the rain;
Were it bordered with gold and purple,
Perhaps it would make me vain.

And now the springtime cometh,
I will build me a little nest,
With many a chirp of pleasure
In the spot I like the best.

I have no barn or storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap,
God gives me a sparrow's portion,
And never a seed to keep.

If my meat is sometimes scanty,
Clean picking makes it sweet;
I have always enough to feed me
And life is more than meat.

I know there are many sparrows—
All over the world they are found—
But our Heavenly Father knoweth
When one of them falls to the ground.
—*Selected.*

I Am the March Wind

I am the March Wind,
I'm a noisy fellow.
That my play is rough, alas, 'tis true,
You know that I blow to banish snow
And wake the birds and flowers, heigho!
I love to blow the boy's caps off,
And whirl them down the street,
And turn umbrellas wrong side out,
And raise a sandy sleet.
I blind the eyes of little girls,
And hide their red cheeks with dancing
curls.

March

Bold March! Wild March!
O! you saucy fellow!
Even though your voice is rough,
We know your heart is mellow.
Hush! You'll wake the children up,
They are sweetly sleeping,
Daffodil and Buttercup

Still are silence keeping.
Sing, then, low, softly blow,
Whisper sweetly, softly so.

There now. So now.
Listen to the clatter!
Pink Arbutus stirs in bed
And wonders what's the matter.
All the icy fleets set free,
Down the streams are rushing;
Toward the everlasting sea
Wildly, madly pushing.

Up hill, down dale,
Over moor and mountain;
Shout and sing, "Awake! 'Tis Spring!"
Burst forth, O laughing fountain!
Bend, tall elms, your graceful heads!
Swing low, O weeping willows!
Stretch, little blades of grass; for March
Has come to air your pillows!
—*Jane Jones.*

Waiting to Grow

Little white snow-drops, just waking up,
Violet, daisy and sweet buttercup;
Think of the flowers that are under the snow,
Waiting to grow!

And think of what hosts of queer little seeds
Of flowers and mosses, of ferns and of weeds,
Are under the leaves and under the snow
Waiting to grow!

Think of the roots getting ready to sprout,
Reaching their slender brown fingers about
Under the ice and the leaves and the snow.
Waiting to grow!

Only a month or a few weeks more,
Will they have to wait behind that door,
Listen and watch and wait below,
Waiting to grow!

Nothing so small and hidden so well,
That God will not find it, and presently tell
His sun where to shine, and his rain
where to go,
Helping them grow!

The Happy Spring Time

(An Exercise for Four Children)

First Child—

There's something in the air,
That's new and sweet and rare,—
A scent of summer things,
A whirr as if of wings.

Second Child—

There's something, too, that's new
In the color of the blue
That's in the morning sky
Before the sun is high.

Third Child—

And though on plain and hill
'Tis winter, winter still,
There's something seems to say,
That winter's had its day.

Fourth Child—

And all this changing tint,
This whisp'ring stir and hint
Of bud and bloom and wing
Is the coming of the Spring.

All—(Tune: "Sing a Song of Sixpence")

Sing a song of summer time
Coming by and by,
Four and twenty blackbirds
Sailing through the sky,
When the season opens
They'll all begin to sing,
And make the finest concert
Ever heard upon the wing.

When Robin Comes to Town

(Tune:—"Auld Lang Syne." Page 112)

When winter o'er the hills afar,
Has vanished from the land,
And glad and welcome signs of Spring
Are seen on every hand,
Then robin in his vest of red,
And sober suit of brown,
From out his sunny southern home,
Flies gaily into town.

The blossoms smile to hear him sing,
And see him build his nest;
For of all merry summer birds
Dear Robin, they love best.
He chirps and twitters at his work,
While skies forget to frown,
And all the world is glad and gay
When Robin lives in town.

The summer softly fades away
Into the winter drear,
Then Robin gayly sings, "good bye,
I'll come another year."
So when the woodland trees are bare,
And snowy flakes fall down;
In little suit of brown and red,
Dear Robin leaves the town.

A Laughing Chorus

Oh, such a commotion under the ground
When March called, "Ho, there! ho!"
Such spreading of rootlets far and wide,
Such whispering to and fro;
And "Are you ready?" the Snowdrop asked,
"'Tis time to start, you know."
"Almost, my dear," the Scilla replied;
"I'll follow as soon as you go."
Then "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came
Of laughter soft and low,
From the millions of flowers under the ground—
Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

"I'll promise my blossoms," the Crocus said,
"When I hear the bluebirds sing."
And straight thereafter, Narcissus cried,
"My silver and gold I'll bring."
"And ere they are dulled," another spoke,
"The Hyacinth bells shall ring."
And the Violet only murmured, "I'm here,"
And sweet grew the air of spring.
Then "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came
Of laughter soft and low,
From the millions of flowers under the ground—
Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

Oh, the pretty brave things! through the coldest days,
Imprisoned in walls of brown,
They never lost heart though the blast shrieked loud,
And the sleet and the hail came down,

But patiently each wrought her beautiful dress,
 Or fashioned her beautiful crown;
 And now they are coming to brighten the world,
 Still shadowed by Winter's frown;
 And well may they cheerily laugh, "Ha! ha!"
 In a chorus soft and low,
 The millions of flowers hid under the ground—
 Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

I Listen to the Voice of God

While blades are breaking through the sod;
 Amid the greening dells and hills
 I listen to the voice of God.
 The earth has passed beneath the rod,
 And vales are musical with rills,
 While blades are breaking through the sod.

A sound of wondrous joy abroad
 Forth issues from a thousand hills;
 I listen to the voice of God.
 I walk with joy where late I trod,
 'Mid snows and rains and wintry chills;
 While blades are breaking through the sod.

Oft, when in weariness I plod
 Life's highway, bowed 'neath aches and ills,
 I listen to the voice of God.
 Reviving glory from the clod
 My soul with dreams of rapture fills,
 While blades are breaking through the sod
 I listen to the voice of God.

—D. J. Donahoe.

Winter and Spring

Old Winter sat alone in his hut. It was a cold, little hut, and it stood beside a frozen river.

The winds were howling and shrieking, and the flowers had hid themselves away in the earth.

Even the big round sun had crept away toward the South, for he did not like Old Winter and the North.

One morning Old Winter heard a gentle tap at his door; a soft perfume came in upon the air.

"Ah! you have come, good Springtime," Old Winter said.

"Come in, the Red Children will be glad that you have come. Sit down and let us talk together.

"I shall have to creep away to my own home very soon, now that you have come. You have never seen my home. It is very beautiful, I think, and it is white and shining. The waters have a beautiful roof over them. It is smooth, and one can see the river underneath sometimes, and when the sun looks upon it, it shines like silver."

"Of course, it is beautiful," said the Spring, "but I like mine better. There is no sparkling snow there; but we have sparkling waters. There are green leaves on the trees and the fields are full of flowers. When the soft wind comes, then the waters dance, and the grasses bend before it."

"But I have great power," Old Winter said, "for when I breathe the rivers and the

whole earth harden. If I shake my long white locks of hair, then the earth is covered with glistening snowflakes. The leaves drop from the trees and the flowers disappear."

"I, too, have power," said the Spring. "My voice is not very loud, but when I whisper, all the trees and the flowers hear me, though they are fast asleep. When I breathe the grasses spring up and all the flowers burst forth to greet me. I shake my golden hair, and soft shadows fall upon the earth. The raindrops help the flowers and grasses to come out into the sunlight; and the hearts of the Red Children are full of joy."

But already the sun had begun to creep back towards the North. He thought he heard the voice of Spring and was coming to see. He felt the softness in the air, and he smelled the sweetness.

The birds, too, thought they heard the voice of Spring, so they came and perched upon the roof of old Winter's hut.

The rivers, too, had heard their names called; and already they were beginning to dance and sparkle.

There was a sweet odor, like new grass, in the hut; then Old Winter began to grow very still. "I am sleepy," he said.

By and by the water dripped from his long, white hair, he grew very, very small and very weak, until at last no sign of Winter was left; and on the floor of the hut where he sat, sprang up a beautiful pink flower.

"It is a Spring Beauty!" the Red Children say, and when they see it they rejoice, for they know that Old Winter has crept away to his home, and that Spring has come to dwell in his place.—*Dorothy Brooks in Stories of the Red Children.*

The Pussy Willow

Perhaps you may think, because I am buttoned
And folded and wrapped in my little cloak so,
That I always dress this way in all sorts of weather,
With never a frill or a ruffle to show.

But it's only because I have come out so early,
That only Jack Frost and the winds are astir,
They're hard on the dresses, but under my wrappings
Is my pretty new party dress hidden with fur.

You'll see if you come to Miss April's spring party,
It's airy and dainty, a beautiful dress!
Jack Frost's not invited—he's a jolly good playmate
But he's rather too rough for a party, I guess.

—Selected.

The Children in the Rain

Out in the rain, with wind-kissed cheeks,
Mabel, and Bessie, and Little Boy Blue
Were making a world of water and earth
Planned like the maps in the books they knew.

A mimic ocean was hollowed out,
Where winding rivers and brooks might flow;
Ranges of mountains stretched by the sea,
And islands dotted the bay below.

"The rivers are running too fast!" cried Bess,
 "Our ships will be ruined, what shall we do?"
 "Bring heaps of dirt from the old sand bank
 And make a dam," said Little Boy Blue.

In to dinner went laughing Bess;
 Boy Blue and Mabel followed her call;
 The rain poured down in a torrent wild,
 And away went dams and ships and all!

Islands and capes were washed away,
 The whole world was wrapped in a raging flood,
 And when, next morning, the sun came out,
 A desert stretched where their ocean stood.

—Selected.

Talking in Their Sleep

"You think I am dead,"
 The apple tree said,
 "Because I have never a leaf to show—
 Because I stoop,
 And my branches droop,
 And the dull gray mosses over me grow!
 But I'm all alive in trunk and shoot;
 The buds of next May
 I fold away,
 But I pity the withered grass at my root."

"You think I am dead,"
 The quick grass said,
 "Because I have parted with stem and blade?
 But under the ground
 I am safe and sound
 With the snow's thick blanket over me laid,
 I'm all alive and ready to shoot,
 Should the spring of the year
 Come dancing here—
 But I pity the flower without branch or
 root."

"You think I am dead,"
 A soft voice said,
 "Because not a branch or root I own!
 I never have died,
 But close I hide,
 In a plummy seed that the wind has sown,
 Patient I wait through the long winter
 hours;
 You will see me again—
 I shall laugh at you then,
 Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."
 Selected.

In the Bright Springtime

In the bright springtime,
 On an old apple tree,
 Came a fair little blossom
 And whispered to me,
 "Rosy and white and dainty am I,

An apple I'll be some day by-and-by"
 I watched it and loved it;
 The bees loved it too,
 'Twas full of sweet honey;
 Its whisper came true,
 "Dainty and fair and rosy am I,
 An apple I'll be some day by-and-by"
 —Selected

Messengers of Spring

(For Four Children)

First Child—

I can hear the robin singing
 Out upon his leafy swing,
 And it seems that he is saying,
 "I'm a messenger of Spring."

Second Child—

Look! I see the sun ascending,
 Bringing life to every thing,—
 Each reviving shaft of sunshine
 Is a messenger of Spring.

Third Child—

In the woods amid the mosses,
 Violets and cowslips cling,
 And the tender wild wind-flowers—
 Lovely messengers of Spring.

Fourth Child—

In the trees the sap is running,
 And the leafing branches sing,
 As the buds come from their cradles—
 "We are messengers of Spring!"

All—

Oh, the world is full of beauty;
 It forgets the winter's sting,
 And it revels in the promise
 Of the messengers of Spring.
 —Susie M. Best.

The March Wind

(Tune: "My Bonnie." Page 242)

"Ha! ha!" said the March Wind one morning,

"I'll have a big frolic today;
I'll toss and I'll heap in a tumble
All things that I find in my way.

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

All things that I find in my way, ha! ha!

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

All things that I find in my way."

Men's hats and boys' caps were sent flying.

Girls' bonnets, too, tossed all about,
While March Wind laughed louder and louder,

That jolly old rogue wild and stout,

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

That jolly old rogue wild and stout, ha! ha!

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

That jolly old rogue wild and stout.

He swept through the country and city,

Confusion prevailing the while;
Then, breathless and silent, subsided

When April came out with a smile.

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

When April came out with a smile, ha! ha!

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Glad April came out with a smile.

The Spring of the Year

(Concert Recitation)

The robins are singing,

Green grasses are springing,

The bluebird's sweet song you may hear;

The south wind is blowing,

No more we'll have snowing,

Because 'tis the spring of the year.

The brooklets are flowing,

The daffodils blowing,

The skies now are blue and clear;

The birds are all nesting,

The earth has done resting,

Because 'tis the spring of the year.

Spring Heralded

Oh! the sunshine told the bluebird

And the bluebird told the brook,

That the dandelions were peeping

From the woodland's sheltered nook;

So the brook was blithe and happy,

And it babbled all the way

As it ran to tell the river

Of the coming of the May.

Then the river told the meadow

And the meadow told the bee,

That the tender buds were swelling

On the old horse-chestnut tree;

And the bee shook off its torpor,

And it spread each gauzy wing

As it flew to tell the flowers

Of the coming of the spring.

Then each flower told its neighbor

And each neighbor told its friend,

That the stormy days were over

And the winter at an end;

While the blue sky smiled above them

And the birds began to sing—

And the land grew bright with gladness

At the coming of the spring.

—S. Q. Lapius.

Robin's Return

Robin on the tilting bough,

Redbreast rover, tell me how

You the weary time have passed

Since we saw and heard you last.

"In a green and pleasant land,

By a summer sea-breeze fanned,

Orange trees with fruit are bent,—

There the weary time I've spent."

Robin, rover, there, no doubt,

Your best music you poured out;

Piping to a stranger's ear,

You forgot your lovers here.

"Little lady, on my word,

You do wrong a true-hearted bird!

Not one ditty did I sing,

'Mong the leaves or on the wing,

"In the sun or in the rain;

Stranger's ears would list in vain,

If I ever tried a note,

Something rose up in my throat.

"'Twas because my heart was true

To the North and springtime new;

My mind's eye, a nest could see

In yon old forked apple tree!"

—Edith Thomas.

NOTE.—It is said that the robin does not sing during its winter stay in the South.

What March Does

In the dark of her chamber low
 March works sweeter things than mortals know.
 Her noiseless looms ply on with busy care,
 Weaving the fine cloth that the flowers wear;
 She sews the seams in violet's purple hood,
 And paints the sweet arbutus of the wood.

Out of a bit of sky's delicious blue
 She fashions hyacinths and harebells, too;
 And from a sunbeam makes a cowslip fair
 Or spins a gown for a daffodil to wear.
 She pulls the cover from the crocus beds
 And bids the sleepers lift their drowsy heads.

"Come early risers; come Anemone,
 My pale windflower, awake, awake," calls she.
 "The world expects you, and your lovers wait
 To give you welcome at Spring's open gate."
 She marshals the close armies of the grass,
 And polishes their green blades as they pass.

And all the blossoms of the fruit trees sweet
 Are piled in rosy shells about her feet.
 Within her great alembic she distills
 The dainty odor which each flower fills.
 Nor does she ever give to Mignonette
 The perfume that belongs to violet.
 Nature does well whatever task she tries.
 Because obedient,—there the secret lies.

—May Riley Smith.

The Tendril's Faith

Under the snow in the dark and cold
 A pale little tendril was humming;
 Sweetly it sang 'neath the frozen mold
 Of the beautiful days that were coming.

"How foolish your songs," said a lump of
 clay,

"What is there, I ask, to prove them?
 Just look at these walls between you and
 the day—

How can you have power to remove
 them?"

But under the ice and under the snow

The pale little sprout kept singing,
 "I cannot tell how, but I know, I know—
 I know what the days are bringing;

"Birds and blossoms and buzzing bees,
 Blue, blue skies above me;

Bloom on the meadow and buds on the trees,
 And the great, glad sun to love me."

Then a pebble spoke up "You are quite
 absurd."

It said, "with your song's insistence,
 For I never saw a tree or a bird,
 So of course there are none in existence."

But "I know, I know," the tendril cried
 In beautiful, sweet unreason,
 Till, lo, from its prison, glorified,
 It burst in the glad spring season.
 —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The Little Word That Was Lost

I lost a very little word
 Only the other day;
 A very naughty little word
 I had not meant to say.
 If only it were really lost,
 I should not mind a bit;
 I think I should deserve a prize
 For really losing it.

For if no one could ever find
 Again that little word,
 So that no more from any lips
 Could it be ever heard,
 I'm sure we all of us should say
 That it was something fine
 With such completeness to have lost
 That naughty word of mine.

But then it wasn't really lost
 When from my lips it flew;

My little brother picked it up,
 And now he says it, too.
 Mamma said that the worst would be
 I could not get it back;
 But the worst of it now seems to me,
 I'm always on its track.

Mamma is sad; papa looks grieved;
 Johnny has said it twice;
 Of course it is no use for me
 To tell him it's not nice.
 When you lose other things, they're lost;
 But lose a naughty word,

And for every time 'twas heard before
 Now twenty times 'tis heard.

If it were only really lost!
 Oh, then I should be glad
 I let it fall so carelessly
 The day that I got mad.
 Lose other things, you never seem
 To come upon their track;
 But lose a naughty little word,
 It's always coming back.

—*Alice W. Rollins in Wide Awake.*

Ring the Bells of Springtime

(Air: "Ring the Bells of Heaven")

Ring the bells of springtime, ring them far and near,
 Let their silv'ry chiming fill the air;
 Ring your sweetest changes, every blossom, dear,
 Birds the happy chorus seem to share.

Chorus—

Ring, ring, hear the blue bells ring;
 Sing, sing, hear the robin sing.
 Ring the bells of springtime, ring them far and near,
 Welcome, welcome, sunrise of the year.

Ring the bells of springtime, ring them far and near,
 Winds, their golden trumpets gently blow;
 Brooks in dashing measure run the octaves clear;
 Bees, the alto, sweet, are humming low.

Ring the bells of springtime, ring them far and near,
 Let their tender notes peal on and on.
 'Tis an Easter Anthem,—'Past is winter drear,
 Lo, the rain is over now and gone!'

—*Alice Allen.*

My Bonnie

Andante
Dolce.

1. My Bon - nie is o - ver the o - cean, My Bon - nie is o - ver the
2. Oh! blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, And blow, ye winds, o - ver the
3. Last night as I lay on my pil - low, Last night as I lay on my
4. The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean, The winds have blown o - ver the

sea; My Bon - nie is o - ver the o - cean, Oh! bring back my
sea; Oh! blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, And bring back my
bed, Last night as I lay on my pil - low, I dreamed that my
sea; The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean, And brought back my

p Chorus. *cres.*

Bon - nie to me. Bring back, bring back, Bring back my Bon - nie to
Bon - nie to me. Bring back, bring back, Bring back my Bon - nie to
Bon - nie was dead. Bring back, bring back, Bring back my Bon - nie to
Bon - nie to me. Bring back, bring back, Bring back my Bon - nie to

p *f*

me, to me, Bring back, bring back, Oh! bring back my Bon - nie to me.

"Slow are the steps of Freedom, but her feet
Turn never backward; hers no bloody glare;
Her light is calm, and innocent, and sweet,
And where it enters there is no despair."

"She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise;
For nought that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemed in her eyes."

"Get but the truth once uttered, and 'tis like
A star new born, that drops into its place."

"Wrong ever builds on quicksands, but the Right
To the firm center lays its moveless base."

"Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free."

"They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

Lowell—An Acrostic

Lo, before us gleam Truth's campfires; we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea
Nor attempt the Future's portals with the Past's blood-rusted key.

—*The Present Crisis.*

"O rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whitens, soft white hands."

"Who speaks the truth stabs Falsehood to the heart,
And his mere word makes despots tremble more
Than ever Brutus with his dagger could."

Evil springs up, and flowers, and bears no seed,
And feeds the green earth with its swift decay,
Leaving it richer for the growth of truth;
But good once put in action or in thought,
Like a strong oak, doth from its boughs shed down
The ripe germs of a forest.

—*Prometheus*

"Let sleek statesmen temporize;
Palsied are their shifts and lies
When they meet your bloodshot eyes,
Grim and old;
Policy you set at naught,
In their traps you'll not be caught,
You're too honest to be bought,
Hunger and Cold!"

"Low aim is crime
Greatly begin! though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime."

The First Snowfall

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

The Heritage

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
 The bank may break, the factory burn,
 A breath may burst his bubble shares,
 And soft white hands could hardly earn
 A living that would serve his turn;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
 His stomach craves for dainty fare;
 With sated heart he hears the pants
 Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
 And wearies in his easy chair;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
 Stout muscle and a sinewy heart.
 A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
 King of two hands, he does his part
 In every useful toil and art;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
 Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
 A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,
 Content that from employment springs,
 A heart that in his labor sings;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
 A patience learned by being poor;
 Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it;
 A fellow-feeling that is sure
 To make the outcast bless his door;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil
 That with all other level stands;
 Large charity doth never soil,
 But only whitens, soft white hands;
 This is the best crop from thy lands,—
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
 There is worse weariness than thine
 In merely being rich and great:
 Toil only gives the soul to shine,
 And makes rest fragrant and benign,—
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
 Are equal in the earth at last;
 Both, children of the same great God,
 Prove title to your heirship vast
 By record of a well-filled past,—
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Well worth a life to hold in fee.

The Present Crisis

When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of Time.

* * * * *

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

* * * * *

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

We see dimly in the Present what is small and what is great,
Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of fate,
But the soul is still oracular; amid the market's din,
List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic cave within,—
"They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin."

* * * * *

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes,—they were souls that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious stone,
Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's supreme design.

By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns not back,
And these mounts of anguish number how each generation learned
One new word of that grand Credo which in prophet-hearts hath burned
Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to heaven upturned.

For Humanity sweeps onward: where today the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers' graves,
Worshippers of light ancestral make the present light a crime;—
Was the Mayflower launched by cowards, steered by men behind their time?
Turn those tracks toward Past or Future, that make Plymouth Rock sublime.

They were men of present valor, stalwart old iconoclasts,
Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all virtue was the Past's;
But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that hath made us free,
Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while our tender spirits flee
The rude grasp of that great Impulse which drove them across the sea.

They have rights who dare maintain them, we are traitors to our sires,
Smothering in their holy ashes Freedom's new-lit altar-fires;
Shall we make their creed our jailer? Shall we, in our haste to slay,
From the tombs of the old prophets steal the funeral lamps away
To light up the martyr-fagots round the prophets of today?

New occasions teach new duties ; Time makes ancient good uncouth ;
 They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth ;
 Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires ! we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
 Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
 Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

Lines About Lowell

(For Ten Children)

1. James Russell Lowell was born February 22, 1819, at Cambridge, Mass.
2. He is called "Our most cosmopolitan poet."
3. Mr. Lowell was refined, elegant in deportment, kind and courteous toward all.
4. He readily won the love and confidence of all who knew him.
5. Mr. Lowell served his country as United States Minister to Spain, and afterward at the court of St. James.
6. He was a life-long friend of Longfellow, and their home life was very similar.
7. His first volume of poems, "A Year's Life," was published in 1841.
8. Of all our American poets, Lowell demands the most careful study.
9. Like Longfellow, he devoted a great deal of his time to writings on slavery.
10. He died at his home, Elmwood, August 12, 1891.

The Fatherland

Where is the true man's fatherland ?
 Is it where he by chance is born ?
 Doth not the free-winged spirit scorn
 In such pent borders to be spanned ?
 Oh yes ! his fatherland must be
 As the blue heavens wide and free !

Is it alone where freedom is,
 Where God is God and man is man ?
 Doth he not claim a broader span
 For the soul's love of home than this ?
 Oh yes ! his fatherland must be
 As the blue heavens wide and free !

Where'er a human heart doth wear
 Joy's myrtle wreath, or sorrow's gyves,
 Where'er a human spirit strives
 After a life more pure and fair,
 There is the true man's birthplace grand !
 His is a world-wide fatherland !

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
 Where'er one man may help another—
 Thank God for such a birthright, brother !
 That spot of earth is thine and mine ;
 There is the true man's birthplace grand !
 His is a world-wide fatherland !

Concert Recitation

"No man is born into the world whose work
 Is not born with him ; there is always work
 And tools to work, withal, for those who will ;
 And blessed are the horny hands of toil !"

Juanita

SPANISH MELODY,
Words by MRS. NORTON.

mf

1. Soft o'er the fountain, Ling'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the mountain
2. When in thy dreaming, Moons like these shall shine a-gain, And daylight beaming,

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re-lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh,

Slower. *A tempo.*

Wea-ry looks, yet ten-der, Speak their fond fare-well! *mf* Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! *
In thy heart con-sent-ing To a prayer gone by? Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!

Tenderly. rit.

Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin-ger by thy side! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride!

* Wah-ne-ta.

The Courtin'

Zekie crep' up quite unbeknown,
 An' peeked in thru' the winder,
 An' there sot Huld' all alone,
 'Tth no one nigh to hender.

Agin' the chimbl' crook-necks hung,
 An' in amongst 'em rusted
 The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
 Fetched back from Concord busted.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
 Towards the pootiest, bless her!
 An' leetle flames danced all about
 The chiny on the dresser.

The very room, cos she wuz in,
 Seemed warm frum floor to ceilin',
 An' she looked full ez rosy agin
 Ez the apples she wuz peelin'.

She heerd a foot, an' knowed it tu,
 A raspin' on the scraper,—
 All ways to once her feelin's flew
 Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
 Some doubtfe o' the sekle;
 His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
 But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yet she gin her cheer a jerk
 Ez though she wished him furdur,
 An' on her apples kep' to work,
 Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
 "Wal, no; I come dasignin'—"
 "To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
 Agin tomorrow's i'nin'."

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
 Then stood a spell on t'other,
 An' on which one he felt the wust
 He couldn't ha' told ye, nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin;"
 Says she, "Think likely, Mister;"
 The last word pricked him like a pin,
 An'—wal, he up and kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
 Huld' sot pale ez ashes,
 All kind o' smily roun' the lips
 An' teary roun' the lashes.

Then her red come back like the tide
 Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
 An' all I know is they was cried
 In meetin', come nex' Sunday.

—James Russell Lowell.

Lincoln

Such was he, our Martyr Chief,
 Whom late the Nation he had led,
 With ashes on her head,
 Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
 Forgive me, if from present things I turn
 To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
 And hang my wreath on his well-honoured urn.
 Nature, they say, doth dote,
 And cannot make a man
 Save on some worn out plan,
 Repeating us byr ote:
 For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
 And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
 Of the unexhausted West,
 With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
 Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true
 How beautiful to see
 Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
 Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
 One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
 Not lured by any cheat of birth,
 But by his clear-grained human worth,
 And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
 They knew that outward grace is dust;
 They could not choose but trust
 In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
 And supple-tempered will

'That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
 His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
 Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
 A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
 Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
 Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
 Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
 Nothing of Europe here,
 Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
 Ere any names of Serf and Peer
 Could Nature's equal scheme deface
 And thwart her genial will;
 Here was a type of the true elder race,
 And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
 I praise him not; it were too late;
 And some innative weakness there must be
 In him who condescends to victory
 Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
 Safe in himself as in a fate.
 So always firmly he:
 He knew to bide his time,
 And can his fame abide,
 Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
 Till the wise years decide.
 Great captains, with their guns and drums,
 Disturb our judgment for the hour,
 But at last silence comes;
 These are all gone, and, standing like a tower,
 Our children shall behold his fame,
 The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
 Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
 New birth of our new soil, the first American.

—*From Commemoration Ode.*

To the Dandelion

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
 Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
 First pledge of blithesome May,
 Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
 High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
 An Eldorado in the grass have found,
 Which not the rich earth's ample round
 May match in wealth, thou art more dear to me
 Than all the prouder Summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
 Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
 Nor wrinkled the lean brow
 Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
 'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
 To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
 Though most hearts never understand
 To take it at God's value, but pass by
 The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
 To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
 The eyes thou gavest me
 Are in the heart, and heed not space or time:

Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
 Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment
 In the white illy's breezy tent,
 His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
 From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass,—
 Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
 Where, as the breezes pass,
 The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways,—
 Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
 Or whiten in the wind,—of waters blue
 That from the distance sparkle through
 Some woodland gap, and of a sky above
 Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
 The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
 Who from the dark old tree
 Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
 And I, secure in childish piety,
 Listened as if I heard an angel sing
 With news from Heaven, which he could bring
 Fresh everyday to my untainted ears,
 When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

Thou art the type of those meek charities
 Which make up half the nobleness of life,
 Those cheap delights the wise
 Pluck from the dusty wayside of earth's strife;
 Words of frank cheer, glances of friendly eyes,
 Love's smallest coin, which yet to some may give
 The morsel that may keep alive
 A starving heart, and teach it to behold
 Some glimpse of God where all before was cold.

Thy winged seeds whereof the winds take care,
 Are like the words of poet and of sage
 Which through the free heaven fare,
 And, now unheeded, in another age
 Take root and to the gladdened future bear
 That witness which the present would not heed,
 Bringing forth many a thought and deed,
 And, planted safely in the eternal sky,
 Bloom into stars which earth is guided by.

Full of deep love thou art, yet not more full
 Than all thy common brethren of the ground,
 Wherein, were we not dull,
 Some words of highest wisdom might be found;
 Yet earnest faith from day to day may cull
 Some syllables, which, rightly joined, can make
 A spell to soothe life's bitterest ache,
 And ope Heaven's portals, which are near us still,
 Yea, nearer ever than the gates of ill.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
 When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
 Thou teachest me to deem
 More sacredly of every human heart,
 Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam

Of Heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

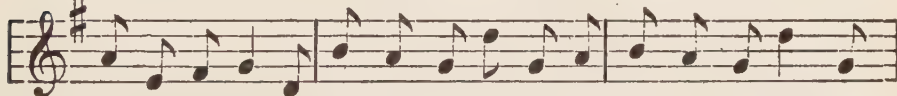
But let me read thy lesson right or no,
Of one good gift from thee my heart is sure;
Old I shall never grow
While thou each year dost come to keep me pure
With legends of my childhood. Ah, we owe
Well more than half life's holiness to these
Nature's first lowly influences,
At thought of which the heart's glad doors burst ope,
In dreariest days, to welcome peace and hope.

The Bluebird

ROTE SONG.



1. I know the song that the blue-bird is sing-ing, Up in the ap-ple-tree.

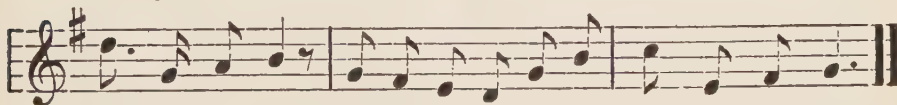


where he is swinging. Brave lit-tle fel-low! the skies may look drear-y,

CHORUS.



Noth-ing cares he while his heart is so cheer-y. "Daf-fo-dills! daf-fo-dills!



Say, do you hear? Sum-mer is com-ing and spring-time is here!"

Hark! how the music leaps out of his throat;
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple-tree swinging and swaying.

Chorus.

"Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark! while I sing you a message of cheer!
Summer is coming and springtime is here."

Chorus.

Concert Recitation

"A little of thy steadfastness
 Rounded with leafy gracefulness,
 Old oak, give me—
 That the world's blast may round me blow,
 And I yield gently to and fro.
 While my stout-hearted trunk below,
 And firm set roots unshaken be."

—*Lowell.*

Vacation is Coming

(Tune: "Coming Thro' the Rye")

Oh, vacation now is coming,
 With its song and cheer.

Flowers on hillsides waiting
 For this time so dear.

Chorus—

And with hearts so light and happy,
 And with songs so gay,
 With the birds and bees we'll wander
 To the woods away.

Gathering flowers from the hillside,
 Thinking of the love
 That is shown through these sweet flowers
 By our God above.

—*Bertha M. Vanderpool.*

Coming Thro' the Rye

ROBERT BURNS.

Lively.

1. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' thro' the rye, 7
 2. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' frae the town, 7
 3. Among the train there is a swain I dear-ly love my-sel' But

If a bod-y kiss a bod-y, Need a bod-y cry?
 If a bod-y greet a bod-y, Need a bod-y frown?
 what's his name, or where's his name, I din-na choose to tell.

CHORUS.

Ev-'ry las-sie has her lad-die, Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet

a' the lads they smile on me, When com-in' thro' the rye.

Selections for a Labor Program

Labor Day occurs as a legal holiday in nearly all the States on the first Tuesday in September. This is too early in the year to find many schools in session, or at any rate too early to prepare a program for the occasion; but a Friday afternoon later in the year may well be devoted to promoting inspiration and respect for labor. It may be called a "Labor Program" or an "Industrial Exercise," if it is not desired to associate it with Labor Day.

A Scripture Lesson on Work

(Teacher should ask the questions; pupils answer by numbers.)

What was the divine command to the first man? "In the sweat of thy brow shall thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground."—Gen. 3: 19.

What is the divine proportion of work and rest? "Six days shalt thou work, but on the seventh thou shalt rest."—Ex. 34: 21.

What command was given to the early Christians? "That ye study—to do your own business, and to work with your own hands."—I Thess. 4: 11.

What reason was given for this command? "That ye may walk honestly—and that ye may have lack of nothing."—I Thess. 4: 12.

What was the bible rule in regard to work? "If any would not work neither should he eat."—I Thess. 3: 10.

What was the wise man's advice to the farmer? "Be thou diligent to know the state of thy flocks and look well to thy herds."—Prov. 27: 23.

What does he say of the diligent man? (1) "Seest thou a man diligent in business? he shall stand before kings."—Prov. 22: 29. (2) "The thoughts of the diligent tend only to plenteousness."—Prov. 2: 15.

What of the slothful man? (1) "The desire of the slothful killeth him; for his hands refuse to labor."—Prov. 21: 25. (2) "He also that is slothful in his work is brother to him that is a great waster."—Prov. 18: 9. (3) "The sluggard will not plow by reason of the cold; therefore shall he beg in harvest and have nothing."—Prov. 20: 4.

How does he contrast the two? (1) "The hand of the diligent shall bear rule; but the slothful shall be under tribute."—Prov. 13: 24. (2) "The soul of the sluggard desireth and hath nothing; but the soul of the diligent shall be made fat."—Prov. 13: 4. (3) "He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand; but the hand of the diligent maketh rich."—Prov. 10: 4.

Before and After School

(Should be acted out by the various characters while the selection is being recited by some one standing at the left of the stage.)

BEFORE SCHOOL

"Quarter to nine! Boys and girls, do you hear?"

"One more buckwheat, then—be quick, mother, dear,
Where is my luncheon box?"—"Under the shelf,

Just in the place you left it yourself!"

"I can't say my table!"—"O, find me my cap!"

"One kiss for mamma, and sweet Sis in her lap."

"Be good, dear,"—"I'll try!"—"9 time's 9 's 81."

"Take your mittens!"—"All right."—"Hurry up, Bill; let's run."

With a slam of the door they are off, girls and boys,
And the mother draws breath in the lull of their noise.

AFTER SCHOOL

"Don't wake up the baby! Come gently, my dear!"

"O, mother! I've torn my new dress, just look here!

I'm sorry—I was only climbing the wall."

"O, mother, my map was the nicest of all!"

"And, Nelly, in spelling went up to the head!"

"O say! can I go out on the hill with my sled?"

"I've got such a toothache."—"The teacher's unfair!"

"Is dinner most ready? I'm just like a bear!"

Be patient, worn mother, they're growing up fast,
These nursery whirlwinds, not long do they last;
A still, lonely house would be far worse than noise;
Rejoice and be glad in your brave girls and boys!

Make Hay While the Sun Shines

(This may be sung to the tune: "Where Are the Reapers?")

There is an old maxim I wish you would read,
And when you have read it its counsel would heed:
"Make hay while the sun shines" I know it is old,
And yet it is worth a whole bag full of gold.

Chorus—

Yes! work while the sun shines, and never delay
What ought to be done on a fine summer's day;
For if you put off till tomorrow's begun,
The day will be wet or your work go undone.

Make hay in life's sunshine by doing good deeds
To those round about you with many great needs,
And the good deeds you do in the sunshine of life,
Will strengthen your heart in the heat of the strife.

Make hay in life's sunshine while clouds are unknown
For if you are idle the chance may be gone;
Make hay while the summer gives sunshiny hours,
And gather it in ere the coming of showers.

Thoughts About Labor

The teacher should call for the numbers; the pupils responding with the quotations.
Or the pupils might remember at what point in the program the quotations were to be used, and read them without prompting.)

1. The world wants men—light-hearted manly men—
Men who shall join its chorus, and prolong
The psalm of labor and the song of love.

2. Those are the most honorable who are the most useful.

3. God is a worker; He has thickly strewn
Infinity with grandeur.

4. Dignifying our occupations is a great step in making the most of life.

5. "There is something," says Henry Ward Beecher, "in the most forbidding vocation, around which a man may twine pleasant fancies, out of which he may develop an honest pride."

6. No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil.

7. The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tells him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked out,
Shall die, and leave his errand unfulfilled.

8. Solomon says, "In all labor there is profit."

9. The labor we delight in physics pain.—*Shakespeare.*

10. Labor, you know, is prayer.—*Bayard Taylor.*

Choice of Occupations

(For Three Girls and Two Boys)

John—

I mean to be a soldier,
With uniform quite new;
I wish they'd let me have a drum,
And be a captain, too.
I would go amid the battle,
With my broadsword in my hand,
And hear the cannon rattle,
And the music all so grand.

Mother—

My son, my son! what if that sword
Should strike a noble heart,
And bid some loving father
From his little ones depart?
What comfort would your waving plumes
And brilliant dress bestow,
When you thought upon his widow's tears,
And her orphans' cry of woe?

William—

I mean to be a President,
And rule each rising state,
And hold my levees once a week
For all the gay and great;
I'll be a king except a crown—
For that they won't allow—
And I'll find out what the Tariff is,
That puzzles me so now.

Mother—

My son, my son! the cares of state.
Are thorns upon the breast,
That ever pierce the good man's heart
And rob him of his rest;
The great and gay to him appear
As trifling as the dust,
For he knows how little they are worth,
How faithless is their trust.

Louisa—

I mean to be a cottage girl,
And sit behind a rill,
And morn and eve my picher there
With purest water fill;
And I'll train a lovely woodbine
Around my cottage door,
And welcome to my winter hearth
The wandering and the poor.

Mother—

Louisa, dear, a humble mind
'Tis beautiful to see,
And you shall never hear a word
To check that mind from me.
But all remember, pride may dwell
Beneath the woodbine's shade,
And discontent, a sullen guest,
The cottage hearth invade.

Caroline—

I will be gay and courtly,
And dance away the hours;
Music and sport and joy shall dwell
Beneath my fairy bowers;
No heart shall ache with sadness
Within my laughing hall;
But the note of love and gladness
Re-echo to my call.

Mother—

Oh, children! sad it makes my soul
To hear your playful strain;
I cannot bear to chill your youth
With images of pain;
Yet humbly take what God bestows,
And, like His own fair flowers,
Look up in sunshine with a smile,
And gently bend in showers.

—Selected

The Song of the Blacksmith

With a cling-a-ling!
 My hammer I swing,
 To shape the round iron shoe
 For the horses to wear
 On their hoofs so bare,
 To help in the labor they do.

With a puff and a blow
 My furnace will glow,
 And make the fire sparkle and shine,
 The iron to heat
 For my hammer to beat
 And curve the shoe rounded and fine.

I'm a blacksmith gay,
 And I labor all day
 In the soot, and smoke and heat;
 And I love my work
 And nothing I shirk,
 To put shoes on the brave horses' feet.
—Martha Moses in Child Garden.

Mamma's Help

"Yes, Bridget has gone to the city,
 And papa is sick, as you see,
 And mamma has no one to help her
 But two-year-old Lawrence and me,

"You'd like to know what I'm good for,
 'Cept to make work and tumble things
 down;
 I guess there aren't no little girlies
 At your house at home, Dr. Brown.

"I've brushed all the crumbs from the table,
 And dusted the sofa and chairs,
 I've polished the hearthstone and fender,
 And swept off the area stairs.

"I've wiped all the silver and china,
 And just dropped one piece on the floor
 Yes, Doctor, it broke in the middle
 But I 'spect it was cracked before.

"And the steps that I save precious mamma!
 You'd be 'sprised Doctor Brown, if you
 knew;
 She says if it wasn't for Bessie
 She couldn't exist the day through!

"It's, 'Bessie, bring papa some water!'
 And 'Bessie, dear, run to the door!'
 And 'Bessie love, pick up the playthings
 The baby has dropped on the floor!'

"Yes, Doctor, I'm 'siderably tired,
 I've been on my feet all the day,
 Good-bye! well, perhaps I will help you
 When your old Bridget goes off to stay!"

Song of Labor

Work, work, work,
 In meadow and mill and mart;
 Work, work, work,
 Till the dews of labor start;
 Where the sailors launch their ships,
 And plow the waves apart,
 Work with a song on the lips,
 And work with a prayer in the heart.

Let the dreamer lie at ease,
 And gaze at the bright blue sky,
 Lulled by the murmuring bees,
 As the summer winds go by.
 Though the skies be cold and gray,
 Be this thy heart's content,
 That thine is the sweeter day
 In useful labor spent.

Better to delve all day
 With the blessing of peace at night,
 Than to fritter the time away,
 With fingers idle and white.
 For labor is God's good gift,
 Though it be the curse of the fall;
 And the hands that struggle and lift
 Are the noblest hands of all.

Dimes and Dollars

"Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!"
 Thus an old miser rang the chimes,
 As he sat by the side of an open box,
 With ironed angles and massive locks:
 And he heaped the glittering coin on high
 And cried in delirious ecstasy—
 "Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
 Ye are the ladders by which man climbs,
 Over his fellows. Musical chimes!
 Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes!"

A sound on the gong, and the miser rose,
 And his laden coffer did quickly close,
 And locked secure. "These are the times
 For a man to look after his dollars and dimes.
 A letter! Ha! from my prodigal son.
 The old tale—poverty. Pshaw, begone!
 Why did he marry when I forbade?
 As he has sown, so he must reap;
 But I my dollars secure will keep.
 A sickly wife and starving times?
 He should have wed with dollars and
 dimes."

Thickly the hour of midnight fell;
 Doors and windows were bolted well.
 "Ha!" cried the miser, "not so bad—
 A thousand dollars today I've made.
 Money makes money; these are the times
 To double and treble the dollars and dimes.

Now to sleep, and tomorrow to plan—
Rest is sweet to a wearied man."
And he fell asleep with the midnight
chimes—
Dreaming of glittering dollars and dimes.

The sun rose high and its beaming ray
Into the miser's room found way,
It moved from the foot till it lit the head
Of the miser's low, uncurtained bed;
And it seemed to say to him, "Sluggard,
awake;
Thou hast a thousand dollars to make!
Up, man, up! How still was the place,
As the bright ray fell on the miser's face!
Ha! the old miser at last is dead.
Dreaming of gold, his spirit fled,
And he left behind but an earthly clod
Akin to the cross that he made his God.

What now avails the chinking chimes
Of dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes?
Men of the times! men of the times!
Content may not rest with dollars and dimes
Use them well, and their use sublimed
The mineral dross of the dollars and dimes.
Use them ill, and a thousand crimes
Spring from a coffer of dollars and dimes.
Men of the times! men of the times!
Let Charity dwell with your dollars and
dimes.

Work For the Night is Coming

Work, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the morning hours,
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flow'rs;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon,
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store,
Work for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fades,
Fades to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

The Little Seamstress

Making dolly's dresses,
Don't you think it's fun?
Here is one already,
This I've just begun.
Oh, how many stitches!
And such tangly thread!
When I pricked my finger
I just guess it bled.
There! the needle's broken—
Bending all about—
That's a sign my dolly'll
Wear the dresses out.

(The little girl should be sewing on a
dolly's dress.)

The Miller of Dee

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be:
"I envy nobody, no, not I,
And nobody envies me."

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said good
King Hal—

"As wrong as wrong can be—
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee;
And tell me now, what makes thee sing,
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the King,
Beside the river Dee."

The miller smiled and doffed his hat:
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay;
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
That feeds my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the
while,

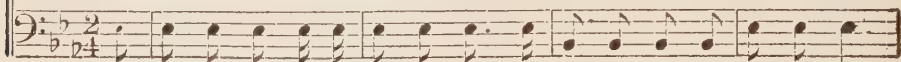
"Farewell, and happy be;
But say no more if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee;
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill, my kingdom's fee;
Such men as thou art England's boast,
O miller of the Dee!"

APRIL

The Birdies' Ball



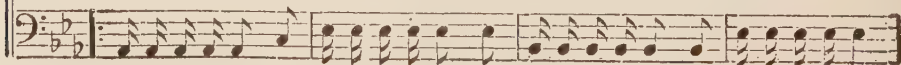
1. Spring once said to the night-in-gale, I mean to give you birds a ball:
2. Soon they came from bush and tree,.. Sing-ing sweet their songs of glee:
3. The cuckoo and wren they danc'd for life, The raven waltz'd with the yellow-bird's wife, The .



Pray, ma'am, ask the bird-ies all; The birds and bird - ies, great and small;
 Each one fresh from its co-sy nest; Each one drest in its Sun - day best.
 awk-ward owl, and the bashful jay,..... Wished each other a "very good day."



Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la,



Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la.



THE YEAR'S ENTERTAINMENTS

APRIL

April? April! Are You Here?

April! April! are you here?
Oh, how fresh the wind is blowing!
See! the sky is bright and clear,
O, how green the grass is growing!
April! April! are you here?

April! April! is it you?
See how fair the flowers are springing,
Sun is warm and brooks are clear,
Oh, how glad the birds are singing!
April! April! is it you?

April! April! you are here!
Though your smiling turn to weeping,
Though your skies grow cold and drear,
Though your gentle winds are sleeping!
April! April! you are here!

—Dora Read Goodale.

Memory Gems

"Hark, how the blackbird whistles!
Hark, how the song-sparrow trills!
What are they calling with snowflakes
falling
And April cold on the hills?
And what is the chick-a-dee saying?
And what do the blackbirds mean?
You'd think by their playing, they'd all
come Maying,
When hardly a border is green.
Ho, ho! they are as wise as merry,
They know what the sun is about;
And all without worry, they twitter and
hurry
Inviting the flowers to come out.

"I cannot tell what you say, green leaves,
I cannot tell what you say;
But I know there is a spirit in you,
And a word in you this day."

"'Up, up!' the blackbirds say,
Tulip and lily and sweet daffodilly,
Awake for the coming of May;
Up with the sunrise mists.

Open your eyes so blue,
Fleur-de-lis, violet, quick to your toilet,
The bluebird is calling you.
Chic-a-dee talks to the wind-flower,—
'Ho, brave little fellow, awake!
The North-wind, blowing, may bite you
in going
But the sun has a kiss for your sake.'
Song-sparrow twitters in singing,—
'Peep from your leaf-hidden nest.
'Sweetly salute us, darling arbutus,
Baby on April's breast.'"

"In the heart of a seed
Buried deep, so deep,
A dear little plant
Lay fast asleep.
'Wake!' said the sunshine
'And creep to the light.'
'Wake!' said the voice
Of the raindrops bright.
The little plant heard
And it rose to see
What the wonderful
Outside world might be."

"Up from the smiling earth,
Comes there a voice of mirth,
Our hearts to cheer;
Listen where willows lean,
Lovingly o'er the stream,
Listen, where the pine trees dream,
Springtime is here.

"Let us sing merrily,
Blithely and cheerily,
With the new year;
Join in the chorus,
Loud swelling o'er us;
Joy is before us,
Springtime is here."

Suggested Poems and Stories

For the Teacher's Reading and for Discussion with the Pupils:—

April—*Samuel Longfellow.*

The Voice of the Grass—*S. R. Boyle.*

Robin's Come—*W. W. Caldwell.*

The Bluebird—*T. B. Aldrich.*

The O'Lincoln Family—*W. Flagg.*

Sunthin' in a Pastoral Line—*Biglow Papers, No. Six. Lowell.*

Now the Noisy Winds are Still. An April Girl. Out of the Sky—*Mrs. Dodge, "When Life is Young."*

A Song of Spring. A Spring Meeting.

April Showers. In April—*Lovejoy's "Nature in Verse."*

April. Robin's Apology. In the Orchard—*F. D. Sherman.*

Sir Robin. Sister and Bluebird—*Lucy Larcom.*

April—*H. H. Jackson.*

The First Flowers—*Whittier.*

April Day. Return of Spring—*Longfellow.*

Early Spring—*Tennyson.*

Return of the Birds—*Bryant.*

A Song of Easter. The Robin. In the Lilac Bush (a robin)—*Celia Thaxter.*

Robin. Bluebird—*Emily Dickinson.*

Robin Badfellow. Robin. A Mystery. The Crows. How the Flowers Grow.

Rain in Spring. Spring Time—*From "In the Child World" by Gabriel Setoun.*

Story of Easter—*Bible.*

Parable of the Sower—*Bible.*

Myths and Fairy Tales:—

Awakening Life.

Persephone.

Sleeping Beauty.

Idun and her Apples.

Siegfried and Brunhilda.

Wooing of Gerd.

Flower Myths and Stories:—

Narcissus.

For Picture Study

Easter Morning, (809). He is Risen, (815)—*Plockhorst.*

Easter Morning, (798). In the Sepulchre, (797z)—*Hofmann.*

Mary Magdalene at Sepulchre, (962)—*Burne-Jones.*

The Resurrection, (216)—*Gaddi.*

Holy Women at the Tomb, (3330)—*Ender.*

Feeding the Hens, (520)—*Millet.*

Nature Pictures (Colored) of native birds and flowers.

Miscellaneous Program for Easter

Song	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Easter
Quotations	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mary
Acrostic	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Easter
Song	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Endless Glory
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Easter Flowers
Concert Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ring Happy Bells
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Legend of Easter Eggs
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Easter
Song	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Nature's Easter Music
Concert Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Easter Time
Reading	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	The Star That Became a Lily
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Easter Bells
Song	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Easter Lilies
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Nature's Greeting
Exercise (three children)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Again
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	An Easter Lily
Tableau	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Easter Morn (See Picture by Hoffman.)
Song	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-

Easter

Snowdrops, waking from your sleep,
Violets, that from blue hoods peep,
Bloodroot, blooming by the rill,
Stately lily, daffodil,—
What sweet message do you bring?
Is it only: "This is Spring?"

Snow-drops, violets, lilies white,
In the answer all unite:
"Through the mold we heard a voice

Calling to the earth: 'Rejoice!'
So we left the ground to rise,
Off'ring incense to the skies."

Little birds the chorus swell,
Humming bees the tidings tell,
Butterflies lift shining wings,
Ev'ry child with gladness sings;
With the flow'rs rejoicing, say:
"Christ is ris'n on Easter day!"

From "Songs in Season," A. Flanagan Co.,
Publishers.

Quotations

Christ cometh and the earth is glad; earth's large self-conscious heart
A glowing tide of rapture pours through every quickened part.

—Hugh McMillan.

Flowers are the sweetest things God ever made and did not put a soul into.

—H. W. Beecher.

"Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of Heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels."

"Flowers are the thoughts and fancies of the angels in heaven."

" 'Oh, tell us little flower', we cried,
 'How dared you come so soon?
 The winds are cold. The other flowers
 Will scarce be here till June.'

" 'I came to tell you how God's care
 Had kept the tiny seed,
 And that he cares much more for you.
 Will you my message heed?'"

While the lily dwells in earth,
 Walled about with crumbling mould,
 She the secret of her birth
 Guesses not, nor has been told.

Hides the brown bulb in the ground
 Knowing not she is a flower;
 Knowing not she shall be crowned
 As a queen, with white-robed power.

* * * * *

Lo, the unfolding mystery!
 We shall bloom, some wondrous hour,
 As the lily blooms, when she
 Dies a bulb to live a flower!

—*Lucy Larcom.*

Mary

She walked amid the lilies
 Upstanding straight and tall,
 Their silver tapers bright against
 The dusky mountain wall;
 Gray olives dropped upon her
 Their crystal globes of dew,
 The while the doors of heaven grew wide
 To let the Easter through.

All heaven was rose and golden,
 The clouds were reft apart,
 Earth's holiest dawn in dazzling white
 Came forth from heaven's own heart;
 And never since on Eden
 Creation's glory lay
 Had ever garden of the Lord
 Beheld so fair a day.

Her eyes were blurred with weeping,
 Her trailing steps were slow;
 The cross she bore within her
 Transfixed her soul with woe.
 One only goal before her
 Loomed through her spirit's gloom,
 As in the early morning
 She sought the guarded tomb.

But down the lilyed pathway
 A kingly presence came,
 A seamless garment clothed Him,
 His face was clear as flame,

And in his hands were nail-prints.
 And on his brow were scars,
 But in His eyes a light of love
 Beyond the light of stars.

For tears she could not see Him,
 As o'er the path He came,
 Till, like remembered music,
 He called her by her name;
 Then swift her soul to answer,
 The Lord of life she knew,
 Her breast unbarred its prison gates
 To let the Easter through

Such light of revelation
 As bathed her being then,
 It comes anèw wherever Christ
 Is known indeed of men;
 Such glory on the pathway,
 It falls again on all
 Who hear the King in blessing,
 And hasten at His call.

Rise, King of grace and glory,
 This hallowed Easter-tide,
 Nor from Thy ransomed people
 Let even death divide;
 For yet again doth heaven
 Throw all its gates apart,
 And send the sacred Easter
 Straight from its glowing heart.

—*Selected.*

Easter—An Acrostic

E is for the blessed Easter.
 A is the joy of all men.
 S is for sweet carols.
 T is our beautiful thoughts.
 E is for earnest words.
 R is our risen Lord.

Endless Glory

Early dew and gentle rain,
 Flow'rs that deck the verdant plain,
 Joyous birds on pinions fair,
 Gliding thro' the balmy air:

Chorus—

Praise the Lord, our God and King,
 Let the earth his wonders sing,
 Let his mighty works proclaim
 Endless glory to His name.

Sun and moon whose luster bright
 Rules the day and cheers the night,
 Years and seasons as ye roll,
 Stars that shine from pole to pole.

Chorus.

Angels beck'ning to His will,
 Round His throne attending still,
 All ye heav'nly hosts above,
 Sing your great Creator's love.

Chorus.

Easter Flowers

(The speaker should carry a basket of flowers which should be placed in a prominent place at the close of the recitation.)

Messages of God's dear love
 Do these flowers bear;
 He who with a gracious hand
 Gives these colors rare
 Will remember you and me
 With as true a care.

So I bring love's offering
 On this Easter Day,
 Flowers fair that to each heart
 Softly seem to say:
 "Death no more can over you
 Hold eternal sway."

As the tender plants escaped
 From the pris'ning mold,
 So has Christ death's bondage burst,

Death so grim and cold.
 Thus I think the message true
 That these blossoms hold.
 —Clara J. Denton.

Ring Happy Bells

(A Concert Recitation)

Ring happy bells of Easter-time!
 The world is glad to hear your chime.
 Across wide fields of melting snow,
 The winds of summer softly blow
 And birds and streams repeat the chime
 Of Easter-time.

Ring, happy bells of Easter-time!
 The world takes up your chant sublime;
 "The Lord is risen!" The night of fear
 Has passed away, and heaven draws near;
 We breathe the air of that blest clime
 At Easter-time.

Ring, happy bells of Easter-time!
 Our happy hearts give back your chime!
 The Lord is risen! We die no more!
 He opens wide the heavenly door;
 He meets us while to Him we climb,
 At Easter-time.

—Lucy Larcom.

Legend of Easter Eggs

Trinity bells, with their hollow lungs,
 And their vibrant lips and their brazen tongues,
 Over the roofs of the city pour
 Their Easter music with joyous roar,
 Till the soaring notes to the sun are rolled,
 As he swings along in his path of gold.

"Dearest papa," says my boy to me,
 As he merrily climbs on his mother's knee,
 "Why are these eggs that you see me hold
 Colored so finely with blue and gold?
 And what is the wonderful bird that lays
 Such beautiful eggs on Easter days?"

"You have heard, my boy, of the Man who died,
 Crowned with keen thorns and crucified;
 And how Joseph the wealthy—whom God rewarded—
 Cared for the corpse of the martyred Lord,
 And piously tombed it within the rock,
 And closed the gate with a mighty block.

"Now, close by the tomb a fair tree grew,
 With pendulous leaves and blossoms of blue;
 And deep in the green tree's shadowy breast
 A beautiful singing-bird sat on her nest,
 Which was bordered with mosses like malachite,
 And held four eggs of an ivory white.

"Now, when the bird from her dim recess
Beheld the Lord in His burial dress,
And looked on the heavenly face so pale
And the dear feet pierced with the cruel nail,
Her heart nigh broke with a sudden pang
And out of the depths of her sorrow she sang.

"All night long till the moon was up,
She sat and sang in her moss-wreathed cup,—
A song of sorrow as wild and shrill
As the homeless wind when it roams the hill ;
So full of fears, so loud and long,
That the grief of the world seemed turned to song.

"But soon there came through the weeping night
A glimmering angel clothed in white ;
And he rolled the stone from the tomb away,
Where the Lord of the earth and heavens lay ;
And Christ arose in the cavern's gloom,
And in living luster came from the tomb.

"Now, the bird that sang in the heart of the tree
Beheld this celestial mystery ;
And its heart was filled with sweet delight,
And it poured a song on the throbbing night.
Notes climbed on notes, till higher, higher
They shot to heaven like spears of fire.

"When the glittering white-robed angel heard
The sorrowing song of the grieving bird,
And heard the following chant of mirth
That hailed Christ risen again on earth,
He said, 'Sweet bird, be forever blest,—
Thyself, thy eggs, and thy moss-wreathed nest!'

"And ever, my child, since that blessed night,
When death bowed down the Lord of light,
The eggs of that sweet bird change their hue,
And burn with red, and gold, and blue ;
Reminding mankind, in their simple way,
Of the holy marvel of Easter Day."

—*Fitzjames O'Brien.*

Easter

Oh! the lilies are white in the Easter light,
The lilies with hearts of gold ;
And they silently tell with each milk-white bell,
The story an Angel told.

And they've whispered it long to the weak and the strong,
The rich and poor among men ;
Each Easter day till time dies away
They will tell the tale again.

In the tomb new-made where the Christ was laid,
The Angel told the story,
Of how he rose from death's repose,
The Son of Eternal Glory.

—*Margaret Jordan.*

Nature's Easter Music

The flowers from the earth have arisen,
They are singing their Easter-song;
Up the valleys and over the hillsides
They come, an unnumbered throng.

Oh, listen! The wild flowers are singing
Their beautiful songs without words;
They are pouring the soul of their music
Through the voices of happy birds.

Every flower to a bird has confided
The joy of its blossoming birth—
The wonder of its resurrection
From its grave in the frozen earth.

For you chirp the wren and the sparrow,
Little Eyebright, Anemone pale!
Gay Columbine, orioles are chanting
Your trumpet-note, loud on the gale.

The buttercup's thanks for the sunshine
The goldfinch's twitter reveals;
And the violet trills, through the bluebird,
Of the heaven that within her she feels.

The song-sparrow's exquisite warble
Is born in the heart of the rose—
Of the wild-rose, shut in its calyx,
Afraid of belated snows.

And the melody of the wood-thrush
Floats up from the nameless and shy
White blossoms that stay in the cloister
Of pine-forests, dim and high.

The dust of the roadside is vocal;
There is music from every clod,
Bird and breeze are wild-flowers' angels,
Their messages bearing to God.

"We arise and we praise him together!"
With a flutter of petal and wing,
The anthem of spirits immortal
Rings back from created things.

And nothing is left wholly speechless;
For the dumbest life that we know

May utter itself through another
And double its gladness so!

The trees have the winds to sing for them;
The rock and the hill have the streams;
And the mountain the thunderous torrents
That waken old Earth from her dreams.

She awakes to the Easter music;
Her bosom with praise overflows;
The forest breaks forth into singing,
For the desert has bloomed as the rose.

And whether in trances of silence
We think of our Lord arisen,
Or whether we carol with angels
At the open door of his prison,

He will give us an equal welcome
Whatever the tribute we bring;
For to Him who can read the heart's music
To blossom with love is to sing.

—Lucy Larcom.

Easter Time

(Concert Recitation)

Willow branches whit'ning
'Neath the April skies;
Sodden meadows bright'ning,
Where the warm sun lies,

Robin Redbreast swinging,
In a tree top high,
Swollen brooklets singing—
Easter draweth nigh!

Tender fledgelings hushing
Eager to take wing;
Trees and hedges flushing
With the joy of spring.

Crocus buds up-springing
Through the cold dark sward,
Living incense bringing
To the risen Lord.

—Mary M. Redmond.

The Star That Became a Lily

Once a beautiful star came down to earth. For a long time it had watched the children at play in the green fields, and the star said, "I love those little Red children. I would like to go down and live with them."

So one night the star shot down, down, till at last it stood out upon a big plain. The people in the wigwam village saw it, and ran to look at it.

"I have come, O good people," said the star, "to dwell with you on the earth, I love to watch you in your wigwams. I love to see you make your birch canoes. I love to watch your children at their play. Tell me, then, where I may dwell. It must be where I can see you all, and where at night I can look up to my home in the skies."

Then one chief said, "Dwell here upon the mountain top; where you can overlook the plain. The clouds will come down and rest upon the high peaks, and each morning you may greet the sun."

"Dwell here upon the hillsides," said another chief, "for there the flowers grow brightest, and the sun is warmest."

"Dwell in the forests," said a third chief, "for there the sweet violets grow, and the air is cool, and the smell of spruce is in the air."

But the star thought the mountain was too far away, as it could not see the children from such a height, and it was they it wanted to be near. The hillside, too, the star thought, was far away, and the forest, it was sure, was too dark and dreary.

But one day, the star saw a beautiful little lake. The water was very clear,—one could see the skies and the clouds in it. At night the stars shone down into its waters. The water was soft and warm, and the star was pleased to see it ripple and dance. It liked to see the sunlight glimmer on the waters.

The children loved the lake, too; they played all day on its banks, and often paddled out upon it with their little canoes.

"I will dwell right here," the star said, "for then I can be near the children."

And so, when the sun had set, the star floated down upon the waters. It sent its rays way down beneath the waters; and the Red children are sure these rays took root. Perhaps they did, for sure enough, the very next morning there was a beautiful lily upon the waters. Its roots reached away down into the rich earth, its petals were pure white, and it had a heart of rich yellow gold.

"No flower has a perfume so sweet," the children cried.

Then they rowed out to look at it.

"It is the star," the children said; "it will dwell with us forever, and we will call it the Lily Star." Then the children rowed back to the shore. They did not pluck the lily, but each morning they went to see it.

"Dear, beautiful lily!" they would say.

By and by it opened wide its petals; and the air was filled with sweetness.

Then other lilies grew up around it; and after a time these Water Lilies, or Lily Stars, as the children called them, were floating on the waters of the lakes everywhere.

—*Stories of the Red Children, Dorothy Brooks.*

Easter Bells

Hark! The Easter Bells are ringing
To and fro,
Notes of joy and comfort bringing,
Sweet and low.
Up from the tomb wherein He lay,
Came the Saviour this blest day,
Bidding the sorrowing on their way
Forward go.

Hark! The Easter Bells are swelling
Loud and clear;
Over plain and valley telling
Christ is here.
Death at last has lost its sting,
The grave no more dark horrors bring,
While the happy Seraphs sing
Hymns of cheer.

Hark! The Easter Bells are chiming
Here and there,
Praising, praying, pulsing, rhyming,
Through the air.
"Now may every sin be shriven,
Every heart from doubt be riven,
Since our Lord this day is risen,"
Men declare.

Hark! The Easter Bells are ringing
To and fro,
While the angelic choirs are singing
Sweet and low.
Let peace and love your hearts adorn,
Let not sorrow on your brow be worn,
On this Resurrection Morn
Pæans flow.

—*Susan Renniel*

Easter Lilies

"Gather the lilies," the minister said,
And little maid Marjorie raised her head.
"Gather sweet lilies of love, to bring
And lay at the feet of our risen King!"
Little maid Marjorie lifted her eyes,
Bright with the light of a glad surprise,
To the minister's kind and beaming face,
As he uttered these words of truth and grace.

'Twas Easter morn, and Marjorie knew,
As she sat so still in the high-backed pew,
That Jesus, the Son of God, had risen,
And entered in glory into heaven.
And her heart was glad this Easter day,
For here she had suddenly found a way
To honor the Lord who loved her so,
And had died that she to heaven might go.

So after the last short prayer was said,
Back to her home she quickly sped,
And up to her own dear little room,
Where, by a window, all in bloom,
Two Easter lilies, white and fair,
Drank in the sunshine and soft spring air,
And seemed to be singing a silent song
To the Lord of heaven this Easter morn

Little maid Marjorie's eyes grew dim,
But she softly said: "It is all for Him!"
And she plucked the blossoms, and turned
away,
Though a tear in one waxen chalice lay.
Then down the steps to the street she went,
On her errand of love and duty bent,
And the passers-by looked up and smiled
At sight of the lilies and the child.

Suddenly little maid Marjorie turned,
And her tender heart with pity burned,
For a cripple boy stood at her side,
And with wistful glances the lilies eyed.
She looked from him to the blossoms fair—
"Surely the blessed Christ will spare
One of these flow'rs for the cripple boy
Who knows so little of love and joy."

So, with a smile of tender grace,
She raised her eyes to the thin, pale face.
"Here, take this lily; 'tis all for you!"
Then on her way to the church she flew.
She softly ascended the old stone steps,
And entered the building with parted lips
And two little hands that tightly pressed
The one white blossom against her breast.

'Twas all so still that the little maid
Was almost tempted to be afraid,
When out of the silence deep she heard
The words, "Be merciful, O Lord."
And little maid Marjorie saw the form

Of a woman in garments old and worn,
Who knelt in tears at the altar rail,
With lips that murmured a pitiful tale.

Marjorie went to the woman's side;
"O, please be happy this Easter-tide!
Here, take this lily, and may God bless
And fill your heart with joyfulness."
The woman smiled through her tearful eyes
And gradually lushed her bitter sighs;
But sweet maid Marjorie's eyes grew dim—
"I have left no lilies to give to Him!"

O, dear maid Marjorie, angels sing
The song of your lilies before the King;
He knows the love that would fain have
given,
And treasures remembrance up in heaven.
Have you forgotten the words of love
That He left us before He went above?
"Inasmuch as ye did it to these," said He,
"Ye did it, My brethren, unto Me!"
—Alice Garland Steele

Nature's Greeting

The birdies came up from the Southland
And found that the winter was gone,
And they said, "We must see about singing
For Easter is coming on."

The flowers awoke in the forest
And they found that the skies were clear,
And they said, "We must see about bloom-
ing
For Easter will soon be here."

The leaves all came out on the elm tree
And danced with the breezes in glee,
And they said, "We must see about growing,
Easter is coming you see."

The birdies called down to the flowers,
"O say, will our singing now do?"
And the flowers all smiled back in answer.
And nodded it was so true.

And the leaves cried out to the birdies,
"O say, do you think we grow?"
And they all, looking down from the
branches,
Cried, "Indeed you do, we know."

Then the flowers looked up from the
mosses—

"O how is our blooming, we pray!"
And the birds and the leaves, they all
answered,
" 'Tis lovely, lovely," cried they!

And so on the bright Easter morning
When the world was waking to rise.
In the song, "He is risen, is risen,"
Their chorus rang to the skies.

Again

(For Three Children)

First Child—

Again the Spring! Again the Easter Lily!
 Again the soft warm air with odors rife:
 Again the tender green on hill and valley:
 Again the miracle of risen life!

Second Child—

Again from the dark mold of their entombing,
 In all their lovely robes of radiant hue,
 The crocus and the violet are blooming,
 The self-same flowers our earliest childhood knew.

Third Child—

Again the birds in joyous flocks are winging,
 Chirping their songs of love and resting days;
 Again the sound of happy children singing,
 Along the lanes and in the woodland ways.

All—

Hark! "Peace on earth, good will to men,
 Christ, the Lord, hath risen today."

An Easter Lily

'Tis dawn in Palestine. The morning stars
 Have sung themselves away, like dying swans.
 A winged glory flutters in the east,
 And rising, sweeps its pinions up the sky
 Like some great bird-of-paradise. In haste
 A glad young breeze lifts up the heavy heads
 Of dreaming flowers, and wakes them with a kiss.
 No time for sleeping now! The day has come—
 And such a day as never broke, on earth,
 Before! The world's first Easter morn, which is
 To tear the veil of mystery from Death
 And show its face to be not Death, but Life!
 A birth into a richer, grander life,
 Of which earth's deepest joys are but the types
 And misty shadowings. There lies the clue
 To God's great secret, and upon this day
 He gives the key into the hand of man!

Along yon dust-white stretch of road, and thro'
 The singing, scented, dawn-kissed fields, there comes
 A woman, hast'ning from the city gates,
 White-robed and flinging back her veil to cool
 Her fevered face against the flower-sweet breath
 And soft caresses of the morning air;
 A face both beautiful and piteous,
 Whose eyes—that once intoxicated half
 Jerusalem—have had their madd'ning power
 Washed out by many bitter tears, and now
 Like limpid pools in shadowy hollows lie,
 Life's blue sky screened forever from their sight
 By interlacing foliage of pain.
 The dawn rays twine their fingers in her hair,
 Whose gold-bright meshes fling their dazzle back

Like answering smiles. It is the Magdalen—
Her story, like her face, most deeply sad,
Yet strangely, marvelously beautiful!

A hurricane of passion had engulfed
Her dawning maidenhood, and swept it out—
A poor, frail bark—upon life's blackest sea,
Where myriad monsters sought to drag it down,
Until the voice of him of Nazareth
Cried, "Peace!" and stilled the tempest suddenly.
As some crushed, half-wrecked vessel is drawn in,
At last, to quiet haven—so her soul,
Storm-tossed, a wreck indeed, found anchorage
In that great port of peace, the Master's love.
All lesser loves were naught—this soul touched hers
With holy hands, and lo! that touch of fire
Consumed the outer robe of vileness, showed
Her white within—and from her drew sweet chords
Of music, like the play of master-hands
Upon an organ's keys. Poor Magdalen!
One look into that pure face taught her all;
As by a lightning-flash she read her past—
A nightmare, evermore! She saw the thing
Called life, and what it means; and love became
Far grander than her heart had dreamed. 'Twas God!
And therefore pure and fair as his own flowers.

Her woman-soul found, then, its power of speech,
Its long-sought utterance. A perfect love
Had stretched its hands to clasp her groping ones,
And she was saved! The glory blinded her,
But she could follow on, her hand held fast
In that strong hand that ne'er would fail her now.
So dreamed she sadly, heeding not the words
The Master spoke of coming cross and death,
Till those sad warnings were fulfilled, indeed,
With awful suddenness! At first half-stunned—
Then waked to anguish by his sufferings
Which held her at his side in breathless woe
Thro' those long, tortured hours of Calvary—
She lost her faith, her hope—all, save her love,
That lived, and broke her heart, when his did break
Upon the cross!

'Tis over, now—the joy
That has transformed her life in these last years—
Ay, buried there with that dear form which she
Helped lay away within the new-made tomb.
Some of the Master's followers had dreamed
Of earthly kingdom, earthly king, and they
His loyal, loving ministers; and some
Had hoped for mysteries, and glorious sights
And miracles—for heaven on earth; but she—
She had but loved him, found in him her heaven,
Her perfect peace and rest and sympathy!

Now he is gone, and she once more adrift
Upon a world that mocks her and derides.
What wonder that, in this sweet Easter dawn—
Though, yet, it differs not from other dawns
To her—she hastens, 'mid the waking flowers

And glad-voiced birds, to that fair garden-spot
 Of peace, where rests the well-beloved dead,
 And flies from living men, to find sad joy
 In leaning her poor head against the stone
 That holds her all! And if, perchance, she find
 Some kind, strong hand to roll away the stone,
 'Twill soften much her pain to lay fresh spice
 And ointment on the body of her Lord.

But look! Some other has been here—the stone
 Is down—the tomb yawns widely! Mary stops,
 A dumb fear clutching at her heart, and casts
 One swift look 'round the slumbrous burial-spot.
 Yes, quite alone;—no creature near, save birds
 And fresh-robed flowers;—a scene of utter peace.
 She starts—then falters—hastens on again,
 And stooping, trembling, looks into the tomb.
 Empty! "O God!" "O God!"—The body gone,
 The poor, pierced body of her soul's beloved!
 Gone—vanished—leaving not a trace or sign,
 Save folded grave-clothes lying by themselves!
 What hands have stol'n him forth? What rough, base hands
 And wherefore?—Who can bear him malice now,
 Or seek to further harm that loving heart
 Their hate has tortured, broken, slowly stilled!

It is too much, this last drop in the cup!
 Her frail form, shaken with wild, gasping sobs,
 Sways like a wind-torn blossom to the ground;
 The darkest hour of her soul's despair
 Enfolds her in its icy arms, and blinds
 Her to the breaking of the day of joy
 Which draws so near—is, even now, at hand!

A subtle tremor thro' the garden steals—
 A sigh of sudden, hushed expectancy,
 As tho' the leaves and flowers held their breath.
 For lo! there stands a Presence in their midst,
 Who smiles upon them with the eyes of God!
 They recognize him, and reach out soft hands
 To touch him, as young children show their love.
 But he has heard the agonized heart-cry
 Of yon poor broken flower of womanhood,
 And passes sottly, swiftly to her side.

"Why weepst thou? Whom seekest thou?"—the words
 Fall sweetly, yet on dull, unheeding ears.
 She sees him with but poor, tear-blinded eyes.
 And thro' the gold haze of her falling hair,
 A quiv'ring sigh breaks from her; "Ah!" she moans,
 "They've ta'en away my Lord, and I know not
 Where they have laid him!" Then—one last faint hope
 Quick-springing in her heart—"O sir, if thou
 Hast borne him hence, I pray thee tell me where
 Thou'st laid him; then will I—yea, even I,
 With these weak woman-hands—take up my Lord
 And carry him away to some forgotten spot,
 Where never foot of enemy shall come
 To trouble him; where only flowers, and birds,
 And the soft, dreaming eyes of the far stars
 Shall watch his earthly resting-place; and where,

On silent, moon-white nights, or in some dawn
 As freshly radiant as this, may steal
 Those few poor souls who love his memory
 And can not long be absent from his side!"

The shaking voice grows faint, again with tears,
 The trembling form droops lower at the feet
 Of the white Majesty she scarcely sees.
 And then—like sudden music sweeping thro'
 The solemn hush of great cathedral aisles,
 The voice of the dear Crucified and Risen
 Sweeps thro' the dumb soul of the Magdalen
 With one sweet "Mary!"—How it echoes down
 The world's dim centuries, and grandly strikes
 An answering chord in every woman's breast
 That thrills beneath its touch! The voice of God—
 Which calls vast worlds and systems into life,
 And is the perfect music of all time,
 Speaks, now, one simple woman's simple name
 In tones that knit all woman-hearts to him
 Forevermore, because of the love-note
 Of tender, comprehending sympathy
 That vibrates through them! Ah, dear Lord, she knows
 Thee now! And every woman, in the years
 To come, will know thee—recognize thy voice
 As speaking unto her own hungry soul,
 In that one soft word "Mary," uttered here!

So finds the Magdalen her Eastertide;
 Nor falls its glory on her heart, alone—
 But, thro' the wide-flung windows of her soul,
 Streams out across futurity, to light
 The paths of all her sorrowing sisterhood
 Amid the twilight shadows of the world.
 Hail, Easter Morn! All hail, dear Son of God!
 For, with thee, woman rises from the dead—
 First Easter lily of thy gathering!

—Margaret Grace Wilson, in "*The Interior*."

Spare the Trees

(Air: "Hold the Fort.")

Friends and parents gather with us,
In our school today,
Thoughts of groves and tangled wildwoods
In our minds hold sway.

Chorus—

Spare the trees, oh thoughtless woodman,
Hew but what you need,
They give balms to vagrant breezes,
For their lives we plead.

Giant oaks in sunny pastures
Cast their pleasant shade.
Maples clad in gold and crimson
Cheer the darkened glade.

Lofty firs and murmuring pine trees
Shading mountain's crest,
Are the growth of weary ages;
For them we protest.

Heralded in leafy banners,
Seasons four, we greet;
Every bough a sacred temple
For the song birds sweet.

Arbor Day Quotations

Now is the time to visit Nature in her grand attire.—*Lowell.*

Nature is the volume of which God is the author.—*Harvey.*

Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

—*Wordsworth*

No man hath ever known or said
How many there may be,
But each tree helpeth to make a shade;
Each leaf to make a tree.

—*Holmes.*

A man who plants a tree and cares for it, has added at least his mite to God's creation.—*Lucy Larcom.*

To own a bit of ground, to scratch it with a hoe, to plant seeds and watch their renewal of life,—this is the commonest delight of the race and the most satisfactory thing one can do.—*Warner.*

Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work his own reward shall be.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

Summer or winter, day or night,
The woods are an ever new delight;
They give us peace and they make us strong,
Such wonderful balms to them belong.

—*Stoddard.*

There is no spot on earth which may not be made more beautiful by the help of trees and flowers.—*Holmes.*

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.

—*Morris.*

Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part;
Do thou but thine.

—*Milton.*

The tree of the field is man's life.—*Bible.*

Springtime

Children come on stage at left rear, cross to right, from right rear diagonally to left front, back to left rear, diagonally to right front, across front, where they stand, sing and recite.

After reciting, pass from left front to left rear, diagonally to right front back to

right rear, diagonally to left front, to left rear and off stage.

Sing. (Tune: Yankee Doodle.)

Welcome to the Springtime dear,
Birds and blossoms coming,
Filling hearts with right good cheer
And with pleasant sunshine

*(Children wear letters made of evergreen
or green paper.)*

S

S ushers in delightful Spring,
How many pleasures she will bring.

P

Pussy Willows now are peeping
From the cots where they've been sleeping.

R

Robin Redbreast clears his throat
To trill for us his sweetest note.

I

And 'tis now the Insects waken
From the long, long sleep they've taken.

N

N is for Nests and nesting time
When birds return from warmer clime.

G

Green springs the Grass o'er meadow-land
When April fairies wave their wand.

T

The grand old Trees, we learn today,
Are monarchs of our Arbor Day.

*(If not desired for Arbor Day recitation
this verse may be substituted for letter T.)*

The Trees in dress of freshest green
Tall monarchs are of stateliest mien.

I

Spring's Infant blossoms, birds and bees
Are waiting warmer sun and breeze.

M

One sign of spring we know full well,
When Maple buds begin to swell.

E

Earth dons her robes of brightest green
A fresher world was never seen.

*(The children sing the same stanza as at
the beginning and pass off stage, according
to diagram and directions.)*

—May R. Collins.

Sugar Season*



Here we come with shouts and buckets,
Spoons and kettles, every one;
What's the reason?
Sugar season,
And the sap's begun to run.

Horses crunch across the snowpaths,
Loaded sleds of sap they pull;
What's the reason?
Sugar season,
And the pails are brimming full.

Sap in kettles, watch it bubble,
Try it, see the fine threads coil;
What's the reason?
Sugar season,
And the sap's begun to boil.

Sugar cakes—all sorts and sizes—
See, our little baskets hold;
What's the reason?
Sugar season,
And our sugar must be sold.

*Used by special permission of the author and composer, Alice E. Allen and Chas. E. Boyd.

Apple Seed John

Poor Johnny was bended well-nigh double
With years of care, and toil, and trouble;
But his large old heart still felt the need
Of doing for others some kindly deed.

"But what can I do?" old Johnny said;
"I, who work so hard for daily bread?
It takes heaps of money to do much good;
I am far too poor to do as I would."

The old man sat thinking deeply awhile,
Then over his features gleamed a smile;
And he clapped his hands with childish
glee,
And said to himself, "There's a way for
me!"

He worked and he worked with might and
main,
But no one knew the plan in his brain.
He took the ripe apples in pay for chores,
And carefully cut from them all the cores.

With a bag full of cores he wandered away,
And no man saw him for many a day.
With knapsack over his shoulder slung,
He marched along and whistled or sung.

He seemed to roam with no object in view,
Like one who had nothing on earth to do;
But, journeying thus o'er the prairies wide,
He paused now and then, and his bag
untied.

With pointed cane, deep holes he would
bore,
And in every hole he placed a core;
Then covered them well and left them there,
In keeping of sunshine, rain, and air.

Sometimes for days he waded through grass,
And saw not a living creature pass;
But often, when sinking to sleep in the
dark,
He heard the owls hoot and prairie-dogs
bark.

Sometimes a log cabin came in view,
Where Johnny was sure to find jobs to do,
By which he gained stores of bread and
meat,
And welcome rest for his weary feet.

He had full many a story to tell,
And goodly hymns that he sang right well;
He tossed up the babies and joined the boys
In many a game full of fun and noise.

And he seemed so hearty in work or play,
Men, women and boys all urged him to
stay;
But he always said, "I have something to
do,
And I must go on to carry it through."

The boys, who were sure to follow him
round,
Soon found what it was that he put in the
ground;
And so, as time passed, and he traveled on,
Every one called him, "Old Apple-Seed
John."

Whenever he'd used the whole of his store,
He went into cities and worked for more;
Then he marched back to the wilds again,
And planted seed on hillside and plain.

In cities, some said the old man was crazy,
While others said he was only lazy;
But he took no notice of jibes and jeers;
He knew he was working for future years.

So he kept on traveling far and wide,
Till his old limbs failed him and he died.
He said at last, "'Tis comfort to feel
I've done good in the world, though not a
great deal."

Weary travelers, journeying west,
In the shade of his trees find a pleasant
rest;
And they often start with glad surprise,
At the rosy fruit that round them lies,

And if they inquire whence came such
trees,
Where not a branch once swayed in the
breeze,
The answer still comes, as they travel on,
"These trees were planted by 'Apple Seed-
John.'"

—Lydia Maria Child.

Crown the Spade

*(A pupil bearing an ordinary garden
spade comes upon the stage and recites.
This spade is undecorated.)*

Crown the spade on Arbor Day
Of every tool the king.
The spade digs up the little tree
We for our festal bring;
The spade makes ready for the place
The little tree must own
When it is from its brothers brought
And coaxed to dwell alone;
The spade then brings the richer soil
And spreads it all around,
And still with kindly services
It often seeks that ground.
Then, while we celebrate the trees
And all their virtues trace,
The spades in holiday attire
Our festival shall grace.

*(This pupil leaves the stage and four
others enter. They carry decorated spades
that look as pretty as fancy ribbons or paper
can make them. Each recites in turn.)*

Away to the forest, ho, ho!
'Tis there that the young saplings grow
'Tis there we may find what we please
When seeking for Arbor Day trees.

Away to the forest, ho, ho!
 With spades on our shoulders we go.
 There fair little trees we shall find,
 And bring them to places more kind.

Away to the forest, ho, ho!
 With merriest footsteps we go

To make a most diligent search
 'Mong hickory, maple and birch.

Then back from the forest, ho, ho!
 And proudly our gleanings we'll show.
 Perhaps each small Arbor Day tree
 A father of forests may be.

The Four Sunbeams

Four little sunbeams came earthward one day,
 Shining and dancing along on their way,
 Resolved that their course should be blest.
 "Let us try," they all whispered; "some kindness to do,
 Not seek our own pleasuring all the day through,
 Then meet in the eve at the west."

One sunbeam ran in at a low cottage door,
 And played "hide-and-seek" with a child on the floor,
 Till baby laughed loud in his glee,
 And chased with delight his strange playmate so bright,
 The little hands grasping in vain for the light
 That ever before them would flee.

One crept to the couch where an invalid lay,
 And brought him a dream of the sweet summer day,
 Its bird-song and beauty and bloom,
 Till pain was forgotten and weary unrest,
 And in fancy he roamed through the scenes he loved best,
 Far away from the dim, darkened room.

One stole to the heart of a flower that was sad,
 And loved and caressed her until she was glad
 And lifted her white face again;
 For love brings content to the lowliest lot,
 And finds something sweet in the dreariest spot,
 And lightens all labor and pain.

And one, where a little blind girl sat alone,
 Not sharing the mirth of her playfellows, shone
 On hands that were folded and pale,
 And kissed the poor eyes that had never known sight,
 That never would gaze on the beautiful light
 Till angels had lifted the veil.

At last, when the shadows of evening were falling,
 And the sun, their great father, his children was calling,
 Four sunbeams sped into the West.
 All said, "We have found that in seeking the pleasure
 Of others, we fill to the full our own measure,"—
 Then softly they sank to their rest.

—*St. Nicholas.*

Arbor Day Brevities

Arbor Day was started in Nebraska in 1872. J. Sterling Morton was the founder of it. Practically all of the States and Territories have adopted Arbor Day, and millions of trees are set out every year.

The first public planting of trees in honor of the memory of distinguished people took place in Cincinnati, Ohio, several years ago.

Our country has made a great mistake in cutting down so many trees and spoiling our splendid forests. Trees not only make the earth more beautiful to look at and enjoy, but they do a great deal of good beside.

Forests affect the climate of a country. They prevent extremes of heat and cold, and the sudden changes in weather that spoil the crops.

Forests help the farmers by forming a wall that protects the growing crops.

More rain falls every year in the forests than in the open fields. A portion of this rain is caught by the leaves and held, and then dropped down afterwards to the earth gradually. This is better for the soil than if it all fell upon the earth at once.

The carpet of leaves in the forests makes the earth there like a sponge, and it takes up the rains and melting snows and holds them and lets the moisture down into the soil, little by little. This spongy leaf-mold keeps the earth from freezing so hard there so that it can take up the rain.

Old limbs and trunks of trees and big roots that stand out on the surface stop the water that comes pouring down the hillsides, and slowly fills the springs and rivers.

When the forests are cut down and the ground burned over, the leafy sponge-like mold is burned too, and the melting snows and rainfalls rush down the hills and do great harm.

Large roots of trees will push their way under ground and into rocks and make little hollow places for the water to run through, and that keeps the springs open all the year.

If trees are planted in sandy deserts by and by good soil will be formed, where other things can grow. Then people can live in these places. Trees make the air purer. The leaves take in the impure air which we breathe out. They make it over in their little cells and give it back to us pure air again.

Trees give out a great deal of moisture. A town or city without any trees would be a great deal hotter and drier in the summer time.

The Poets and Arbor Day

(*Pupils stand by desks and after naming authors recite the quotations.*)

First Pupil—Whittier said:

"Give fools their gold, and knaves their power;

Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree is more than all."

Second Pupil—Ben Johnson wrote:

"Not merely growing like a tree
In bulk doth make man better be,
Or standing long an oak three hundred
years,

To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sear.

A lily of a day is fairer far in May;

Although it fall and die that night,

It was the plant and flower of light.

In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measure life may perfect be."

Third Pupil—Holmes said:

"In fact there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth."

Fourth Pupil—Morris wrote:

"To me the world's an open book

Of sweet and pleasant poetry;

I read it in the running brook

That sings its way toward the sea.

It whispers in the leaves of trees,

The swelling grain, the waving grass,

And in the cool, fresh evening breeze,

That crisps the wavelets as they pass.

"The flowers below, the stars above,

In all their bloom and brightness given,

Are, like the attributes of love,

The poetry of earth and heaven;

Thus, nature's volume, read aright,

Attunes the soul to minstrelsy

Tinging life's cloud with rosy light

And all the world with poetry."

Fifth Pupil—Longfellow said:

"If thou art worn and heart beset

With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,

If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep

Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from

sleep,

Go to the woods and hills! No tears

Dim the sweet look that Nature wears."

Sixth Pupil—Bryan Waller Procter wrote:

"Methinks I love all common things,
The common air, the common flower,
The dear, kind, common thought that
springs

From hearts that have no other dower,
No other wealth, no other power,
Save love; and will not that repay
For all else fortune tears away?

What good are fancies rare, that rack
With painful thought the poet's brain?
Alas! they cannot bear us back
Unto happy years again!

But the white rose without a stain
Bringeth times and thoughts of flowers,
When youth was bounteous as the hours."

The School—

"He who plants a tree
Plants a hope.

Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime."

The Planting Song

(Tune:—"America." See page 62)

Joy for the sturdy trees
Fanned by each fragrant breeze,
Lovely they stand!

The song birds o'er them trill,
They shade each tinkling rill,
They crown each swelling hill,
Lowly or grand.

Plant them by stream and way,
Plant where the children play
And toilers rest;

In every verdant vale,
On every sunny swale—
Whether to grow or fail,
God knowest best.

Select the strong, the fair,
Plant them with earnest care,
No toil is vain;

Plant in a fitter place,
Where, like a lovely face,
Let in some sweeter grace,
Change may prove gain.

God will His blessings send,
All things on Him depend.
His loving care
Clings to each leaf and flower,
Like ivy to its tower.
His presence and His power
Are everywhere.

Recipe for an April Day

Take a dozen little clouds
And a patch of blue;
Take a million raindrops,
As many sunbeams, too.

Take a host of violets,
A wandering little breeze,
And myriads of little leaves
Dancing on the trees.

Then mix them well together,
In the very quickest way,
Showers and sunshine, birds and flowers,
And you'll have an April day.

A Chorus of the Flowers

(Six Children)

(*Each child carries the flower which he represents.*)

First Child—

I am the honeysuckle,
With my drooping head,
And early in the springtime
I don my dress of red.
I grow in quiet woodlands,
Beneath some budding tree;
So when you take a ramble
Just look at me.

Second Child—

I am the dandelion,
Yellow, as you see,
And when the children see me
They shout for glee.
I grow by every wayside,
And when I've had my day
I spread my wings so silvery
And fly away.

Third Child—

When God made all the flowers
He gave each one a name;
And when the others all had gone
A little blue one came,
And said, in trembling whisper,
"My name has been forgot,"
Then the good Father called her
Forget-me-not.

Fourth Child—

A fern, the people call me,
I'm always clothed in green;
I live in every forest—
You've seen me oft, I ween.
Sometimes I leave the shadow
To grow beside the way;
You'll see me as you pass
Some nice, fine day.

Fifth Child—

I am the gay nasturtium,
 I bloom in gardens fine;
 Among the grander flowers
 My slender stalk I twine.
 Bright orange is my color
 The eyes of all to please.
 I have a tube of honey
 For all the bees.

Sixth Child—

I am the little violet
 In my purple dress;
 I hide myself so safely
 That you'd never guess
 There was a flower so near you,
 Nestling at your feet;
 And that is why I send you
 My fragrance sweet.

—*Lucy Wheelock.*

The Tree Planter

We are building for the future;
 Every loyal youth and lad
 In his May-time seed or sapling
 Finds a dwelling green and glad,
 Where the song birds of the morning
 Round their cradle-homes will play,
 And the rain will store its treasure
 For the streams that wear away.

—*Selected.*

Planting a Cherry Tree

Dear little, bright little Robins,
 With your cozy home in view,
 When my tree has grown
 As big as your own
 I'll have this bargain with you;
 If you'll eat the slugs
 And the worms and bugs,
 You may taste of the cherries, too.

Dear old, fussy old Top-Knot,
 You musn't scratch there—shoo! shoo!
 Now just be good
 And act as you should,
 And I'll tell you what I will do:
 When the tree grows tall,
 The cherries that fall
 Shall all be reckoned for you.

Sweet little baby brother,
 Dimple and smile and coo.
 For this trim little tree
 I've brought you to see
 I planted on purpose for you;
 When you're of a size
 To eat cherry pies,
 Why, here will be cherries for you.

The Pussy Willow

The brook is brimming with melting snow,
 The maple sap is running,
 And on the highest elm, a crow
 His coal-black wings is sunning.
 A close green bud, the Mayflower lies
 Upon a mossy pillow;

And sweet and low, the south wind blows,
 And through the brown fields calling goes
 "Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!
 Within your close brown wrapper stir!
 Come out and show your silver fur!
 Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!"

Soon red will bud the maple-trees,
 The bluebirds will be singing,
 The yellow tassels in the breeze
 Be from the poplars swinging.
 And rosy will the Mayflower be
 Upon its mossy pillow.

"But you must come the first of all,—
 Come, Pussy!" is the south wind's call.
 "Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!"
 A fairy gift to children dear,
 The downy firstling of the year,
 "Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!"

—*Selected.*

We Love the Trees*First Child—*

I love a tree in spring,
 When the first green leaves come out,
 And the birds build their nests and carol
 Their sweet songs round about.

Second Child—

I love a tree in summer,
 When, in the noon-tide heat,
 The reapers lie in its shadow,
 On the greensward, cool and sweet.

Third Child—

I love a tree in autumn,
 When Frost, the painter old,
 Has touched with his brush its branches
 And left them all crimson and gold.

Fourth Child—

I love a tree in winter,
 Mid snow and ice and cloud,
 Waving its long, bare branches
 In the north wind, wailing loud.

All—

Let us plant a tree by the wayside,
 Plant it with smiles and with tears;
 A shade for some weary wanderer,
 A hope for the coming years.

—*Lucia M. Mooney*

The Value of Our Forests

(The pupils come on the stage one at a time and recite, showing the article about which they speak and give motions.)

First Pupil (carrying a bunch of toothpicks)—A toothpick is a little thing, yet it is reported that one factory uses 10,000 cords of wood annually in the production of these splints of wood.

Second Pupil (carrying a box of pegs)—Shoe pegs are small affairs; yet a single factory sends to Europe annually, 40,000 bushels of pegs, besides what it sells in this country.

Third Pupil—A spool is of small account when the thread is wound off; yet several factories use each from 1,800 to 3,500 cords of wood every year in making these articles. Thousands of acres of birch trees have been bought at one time by thread manufacturers, for the sole purpose of securing a supply of spools.

Fourth Pupil—Who thinks much of the little friction match, as he uses it to light the lamp or fire, and then throw it away? But one factory, it is said, makes 60,000,000 of these little articles every day, and uses for this purpose 12,000 square feet of best pine lumber.

Fifth Pupil—Forests affect the climate of the country; influence the rain of a country, build up a wall and protect the crops; they keep the air pure. The leaf-mold in forests holds back the rains. We draw \$700,000,000 worth of products every year from the trees. No other crop equals this in value.

All—

“The groves were God’s first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave
And spread the roof above them; ere he framed
The lofty vault to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication.”

Winter Storms Have Passed Away

(Air: “Auld Lang Syne.” See page 112)

The winter storms have passed away
And spring time now is here
With sunshine smiling all around,
And heavens blue and clear.
The gifts of Nature brighten earth,
And make her garden gay;
They give a cheery greeting bright
On this, the Arbor Day.

The birds with gladsome voices sing,
Each its melodious lay,
And music swells each little throat
On this, the Arbor Day.
The trees put forth their greenest leaves
On this, the Arbor Day,
And welcome now the chosen tree
Which we shall plant today.

—Ellen Beauchamp.

Bring Flowers

Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror’s path!
He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath;
He comes with spoils of nations back,
The vines lie crushed in his chariot’s track
The turf looks red where he won the day.
Bring flowers to die in the conqueror’s way!

Bring flowers to the captive’s lonely cell!
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell,—
Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky.

And the bright world shut from his languid eye;
 They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
 And the dream of his youth. Bring him flowers, wild flowers!

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear!
 They were born to blush in her shining hair.
 She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth.
 She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth.
 Her place is now by another's side.
 Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride!

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
 A crown for the brow of the early dead!
 For this through its leaves hath the white rose burst,
 For this in the woods was the violet nursed!
 Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
 They are love's last gift. Bring ye flowers, pale flowers!

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,—
 They are nature's offering, their place is there!
 They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
 With a voice of promise they come and part,
 They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
 They break forth in glory. Bring flowers, bright flowers!

—Mrs Hemans.

Amy Stewart

There was once a little girl named Amy Stewart, who liked to play all day in the garden among the flowers and birds. She said they talked to her.

One day her mother said, 'You are old enough now, Amy, to do a little work, and you must begin to be industrious.'

'O mamma! I do not like to work; may I out go into the woods and play before I begin to work?'

'As I have nothing ready for you to do just now you may go a little while,' said her mother.

So Amy ran out of doors. A pretty gray squirrel ran across her path, and she called to him, saying,—

'Dear Squirrel, you have nothing to do but play and eat nuts, have you?'

'Yes,' said Mr. Squirrel, 'I have a large family to support, and I am busy laying up nuts for the winter, so I cannot stop to play with you.'

Just then a bee came buzzing by. Amy said, 'Little Bee, do you have any work to do?'

'It seems to me I have no time to do anything but work, getting honey and making the honey comb.'

Amy now saw an ant carrying a crumb of bread.

'Is not that crumb too heavy for you? I wish you would drop it and play with me.'

'It is heavy, but I am too glad to get it not to be willing to carry it; but I will stop long enough to tell you about a lazy day we once had. Our house was destroyed and I was too lazy to help rebuild it; and I said to my brothers, 'Let us go and travel; perhaps we will find a house ready-made; perhaps the butterflies will play with us.' We traveled a long way, but we found no ready-made house, and at last were obliged to build one for ourselves. Since then we have been contented to do all the work that we find necessary.' The ant then picked up the crumb of bread and hurried away.

Amy sat down on a stone and thought "It seems to me all creatures have some work to do, and they seem to like it; but I do not believe flowers have anything to do." So she walked up to a red poppy and said:

'Beautiful red poppy, do flowers work?'

"Of course we do," said the poppy. "I have to take great care to gather all the red rays the good sun sends down to me, and I must keep them in my silken petals for you to use, and the green rays must be untangled and held by my glossy leaves, and my roots must drink water, my flowers must watch the days not to let the seed-time pass by—ah, my child, I assure you we are a busy family, and that is why we are so happy."

Amy walked slowly homeward and said to her mother,—"The squirrels, bees, ants, and even the flowers have something to do. I am the only idle one; please give me something to do."

Then her mother brought her a towel to hem, which she had begun so long before that she had quite forgotten it. She worked very faithfully, and grew to be an industrious woman, never forgetting that work makes us happier than idleness.—*Anon.*

My Favorite Tree

(If possible, let each pupil carry a branch of the tree he describes.)

First Pupil—I speak for the Elm. It is a noble tree. It has the shape of a Greek vase and such rich foliage running down the trunk to the very roots, as if a vine were wreathed about it.

Second Pupil—My favorite is the Maple. What a splendid cupola of leaves it builds up into the sky. And in autumn, its crimson is so rich one might call it the blush of the woods!

Third Pupil—The Birch is a tree for me. How like a shaft of ivory it gleams in the daylight woods! How the moonlight turns it into pearl!

Fourth Pupil—What a tree is the Oak! First a tiny needle, rising toward the sun, a wreath of green to endure for ages. The child gathers the violet at its foot; as a boy, he pockets the acorns; as a man, he looks at its towering heights and makes it the emblem of his ambition.

Fifth Pupil—The Oak may be the king of the lowlands, but the Pine is king of the hills. There he lifts his haughty head like a warrior and when he is roused to meet the storm, the battle-cry he sends down the wind is heard above all the voices of the greenwood.

All—

Hail to the trees!

Patient and generous, mothers of mankind;
Arching the hills, the minstrels of the wind,
Spring's glorious flowers and summer's balmy tents.
A sharer in man's free and happier sense.
The trees bless all, and then, brown-mantled, stand,
The sturdy prophets of a golden land.

—*Selected.*

Pine-Needles

If Mother Nature patches
The leaves of trees and vines,
I'm sure she does her darning
With needles of the pines!

They are so long and slender;
And sometimes in full view,
They have their thread of cobwebs
And thimbles made of dew.

—*William H. Payne.*

The Tree We Plant

(Concert Recitation)

A strong, fair shoot from the forest bring,
Gently the roots in the soft earth lay;
God bless with his sunshine, and wind and rain

The tree we are planting on Arbor Day.

May it greenly grow for a hundred years,
And our children's children around it play,

Gather the fruit and rest in the shade
Of the trees we are planting on Arbor Day.

So may our life be an upward growth—

In wisdom's soil every rootlet lay;
May every tree bear some precious fruit
Like the tree we plant on Arbor Day.

—*Arbor Day Manual.*

Something Good About Pansies

We had climbed to the top of the old Gray Peak,

And viewed the valley o'er;
And we started off on our homeward tramp,
A good three miles or more.

The road lay curved like a ribbon of gold
Around the base of the hill,
And the brook gleamed out with a silver sheen

From thickets near the mill.

But the sun shone warm on the dusty road,
Until by heat oppressed

We wearily stopped at a cottage gate;
The matron bade us rest.

How cool was the shade of the trumpet-vine,

A spring ran fresh and clear:
The flash and whirr of a jeweled thing,
A humming-bird, was near.

We were sauntering down the garden path,
Repeating kind good-byes,
When suddenly new were our footsteps stayed,

New beauties met our eyes.
"Will you have some pansies?" the hostess asks,

"O, thank you, no!" we say;
But the matron is culling the purple blooms,
We let her have her way.

Purple and blue and russet and gold

Those fragrant rich bouquets;
"Ah!" she explains, "of my violets sweet
You have not learned the ways.

There is something good about pansies
That's worth your while to know;
The more they are picked and given away
The more they're sure to grow."

—*Mary A. McClelland.*

The Grand Old Trees

(Tune: "There's Music in the Air."
See page 201)

We love the grand old trees,—

With the oak, their royal king,

And the maple, forest queen,

We to her our homage bring.

And the elms with stately form,
Long withstanding wind and storm,
Pine, low whispering to the breeze,
O, we love the grand old trees!

We love the grand old trees,—

The cedar bright above the snow,

The poplar straight and tall,

And the willow weeping low.

Butternut, and walnut, too,

Hickory so staunch and true,

Basswood blooming for the bees,

O, we love the grand old trees!

We love the grand old trees,—

The tulip branching broad and high,

The beech with shining robe,

And the birch so sweet and shy.

Aged chestnuts, fair to see,

Holly bright with Christmas glee,

Laurel, crown for victory.

O, we love the grand old trees!

- The wren and the woodpecker danc'd for life,
 The raven waltz'd with the yellow bird's wife,
 The awkward owl and the bashful jay
 Wish'd each other a very fine day.
- Chorus.
- The woodpecker came from his hole in the tree,
 And presented his bill to the company,
 Berries ripe and cherries red,
 T'was a very large bill the birdies said.
- Chorus.
- They danc'd all day till the sun was low,
 Then the mother birds prepared to go,
 When one and all both great and small,
 Flew home to their nests from the birdies' ball.
- Chorus.

Quotations

A gush of bird song, a patter of dew,
 A cloud and a rainbow's warning;
 Sudden sunshine and perfect blue—
 An April day in the morning.

—*Harriet Prescott Spofford.*

God sent his singers upon earth
 With songs of gladness and of mirth,
 That they might touch the hearts of men,
 And bring them back to heaven again.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

Sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings,—
 Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes;
 Sleep to the singing of mother bird swinging—
 Swinging the nest where her little one lies.

—*Eugene Field.*

The sweetest bird builds near the ground,
 The loveliest flowers spring low,
 And we must stoop for happiness
 If we its worth would know.

—*Swain.*

The air for the wing of the sparrow,
 The nest for the robin and wren;
 But always the path that is narrow
 And straight for the children of men.

—*Alice Cary.*

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
 And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
 The ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his den,
 And the willing bee hums merrily by.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills
 The air with sweetness.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

Hark, ah, the nightingale—
 The tawny-throated!
 Hark! from the moon-lit cedar what a burst!
 What triumph! hark! what pain!

—*Matthew Arnold.*

'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Gladness of woods, skies, waters all in one,
The bobolink has come, and, like the soul
Of the sweetest season vocal in a bird,
Gurgles in ecstasy we know not what
Save June! Dear June! Now God be praised for June.

—James Russell Lowell.

Don't Kill the Birds

(Concert Recitation)

Don't kill the birds, the pretty birds,
That sing about your door
Soon as the joyous spring has come
And chilling storms are o'er.
The little birds, how sweet they sing!
Oh! let them joyous live;
And never seek to take the life
That you can never give.

—Colesworthy.

He Didn't Think

Once there was a robin
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside
And hop upon the floor.
"No, no," said the mother,
"You must stay with me;
Little birds are safest
Sitting in a tree."
"I don't care," said Robin,
And he gave his tail a fling,
"I don't think the old folks
Know quite everything."
Down he flew and kitty seized him
Before he'd time to blink;
"Oh," he cried, "I'm sorry
But I didn't think."

Address of the Birds

(An Exercise for Five Pupils)

The Robin—

I am a robin, very brown
And big and plump and smooth and round.
My breast is pretty, bright and red,
And see this top-knot on my head!
I heard the boys awhile ago
Shooting robins o'er the snow,
And flew away in trembling fear
And thought I'd hide from them in here.

The Blue Bird—

I'm a blue bird. Don't you see
Me sitting on this apple tree?
I left my nest an hour ago
To look for bugs and worms, you know;

And now I know the very thing—
That while I'm waiting I will sing.
Oh! beautiful and balmy spring!

The Woodpecker—

I'm a woodpecker—a bird
Whose sound through wood and dale is
heard.
I tap, tap, tap, with noisy glee,
To test the bark of every tree.
I saw a rainbow stretching gay,
Across the sky, the other day;
And some one said, "Goodbye to rain,
The woodpecker has come again."

The Lark—

I'm the lark and early rise
To greet the sun-god of the skies,
And upright cleave the freshening air
To sail in regions still more fair.
Who could not soar on lusty wing,
His Maker's praises thus to sing?

The Nightingale—

In music I excel the lark,
She comes at dawn, I come at dark.
And when the stars are shining bright,
I sing the praises of the night.

In Concert—

Oh! in a chorus sweet we'll sing,
And wake the echoes of the spring.

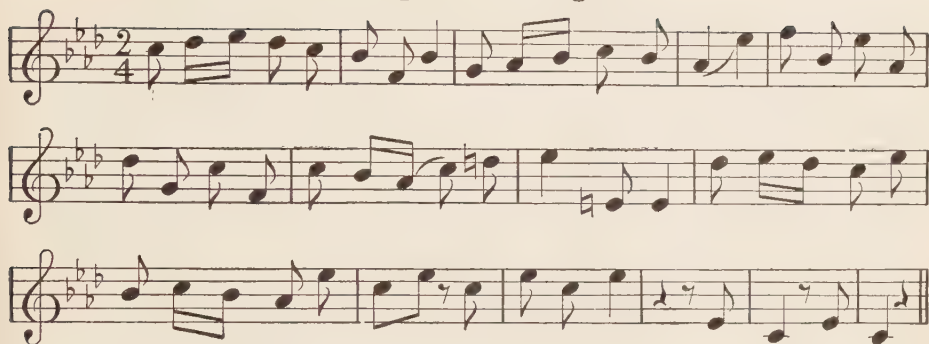
—American Teacher.

The Wren and the Hen

Said a very small wren
To a very large hen,
"Pray why do you make such a clatter?
I never could guess,
Why an egg, more or less
Should be thought so important a matter."
Then answered the hen
To the very small wren,
"If I laid such a small egg as you, madam,
I would not cluck so loud,
Nor would I feel so proud;
Look at these! How you'd crow if you
had 'em!"

—St. Nicholas.

Song of the Frogs



Early frogs in slushy bogs,
 Hidden safe and snug,
 Now come creeping, softly peeping,
 "Peep! Per-weep! (*short pause*) Ker
 chug!"
 Swiftly leaping, shrilly peeping,
 "Peep! Per-weep! Peep-peep!
 Ker chug! Ker chug!"

Later frogs in slushy bogs,
 Hidden safe and snug,
 Now come leaping, shrilly peeping,
 "Peep! Per-weep! (*short pause*) Ker
 chug!"
 Swiftly leaping, shrilly peeping,
 "Peep! Per-weep! Peep-peep!
 Ker chug! Ker chug!"

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The North Story of How the Robin Got Its Red Breast

(Let some Child tell this Story)

Long ago, in the far north, where it is very cold, there was only one fire.

An old man and his little son took care of this fire and kept it burning day and night. They knew that if the fire went out all the people would freeze and the white bear would have the Northland all to himself.

One day the old man became very ill, so that his son had everything to do. For many days and nights the boy bravely took care of his father and kept the fire burning. At last he got so tired and sleepy that he could no longer walk.

Now, the white bear was always watching the fire.

He longed for the time when he should have the Northland all to himself.

When he saw how tired and sleepy the little boy was, he stayed close to the fire and laughed to himself.

One night the poor little boy could keep awake no longer and fell fast asleep.

Then the white bear ran as fast as he could and jumped upon the fire with his wet feet and rolled upon it.

At last he thought it was all out and went happily away to his cave.

But a gray robin had been flying near and had seen what the white bear was doing.

She waited until the bear had gone away.

Then she flew down and searched with her sharp little eyes until she found a tiny live spark.

For a long time she patiently fanned this little spark with her wings.

Her little breast was scorched red, but she did not give up.

After a while a fine, red blaze sprang up. Then she flew away to every hut in the Northland.

Everywhere that she touched the ground, a fire began to burn.

So that soon instead of one little fire, the whole Northland was lighted up.

Now, all that the white bear could do was to go back further into his cave and growl.

For now, indeed, he knew that the northland was not all for him.

And this is the reason why the people in the north country love the robin. And they are never tired of telling their children how it got its red breast.—*Flora Cook's Myths.*

How the Woodpecker Knows

Boy at the Window—

"How does he know where to dig his hole,
The woodpecker there on the elm-tree bole?
How does he know what kind of a limb
To use for a drum, and to burrow in?
How does he find where the young grubs grow—
I'd like to know?"

The woodpecker flew to a maple limb
And drummed a tattoo that was fun for him.
"No breakfast here! It's too hard for that,"
He said as down on his tail he sat.
"Just listen to this rrrrr rat-tat-tat."

Away to the pear tree, out of sight,
With a cherry call and a jumping flight!
He hopped around till he found a stub,
"Ah, here's the place to look for a grub!
'Tis moist and dead—rrrrr rub-dub-dub."

To a branch of the apple tree Downy lied,
And hung by his toes to the under side.
"'Twill be sunny here in this hollow trunk;
It's dry and soft with a heart of punk,
Just the place for a rest—rrrrr runk-tunk-tunk."

"I see," said the boy. "Just a tap or two;
Then listen as any bright boy might do.
You can tell ripe melons and garden stuff
In the very same way—it's easy enough."

—*William J. Long in Youth's Companion.*

Mrs. Goldfinch's "Afternoon Delight"

The thistles at the country-side
Were ripe; the day was bright
For Mrs. Goldfinch, when she gave
Her "Afternoon Delight."

Arrangements all were perfect;
Her black and yellow dress,
Just touched with white, was elegant;
Her manners were no less.

And oh, the folks invited!
Well, everybody came,
From Tommy-Tip-Up-Teeter-Tail
To some I couldn't name.

Miss Polly Pewee—she was there
With Mr. Grackle-wing;
Miss Oriole, from Baltimore,
Came all the way to sing.

Miss Long-Stilts came from Jersey,
And walked 'most all the way;
Miss Sparrow rode, I understood,
On top a load of hay.

Will you believe it, every one
Had just what he would wish!
Miss Robin had a dish of worms;
For several there was fish.

Miss Pewee had some marmalade
Of molts, and rose leaf tea,
And drank so much she sang "Peet-weet!"
Instead of Pe-wee-ee,"—

Which Tommy-Tip-Up didn't like;
And so Miss Oriole
Set up a song like dripping pearls
And all the wooded knoll

Resounded with the melody;
And every lily-bell
Swung out upon the evening wind
Until the darkness fell.

And then the merry company
Broke up, and I suppose
That every little boy and girl
In all the country knows

That Mrs. Goldfinch, after this,
Put off her yellow gown,
And since that "Afternoon Delight"
She wears a cloak of brown.

—Herbert Randall.

Who Stole the Bird's Nest

(An Exercise for Six Pupils)

First Pupil—

"To-whit, to-whit, to-whee
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

Second Pupil—

"Not I," said the cow, "moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay
But didn't take your nest away."

Third Pupil—

"Not I," said the dog; "bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean anyhow.
I gave hairs the nest to make
But the nest I did not take."

Fourth Pupil—

"Not I," said the sheep, "oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.
I gave the wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine."

Fifth Pupil—

"Cluck, cluck!" said the hen;
"Don't ask me again;
I haven't a chick
That would do such a trick."

Sixth Pupil—

"I would not rob a bird"
Said little Mary Green;
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

All—

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed;
For he stole that pretty nest,
From poor little yellow breast;
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn't like to tell his name.

—L. Maria Child.

Cheer Up

A little bird sings, and he sings all day—
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"
No matter to him if the skies be gray—
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"
He flies o'er the fields of waving corn,
And over the ripening wheat;
He answers the lark in the early morn
In cadences cheery and sweet.
And only these two little words he sings—
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"
A message to earth which he gladly brings—
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"

He sings in a voice that is blithe and bold—
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"
And little cares he for the storm or cold—
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"
And when in the winter the snow comes
down,
And the fields are all frosty and bare,
He flies to the heart of the busy town,
And sings just as cheerily there.
He chirps from his perch on my window
sill—
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"
This message he brings with a right good
will—
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"
This dear little messenger can but say,
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"

As over the house-tops he makes his way—
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"
Oh, let us all learn from this little bird
A lesson we surely should heed;
For if we all uttered but one bright word
The world would be brighter indeed!
If only Earth's children would blithely say
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"
How jolly a world would ours be today—
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"

—Eva Best, in *Child-Life*.

Don't Kill the Birds

E. L. WATTS.

Animato

1. Don't kill the birds, the lit-tle birds That sing about your door Soon as the joy-ous
 2. Don't kill the birds, the lit-tle birds That play among the trees; 'Twould make the earth a
 3. Don't kill the birds, the happy birds That bless the field and grove; So in-no-cent to

spring has come, And chill-ing storms are o'er. The lit-tle birds, how sweet they sing! Oh! cheerless place, Be-reft of songs like these. The lit-tle birds, how fond they play! Do look up-on, They claim our warmest love. The hap-py birds, the tune-ful birds, How

let them joyous live; And nev-er seek to take the life Which you can nev-er give. not disturb their sport; But let them warble forth their songs Till win-ter cuts them short. pleasant 'tis to see! No spot can be a cheerless place Where'er their presence be.

Warblers and Perchers

A little brown bird sat on the twig of a tree
 A swinging and singing as glad as could be,
 And when he had finished his gay little song,
 He flew down in the street and went hopping along.

A little boy said to him, "Little bird, stop!
 And tell me the reason why you go with a hop;
 Why don't you walk as boys do, and men,
 One foot at a time like a duck or a hen?"

Then the little bird went with a hop, hop, hop,
 And he laughed and he laughed as he never would stop.
 And he said, "Little boy, there are some birds that talk,
 And some birds that hop and some birds that walk.

"Every bird that can scratch in the dirt, can walk;
 Every bird that can wade in the water can walk;
 Every bird that has claws to scratch with can walk;
 One foot at a time, that's the way they walk.

"But most little birds who can sing you a song,
Are so small that their legs are not very strong
To scratch with, or wade with, or catch things. That's why
They hop with both feet. They all know how to fly!"

—*The Kindergarten.*

Little Bell

Piped the blackbird on the beechwood spray,
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?" quoth he,
"What's your name? O, stop and straight unfold,
Pretty maid with showery curls of gold."
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,
Tossed aside her gleaming golden locks,
"Bonny bird," quoth she,
"Sing me your best song before I go."
"Here's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped; you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird,
Full of quips and wiles,
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,
All for love of that sweet face below.
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while the bonny bird did pour
His full heart freely o'er and o'er
Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below,
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow,
From the blue, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped and through the glade
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,
And from out the tree
Swung, and leaped, and frolicked, void of fear;
While bold blackbird piped that all might hear,
"Little Bell," piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern,
"Squirrel, squirrel, to your task return;
Bring me nuts," quoth she.
Up away the frisky squirrel hies,
Golden wood-lights glancing in his eyes,
And adown the tree
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap dropped one by one.

Hark, how blackbird pipes to see the fun!
"Happy Bell," pipes he.
Little Bell looked up and down the glade.
"Squirrel, squirrel, if you are not afraid,
Come and share with me!"
Down came squirrel eager for his fare,
Down came bonny blackbird, I declare;
Little Bell gave each his honest share,
Ah the merry three!

And the while these frolic playmates twain
 Piped and frisked from bough to bough again
 Neath the morning skies,
 In the little childish heart below
 All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
 And shine out in happy overflow
 From her blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day
 Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to pray;
 Very calm and clear
 Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,
 In blue heaven, an angel shape serene
 Paused awhile to hear.
 "What good child is this," the angel said.
 "That with happy heart beside her bed
 Prays so lovingly?"
 Low and soft, O, very low and soft, '
 Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft,
 "Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair
 Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care;
 Child, thy bed shall be
 Folded safe from harm. Love, deep and kind,
 Shall watch around and leave good gifts behind,
 Little Bell, for thee!"

—Thomas Westwood

Merry Little Sparrows

First Child—

Merry little sparrow, God is watching you;
 Who will dare to harm you, in his keeping true?
 God, our Heavenly Father would be grieved with me
 If to any creature I should cruel be.

All—

No, no, no! Let us not do so;
 We would not hurt a little bird,
 No, no, no!

Second Child—

Pretty little bird nest woven with such care,
 Shall I dare to rob it of its treasures there?
 Some poor mother birdie would be so distressed;
 Could I bring such trouble to its little breast?

All—

No, no, no! Let us not do so;
 We would not hurt a little bird,
 No, no, no!

Third Child—

All the little songsters happy lessons teach,
 From their leafy pulpits little sermons preach
 All about our Father and his tender love;
 If I dared to harm them, could I look above?

All—

No, no, no! Let us not do so;
 We would not hurt a little bird,
 No, no, no!

The Bumble-bee

You better not fool with a Bumble-bee! -
Ef you don't think they can sting—you'll
see!

They're lazy to look at, and kind o' go
Buzzin' and hummin' aroun' so slow,
An' ac' so slouchy an' all fagged out,
Danglin' their legs as they drone about
The hollyhaws 'at they can't climb in
'Ithout ist a-tumble-un out agin!
Wunst I watched one climb clean 'way
In a jim'son-blossom, I did, one day—

An' I ist grabbed it—an' nen lei go—
An' "Ooh-ooh! ooh-ooh! Honey! I told ye
so!"

Says the Raggedy Man, an' he ist run
An' pullt out the stinger, an' don't laugh
none,

An' says, "They has been folks, I guess,
'At thought I was prejudiced, more or less—
Yit I still maintain 'at a Bumble-bee

Wears out his welcome too quick fer me!"
—James Whitcomb Riley.

If Ever I See

CHILDHOOD SONGS

Allegro.

1. If ev - er I see, On bush or tree, Young birds in pret - ty nest,
2. My moth - er, I know, Would sor - row so, Should I be sto - len a - way:
3. And when they can fly, In the bright blue sky They'll war - ble a song to me;

I must not, in my play, Steal the birds a - way, To grieve their moth - er's breast.
So I'll speak to the birds In my soft - est words, Ner hurt them in my play.
And then if I'm sad, It will make me so glad, To think they are hap - py and free.

The Scarecrow

The farmer looked at his cherry tree,
With thick buds clustered on every bough;
"I wish I could cheat the robins," said he;
If somebody would only show me how!

"I'll make a terrible scarecrow grim,
With threatening arms and bristling head,
And up in the tree I'll fasten him
To frighten them half to death," he said.

He fashioned a scarecrow, tattered and torn—
Oh, 'twas a horrible thing to see!
And very early, one summer morn,
He set it up in his cherry tree.

The blosoms were white as the light sea foam,
The beautiful tree was a lovely sight,

But the scarecrow stood there so much at home
All the birds flew screaming away in fright.

The robins, who watched him every day,
Heads held aslant, keen eyes so bright,
Surveying the monster, began to say,
"Why should this monster our prospects blight?"

"He never moves round for the roughest weather,
He's a harmless, comical, tough old fellow;
Let's all go into the tree together,
For he won't budge till the fruit is mellow!"

So up they flew: and the sauciest pair
'Mid the shady branches peered and perked,
Selected a spot with the utmost care,
And all day merrily sang and worked.

And where do you think they built their nest?
In the scarecrow's pocket, if you please,
That, half concealed on his ragged breast
Made a charming covert of safety and ease!

By the time the cherries were ruby-red,
A thriving family, hungry and brisk,
The whole day long on the ripe fruit fed;
'Twas so convenient! they ran no risk!

Until the children were ready to fly,
All undisturbed they lived in the tree;
For nobody thought to look at the Guy
For a robin's flourishing family!

—Celia Thaxter.

I Used to Kill Birds

I used to kill birds in my boyhood,
Bluebirds and robins and wrens,
I hunted them up in the mountains,
I hunted them down in the glens;
I never thought it was sinful—
I did it only for fun—
And I had rare sport in the forest
With the poor little birds and my gun.

One beautiful day in the springtime
I spied a brown bird in a tree,
Merrily swinging and chirping,
As happy as bird could be;
And, raising my gun in a twinkling,
I fired, and my aim was too true;
For a moment the little thing fluttered,
Then off to the bushes it flew.

I followed it quickly and softly,
And there to my sorrow I found,
Right close to its nest full of young ones,
The little bird dead on the ground!
Poor birdies! For food they were calling;
But now they could never be fed,
For the kind mother-bird who had loved them
Was lying there bleeding and dead.

I picked up the bird in my anguish,
I stroked the wee motherly thing
That could never more feed its dear young
ones,
Nor dart through the air on swift wing.
And I made a firm vow in that moment,
When my heart with such sorrow was
stirred,
That never again in my lifetime.
Would I shoot a poor innocent bird!

Robert of Lincoln

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name;
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is this nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee."

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders, and white his crest;
Hear him call in his merry note:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;

Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
 Sure there was never a bird so fine.
 Chee, chee, chee."

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
 Pretty and quiet with plain brown wings,
 Passing at home a patient life,
 Broods in the grass, while her husband
 sings,
 "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
 Thieves and robbers while I am here.
 Chee, chee, chee."

Modest and shy as a nun is she,
 One weak chirp is her only note;
 Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
 Pouring boasts from his little throat.
 "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 Never was I afraid of man,
 Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
 Chee, chee, chee."

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
 Flecked with purple, a pretty sight;
 There as the mother sits all day,
 Robert is singing with all his might:
 "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 Nice good wife that never goes out,
 Keeping house while I frolic about.
 Chee, chee, chee."

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
 Six wide mouths are open for food,
 Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
 Gathering seeds for the hungry brood;
 "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 This new life is likely to be
 Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
 Chee, chee, chee."

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
 Sober with work and silent with care;
 Off is his holiday garment laid,
 Half forgotten that merry air;
 "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 Nobody knows, but my mate and I,
 Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
 Chee, chee, chee."

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
 Fun and frolic no more he knows,
 Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
 Off he flies, and we sing as he goes,
 "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink;
 When you can pipe that merry old strain,
 Robert of Lincoln come back again.
 Chee, chee, chee."

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

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What the Sparrow Chirps

I am only a little sparrow,
 A bird of low degree;
 My life's of little value,
 But the dear Lord careth for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers,
 'Tis very plain I know,
 With never a speck of crimson,
 For it was not made for show.

But it keeps me warm in winter,
 And it shields me from the rain;
 Were it 'broidered with gold or purple
 Perhaps it would make one vain.

By and by when it is springtime,
 I will build me a little nest,
 With many a chirp of pleasure,
 In the spot I like the best.

And He will give me wisdom
 To build it of leaves most brown;
 Warm and soft for my birdies,
 So will I line it with down.

I have no barn or storehouse,
 I neither sow nor reap;
 God gives me a sparrow's portion,
 With never a speck to keep.

I know there are many sparrows,
 All over the world we're found;
 But our Heavenly Father knoweth
 When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small, we are never forgotten;
 Though weak, we are never afraid,
 For we know the dear Lord keepeth
 The life of the creatures He made.

I fly through the thickest forests,
 I light on the smallest spray;
 I have no chart or compass,
 But I never lose my way.

And I fold my wings at twilight
 Wherever I happen to be,
 For the Father's always watching
 And no harm can come to me.

I am only a little sparrow,
 A bird of low degree;
 But I know the dear Lord loves me—
 Have you less faith than we?

Bird Quotations

SKYLARK—

The messenger of morn,
Ere yet the shadows fly, he, mounted, sings
Amid the dawning clouds.

Then piped a tiny voice hard by,
Gay and polite, a cheerful cry,
Chick-a-dee-dee! saucy note
Out of sound heart and merry throat,
As if it said, Good day, good sir!
Fine afternoon, old passenger!
Happy to meet you in these places,
Where January brings few faces.

—*Emerson.*

"Hear the thrush that carols at dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piney wood."

"Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service."

See yon goldfinch hop from spray to spray,
Who sings a farewell to parting day.

—*John Gay*

Tu whit! tu whoo! All the livelong night
A right gladsome life lead we,
While the starry ones from their azure height
Look down approvingly.

Tu whoo!

They may bask who will in the noonday
light,

But the midnight dark for me.

—*Mrs. Hewitt.*

I'm bobolink! bobolink!
Here and there quick as wink,
Before you can think—

Think! think!

That's bobolink!

—*Adeline Whitney.*

"High on yon poplar, clad in glossiest
green,
The orange, black-capped Baltimore is
seen."

"Out burst the merry, bright sun, like
gold;

And a robin sung out, so blithe and bold."

A little bird, in suit
Of sombre olive, soft and brown,
Perched in the maple branches, mute;
With greenish gold its vest was fringed,
Its tiny cap was ebony-tinged,
With ivory pale its wings were barred,
And its dark eyes were tender starred—
"Dear bird," I said, "what is thy name?"
And thence the mournful answer came,
So faint and far, and yet so near,—
"Pe-wee! pe-wee! peer!"

—*Trowbridge*

CATBIRD—

He sits on a branch of yon blossoming tree,
This mad-cap cousin of robin and thrush,
And sings without ceasing the whole mor-
ning long:

Now wild, now tender, the wayward song
That flows from his soft, gray, fluttering
throat;

But often he stops in his sweetest note,
And shaking a flower from the blossoming
bough,

Drawls out, "Mi-eu! mi-ow!"

—*Edith M. Thomas.*

The humming bird! the humming bird!

So fairy-like and bright;

It lies among the sunny flowers,

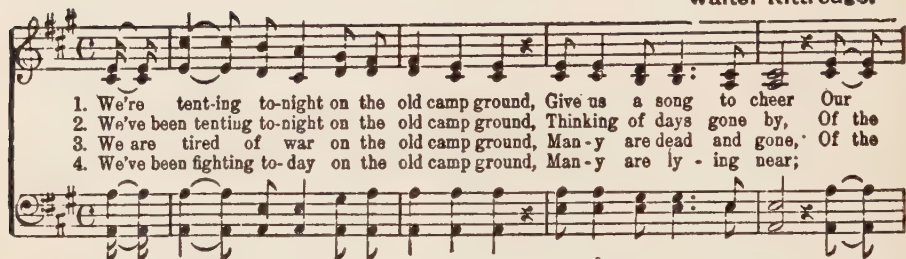
A creature of delight.

—*Mrs. Howitt.*

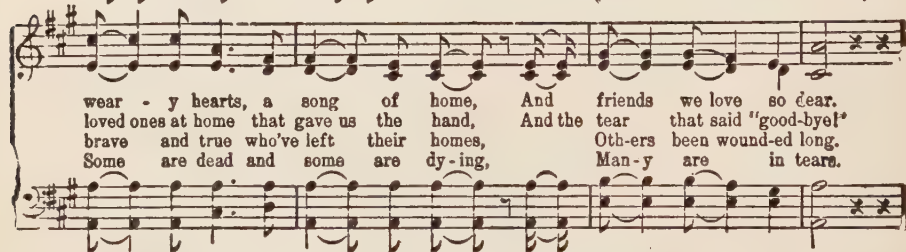
MAY

Tenting on the Old Camp Ground

Walter Kittredge.

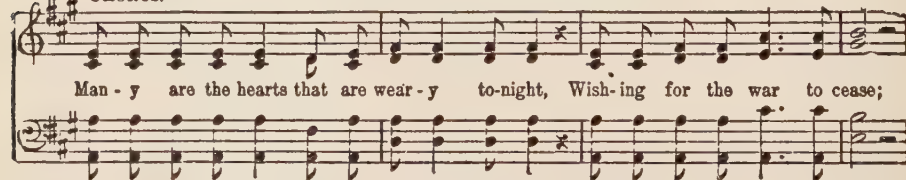


1. We're tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer Our
 2. We've been tenting to-night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone by, Of the
 3. We are tired of war on the old camp ground, Man-y are dead and gone, Of the
 4. We've been fighting to-day on the old camp ground, Man-y are ly-ing near;



wear - y hearts, a song of home, And friends we love so dear.
 loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said "good-bye!"
 brave and true who've left their homes, Oth-ers been wound-ed long.
 Some are dead and some are dy-ing, Man-y are in tears.

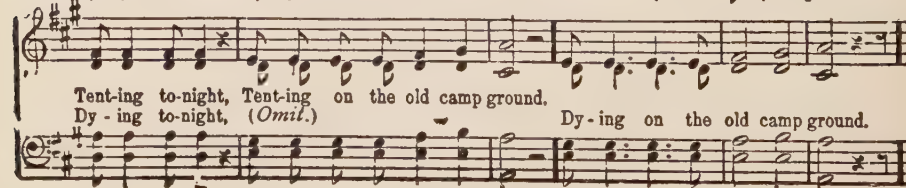
CHORUS.



Man - y are the hearts that are wear - y to-night, Wish-ing for the war to cease;



Man-y are the hearts looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace. Tent-ing to-night,
Last v.—Dy-ing to-night,



Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing on the old camp ground.
 Dy-ing to-night, (*Omit.*) Dy-ing on the old camp ground.

THE YEAR'S ENTERTAINMENTS

MAY

The Glory of God in Creation

Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through opening vistas into heaven,
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower that summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

—Thomas Moore.

Memory Gems

"I've a message, I've a message,
That the south wind brought to me:
'Tis a message from the robin,
He is coming back, you see,
And he wants to rent the branches
Of our old crab-apple tree."

What the leaves are to the forest,
With air and light for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood—
That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter, sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

—Longfellow.

"The little birds fly over,
And O how sweet they sing!
To tell the happy children
That once again 'tis spring.
Here blooms the warm red clover,
There peeps the violet blue,
O happy little children,
God made them all for you."

"O Painter of the fruits and flowers!
We thank Thee for Thy wise design
Whereby these human hands of ours
In Nature's garden work with Thine.

"The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine."

"The little people that live in the air
Are not for my human hands to wrong."

"The happy birds their voices raise
To Nature's God in songs of praise."

"Green leaves, what are you doing,
Up there on the tree so high?
We are shaking hands with the breezes,
As they go singing by.
What, green leaves! Have you fingers?
Then the Maple laughed with glee—
Yes, just as many as you have;
Count them and you shall see!"

Suggested Poems

*For Reading and Discussion with the
Pupils:—*

Pippa Passes—*Robert Browning*.
Birds of Killingworth—*Longfellow*.

Birds in Summer—*Mary Howitt*.
Flowers—*H. W. Longfellow*.
The Book of Nature—*Phoebe Cary*.
The Water-Bloom—*Celia Thaxter*.
Nature's Miracles—*Cowper*.

For Picture Study

Feeding Her Birds (521), The Rainbow
(524)—*Millet*.

Blessing the Fields (580), Close of Day
(581B), Harvesting Poppies (581C), Across
the Fields (587C)—*Adan*.

After a Storm (598)—*Renouf*.

On the Prairie (604)—*Dupre*

In the Meadow (612)—*Bouvert*.

A Shower (616)—*Laugee*.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows no waking.
—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Strew all their graves with flowers;
They for their country died;
And freely gave their lives for ours,
Their country's hope and pride.
—*Very.*

But why should I call the muster-roll
Of those who are here in our hearts
today?
They need no naming; each true, grand
soul
Has heard your summons, and marched
away.

—*Carleton.*

It's lonesome—sorter lonesome, it's a
Sunday day to me
It 'pears—like more'n any day I nearly
ever see;
Yit with the star and stripes above, a-flut-
terin' in the air,
On ev'ry soldier grave, I'd love to lay a
lily there.

—*Riley.*

There is no flock, howe'er watched and
tended;
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howso'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

—*Longfellow.*

On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

—*O'Hara.*

"Rest, comrades, rest and sleep;
The thoughts of men shall be
As sentinels to keep
Your rest from danger free.

"Your silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers;
Yours has the suffering been,
The memory has been ours."

"Whether on the tented field
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die
Is where he dies for man."

"Sound the dirge, the requiem sing,
Floral wreaths and garlands bring,
Scatter roses o'er each grave,
Where in glory sleep the brave."

"To every spot where sleep the dead,
When freedom proudly calls her own,
Our kindred hearts shall fly today,
And choicest gifts of love be strown.

"Around those mounds of noble fame
Bend forms unseen by mortal eye,
To catch the sacrifice of death,
And bear the incense to the sky."

"Blest are the martyred dead, who lie
In holy graves for freedom won,
Whose storied deeds shall never die
While coming years their circles run.

"There is a tear for all who die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave;
But nations swell the funeral cry,
And triumph weeps above the brave.

"And every patriot's dust will claim
Affection's tenderest tears,
And blazoned on the scroll of fame,
Shall shine each martyred soldier's
name."

"Forget not all their sufferings,
Their sorrows and their prayers,
This hard-won heritage is ours
The perils all were theirs.

"We leave our cares and toils today,
Our floral offerings bring,
And strew them where our brave ones lie
So deeply slumbering."

Heroes Are Not All Six Feet Tall (Concert Recitation)

The heroes are not all six feet tall,
Large souls may dwell in bodies small;
The heart that will melt with sympathy
For the poor and weak, whoe'er it be,
Is a thing of beauty, whether it dwell
In a man of forty or a lad of nine.

Flowers for the Blue and the Gray

Come with a wreath of flowers,
Come with a garland gay,
Come with an olive branch,
To valor a tribute pay.
Join in the floral train,
Visit each earthly bed,
Breathe not an unkind word
Over the fallen dead.

Violet, lily and rose,
Mingle with cypress and bay,
Scatter them over the blue,
Scatter them over the gray.

Mouldering side by side
 Peaceful the heroes rest
 Each bravely fought and died
 For the cause he loved the best.
 Cast no reflections now,
 Silent lie friend and foe;
 Honor the graves of all;
 Ask not who lies below.

Violet, lily and rose,
 Mingle with cypress and bay,
 Scatter them over the blue,
 Scatter them over the gray.

Over the graveyard mound,
 Move with a lithesome tread,
 Crush not the grass that grows
 E'en o'er an enemy's head.
 Let no distinction be made,
 Either of great or small,
 With one accord proclaim
 Peace and good will to all.

Violet, lily and rose,
 Mingle with cypress and bay,
 Scatter them over the blue,
 Scatter them over the gray.

—Chicago Tribune.

Memorial Day

First Child—

What can the little children do,
 When Decoration Day is here,
 To show their love for soldiers brave
 Who, fighting for their country, gave
 The life that was to them so dear?

Second Child—

We'll bring the lovely flowers of spring
 That in the fields and gardens grow,
 And on the soldiers' graves today
 Our garlands we will gladly lay,
 Our loving thoughts of them to show.

Third Child—

We'll raise aloft the "stars and stripes"
 On this Memorial Day, to show
 We honor those who for it bled.
 Some now are living, many dead,
 For this was many years ago.

Fourth Child—

We'll sing our patriotic songs;
 We'll truly sing with heart and voice,
 And to our country we'll be true,
 And honor our "red, white, and blue,"
 And in our freedom we'll rejoice.

—Laura F. Armitage.

Our Flag

(Air: "There is a Happy Land.")

(This Exercise may be given by a group of children each carrying a flag.)

Flag¹ of our country brave, red², white and blue,
 We love to watch thee wave, our love is true.

Oh, let us sweetly sing! loud let our³ praises ring,
 Praise¹ to this noble thing, red², white and blue.

Red is⁴ the blood that rolls, blue⁵ is the sky,
 White are the heroes'⁶ souls, for¹ thee that die.

Oh, let us proudly sing! loud let our praises ring,
 Praise¹ that this holy thing still waves² on high.

Broad is⁷ our native land, land of the free,
 'Mong all the nation's grand, foremost¹ it be.

Oh, let⁸ us bow and sing thanks unto our God, our King,
 Thanks¹ for this holy thing, Father⁹, to Thee.

1. Right hand pointed to flag.
2. Waves it in time to music.
3. Both hands clasped.
4. Look down and sing softly.
5. Right hand points upward.
6. Both hands crossed over breast.
7. Both arms outspread.
8. Hands clasped, head bowed.
9. Both hands clasped, singing softly with face downward.

—School Song Knapsack

A High Resolve

Who would not be a general,
 So strong, and brave, and true,
 And win a victory every day?
 I'm sure I would, wouldn't you?

But though it's noble, true and grand
 For our fatherland to die,
 There's something else that's just as fine,
 Which I am going to try.

And that is this: to live for it;
 To fight each day within
 Some battle over wrong and self,
 To conquer and to win.

In Memory of the Maine

Many hearts are torn with sorrow,
 Many tears are being shed;
 Many lives are filled with sadness.
 As a pall is o'er them spread.
 And the cause of all the sorrow,
 And the reason of the pain,
 Are the lives that have been given
 In memory of the Maine.

We have given our dearest treasure,
 And our hearts were in the gift—
 Then the clouds of pain and anguish
 O'er our lives began to rift;
 And the clouds grew larger, blacker,
 As our ships crossed o'er the main
 And our boys went forth to battle
 In memory of the Maine.

'Neath a pitiless sun they labored
 In the fiercest of its heat,
 Marching on with throbbing temples,
 Tramping on with blistering feet;
 On and on, 'neath all war's horrors,
 Deadly fever in their train;
 Facing death at every heart-throb,
 In memory of the Maine.

All the battles now are over,
 But the sorrow's with us yet;
 Men are dying by the thousands
 And we never shall forget
 While the God who rules above us
 Spares us life, and heart, and brain,
 To give honor, highest honor,
 In memory of the Maine.

—*Nelle S. Mustain*

The Roll Call

"Corporal Green!" the orderly cried;
 "Here!" was the answer, loud and clear,
 From the lips of the soldier standing near,
 And "Here" was the answer the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew!"—then a silence fell—
 This time no answer followed the call:
 Only the rear man had seen him fall,
 Killed or wounded he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,
 These men of battle, with grave dark looks
 As plain to be read as open books,
 While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hillside was splashed with blood,
 And down in the corn, where the poppies grew,
 Were redder stains than the poppies knew.
 And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

"Herbert Kline!" At the call there came
 Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
 Bearing between them Herbert Kline,
 Wounded and bleeding to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice said "Here!"
 "Hiram Kerr!"—but no man replied.

They were brothers, these two; the sad winds sighed
 And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.

"Ephraim Deane!" then a soldier spoke:
 "Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said;
 "Where our ensign was shot, I left him dead,
 Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

'Close by the roadside his body lies;
 I paused for a moment and gave him a drink,
 He murmured his mother's name, I think,
 And Death came with it and closed his eyes.'

'Twas a victory; yes, but it cost us dear—
 For that company's roll when called that night,
 Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
 Numbered but twenty that answered "Here!"

—*Shepherd.*

The Little Army

(For Five Small Boys)

First Boy, (with sword)—

I'm the captain, big, and bold,
 My soldiers do what they are told.

Second Boy, (with flag)—

I hold the flag and wave it so;
 Where captain leads I'm sure to go.

Third Boy, (with drum)—

I'm the drummer; when I drum
 The folks all shout, "Oh, here they come!"

Fourth Boy, (with gun)—

I can shoot; see my big gun;
 And don't I make the rebels run!

Fifth Boy, (with trumpet)—

I have a horn; I blow it loud,
 Because I like to draw a crowd.

Captain—

Attention, all! We'll march away!
 For we are soldiers, brave and gay.

(*March off with drum beating, etc.*)

Scatter the Flowers

(Tune: "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." See page 302)

We come with gifts of flowers sweet
 For each dear soldier's grave;
 We'll cover the mounds where they gently
 sleep,
 Those boys so true and brave.

Chorus—

Many are the boys who are sleeping for aye
 Under the sod and dew;
 Many are the hearts sending love today
 To those brave boys in blue.
 Scatter the flowers, scatter the flowers,
 Over the soldiers' graves.
 Scatter the flowers, scatter the flowers,
 Over the soldiers' graves.

We'll honor the graves of our soldiers dead,
 Who heard their country's cry,
 Who left their homes and fought and bled
 And died for liberty.

We'll bring them today the violets blue,
 And roses red and white,
 Those colors bright they bore so true
 For God and home and right.

—*Ada Simpson Sherwood*

We Drank from the Same Canteen

There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,
 Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers,
 And true lovers' knots, I ween!
 The girl and the boy are bound by a kiss,
 But there's never a bond, old friend, like this—
 We have drunk from the same canteen!

It was sometimes water, and sometimes milk,
 And sometimes applejack, fine as silk;
 But, whatever the tipples has been,
 We shared it together, in bane or bliss,
 And I warm to you, friend, when I think of this:
 We have drunk from the same canteen!

The rich and great sit down to dine,
 And they quaff to each other in sparkling wine,
 From glasses of crystal and green;

But I guess in their golden potations they miss
The warmth of regard to be found in this—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

We have shared our blankets and tents together,
We have marched and fought in all kinds of weather.
And hungry and full we have been;
Had days of battle and days of rest;
But this memory I cling to and love the best—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

For when wounded I lay on the outer slope.
With my blood flowing fast and but little hope
Upon which faint spirit could lean;
Oh, then, I remember, you crawled to my side,
And, bleeding so fast it seemed both must have died,
We drank from the same canteen!

—Private Miles O'Reilly.

Driving Home the Cows

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass
He turned them into the river-lane;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go:
Two already were lying dead
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp.

Across the clover, and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,
And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;
And now, when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain;
And the old man's tremulous palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late,
He went for the cows when the work was done;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming one by one:

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind;
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass—
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
 The empty sleeve of army blue;
 And worn and pale, from the crimping hair,
 Looked out a race that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,
 And yield their dead unto life again;
 And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
 In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;
 For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb.
 And under the silent evening skies
 Together they followed the cattle home.

Kate M. Osgood.

Some Famous Patriots

(The following is to be recited by eight boys, to be dressed, if possible, like the pictures of the respective men mentioned. The sailor and soldier suits may be made of paper, muslin or some such cheap material. Wooden swords, tied with red, white and blue ribbon, should be carried in the right hand.)

Paul Jones—"I have not begun to fight yet."

In that well known battle,
 Where we fought with all our might,
 When they thought we were defeated,
 We had not begun to fight.

Oliver H. Perry—"We have met the enemy, and they are ours."

After a bloody meeting
 Between two mighty powers;
 I was proud to send the message,
 "We have met them, they are ours."

Lawrence—"Don't give up the ship."

When wounded, sore and dying,
 I told my men so brave,
 "Do not give up the ship at all,
 Our honor we must save."

Hale—"I regret that I have only one life to give for my country."

I gave my life up gladly
 To aid my country dear.
 If I'd had many lives to give,
 I'd have lost them without fear.

U. S. Grant—"I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

I proposed to fight it in my way,
 If all summer it should take,
 And if once I made a complete plan,
 I would never have it break.

Jackson—"Stonewall."

I stood as firmly as I could,
 And faced the cannon ball,
 My soldiers, cheered and comforted,
 Called me their "Old Stonewall."

B. F. Butler—"Contraband of war."

Whene'er the negroes ran away,
I said, "contraband of war,"
And that meant that they were free to go,
And need return no more.

Daniel Webster—"Liberty and union, now and forever."

Liberty and union, be ours forevermore,
Our country undivided be,
And peace and happiness we'll see.

—L. Blumenthall.

The Picket Guard

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
Except, now and then, a stray picket
Is shot as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket:

'Tis nothing—a private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac tonight,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming;

A tremulous sigh on the gentle night wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping,
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain
And thinks of the two in the lone trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.

His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree—
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes through the broad belt of light,
Towards the shades of the forest so dreary.

Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so gloriously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—"Ha! Mary, goodbye!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

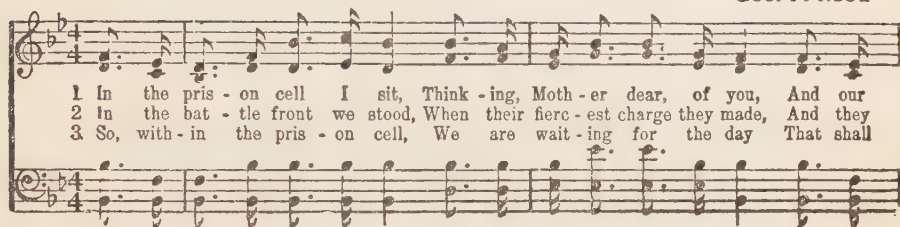
All quiet along the Potomac tonight—
No sound save the rush of the river;
When soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever.

—Mrs. Howland.

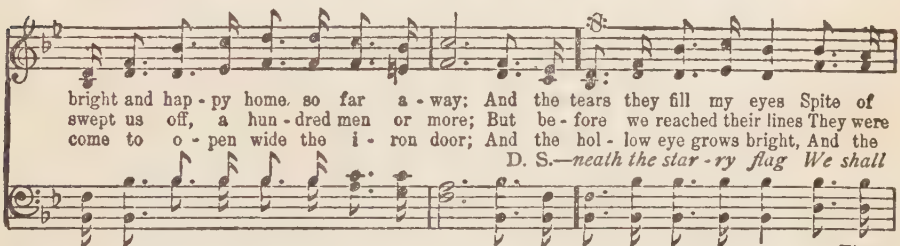
Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

G. F. R.

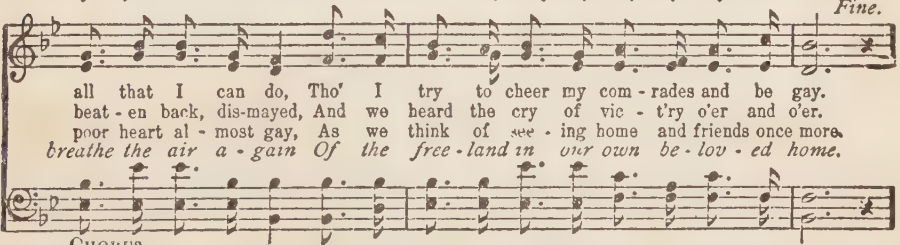
Geo. F. Root.



1 In the pris - on cell I sit, Think - ing, Moth - er dear, of you, And our
2 In the bat - tle front we stood, When their fierc - est charge they made, And they
3 So, with - in the pris - on cell, We are wait - ing for the day That shall

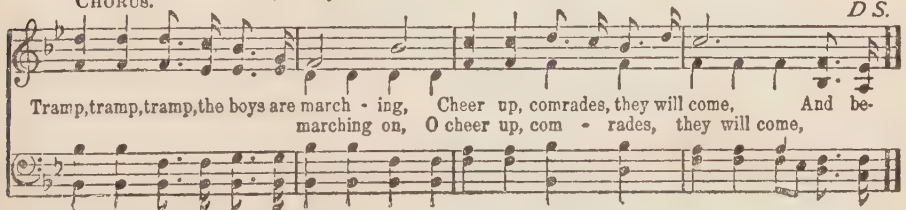


bright and hap - py home, so far a - way; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of
swept us off, a hun - dred men or more; But be - fore we reached their lines They were
come to o - pen wide the i - ron door; And the hol - low eye grows bright, And the
D. S.—neath the star - ry flag We shall



all that I can do, Tho' I try to cheer my com - rades and be gay.
beat - en back, dis - mayed, And we heard the cry of vic - t'ry o'er and o'er.
poor heart al - most gay, As we think of see - ing home and friends once more,
breathe the air a - gain Of the free - land in our own be - lov - ed home.
Fine.

CHORUS.



Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march - ing, Cheer up, comrades, they will come, And be -
marching on, O cheer up, com - rades, they will come,
D. S.

True to the Brave

(Tune: "The Old Oaken Bucket." See page 334)

My comrade, the old flag above you is floating
 And sweet flowers are clustering upon your low grave,
 Love's tributes from millions of sad hearts, denoting
 The nation is grateful and true to her brave.
 Your wonderful valor is every day speaking
 And glory is crowning your immortal band;
 To aid this are millions the soldiers' graves seeking,
 Around them with "Old Glory's" banner to stand;
 The "Old Flag," the dear flag, the grand flag of freedom,
 The flag that your sacrifice saved for our land.

Although in an unknown grave many are sleeping,
 With stricken hearts mourning they cannot know where;
 Yet tenderly, gratefully, mem'ry's watch keeping,
 No matter how lonely, our love will reach there.
 Your deeds of self-sacrifice brighten forever,
 While Fame, richly crowning with her grateful hand,
 In thrilling tones bids us, "Forget you? Oh, never!"
 To you we owe liberty's glory so grand;
 The "Old Flag," the dear flag, the grand flag of freedom,
 The flag that your sacrifice saved to our land.

The Old Blue Coat

Bring out the old coat father loved,
 The old blue coat he used to wear;
 Take down the musket from the rack
 And lay them in the vacant chair.

Smooth out the wrinkles with gentle touch,
 From the faded old blue uniform,
 Beneath which once his loyal heart
 Braved the bullets and faced the storm.

Only two brass buttons left hanging there,
 And they now rusty and brown,
 But more precious far than the jewels rare
 In some monarch's golden crown.

Hark the sound of a muffled drum,
 And the solemn tread of soldiers' feet;
 Once more beneath their country's flag
 His comrades marching down the street.

A year ago and father's steps
 Kept time with those veterans brave,
 And father's eyes grew dim with tears
 As they gathered 'round a comrade's grave.

O'er his grave they'll scatter flowers
 And speak with voices low,
 And sing again the old war songs
 In which he joined two years ago.

He's answered "here" to the last roll call
 That came across from the other shore
 And joined the swelling ranks above
 Of comrades who have gone before.

Then lay the musket and uniform
 Down here in the vacant chair,
 And pin a white rose on the old blue coat—
 The coat that father used to wear.

—Lillian Barker.

Our Tribute

(Each of the four children in this exercise should have a small flag in his right hand and keep it there throughout the exercise. A large flag should be draped on the wall of the room which the children face, for them to salute as mentioned.)

First Pupil—

We join in praises deep,
 For those brave men of ours
 Who now in silence sleep—
 The nation's guard and pride.

Second Pupil—

Here's to the general! (*salute*)
 All honor to his name!
 May we all be as true and brave
 Though we have not his fame.

Third Pupil—

Here's to the soldier brave! (*salute*)
 All honor to his name!
 May he sleep in peace, his labor's o'er,
 And his memory ever the same.

Fourth Pupil—

Here's to our flag (*salute*). Hurrah!
 This beautiful flag of ours.
 May it wave forever in our sight,
 An emblem of the power of right,
 The sign at which slavery cowers.

Concert—

Soldiers, though not all in blue,
 We stand in line today
 Ever to follow the lead of right,
 To listen and to obey;
 To live for our country in time of peace.
 To honor it alway.

Tribute to the Brave

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp")

To the soldiers dear who fought for the red and white and blue,
 We would now a grateful, loving tribute pay;
 We would wreath the lowly mounds where they rest, the brave and true
 As we come with gifts of love and flowers today.

Chorus—

Grandly they fought and bled for Freedom,
 Died our country dear to save;
 And we'll send our love today by sweet messengers, the flowers
 As we crown with wreaths each loyal soldier's grave.

To the loyal mothers, too, who with breaking hearts and tears
 Gave their sons that still our country dear might live,
 And the wives who bravely toiled through those sad and dreary years,
 We would now a tender, loving homage give.

And that faithful sister band, who so brave to do and dare,
 Left their homes for scenes of war so far away,
 And through weary nights and days gave the wounded soldiers care,
 We would hold in grateful memory today.

—*Ada Simpson Sherwood.*

A Brotherhood of Heroes

Dear brotherhood of gallant men
 Who, at our Country's call,
 Sprang to the rescue, arms in hand,
 For her to stand or fall;
 Who can do justice to the work
 You in those four years wrought,
 When by your noble deeds you saved
 The prize for which you fought?

In serried ranks you met the foe
 On land and on the sea;
 You showed them what brave men could do
 Who fought for Liberty.
 Their trampled fields with blood were wet
 Their rivers all ran red;
 In every home throughout the land
 Was mourning for the dead.

At length the sun of Peace arose
 Above the stricken land;
 And all Columbia's children joined
 Again her Union band.
 At home the quiet paths of old
 Once more your feet essayed,
 While Fame, in golden text, inscribed
 The record you had made.

More than a quarter century's flight
 Has given proof how sure
 You built, upon foundations firm,
 The Union to endure.
 Our own dear land, "Land of the free,"
 Through you is free indeed,
 Dear "Boys in Blue," who freely gave
 Your aid in time of need.

God bless our dear Grand Army boys;
 The boys who wore the blue!
 They're old boys now, their heads are gray
 Their pulses slower, too.
 But should Columbia's foes again
 Her peace and rest menace,
 With gun and knapsack as of yore
 Each man would take his place.

God bless them all! Their once full ranks
 Are lessening day by day,
 As one by one they fold their hands
 And drop beside the way;
 But loving hearts will ever pray,
 Till e'en the last one fall,
 "God bless our dear Grand Army boys,
 For they were heroes all!"

—Nelly Griswold Johnson.

The Soldier's Reprieve

"My Fred! I can't understand it."
 And his voice it quivered with pain,
 While the tears kept slowly dropping
 On his trembling hand like rain.
 "For Fred was so brave and loyal,
 So true; but my eyes are dim,
 And I cannot read the letter,
 The last I shall get from him.
 Please read it, sir, while I listen.
 In fancy I see him dead,
 My boy shot down like a traitor,
 My noble, my brave boy, Fred!"

"Dear Father," so ran the letter,
 "Tomorrow, when twilight creeps
 Along the hill to the churchyard,
 O'er the grave where mother sleeps,
 When the dusky shadows gather,
 They'll lay your son in the grave
 For nearly betraying the country

He would give his life to save.
 And, father, I tell you truly,
 With almost my last breath,
 That your boy is not a traitor,
 Though he dies a traitor's death.

"You remember Benny Wilson?
 He was suffering a deal of pain;
 He was only that day ordered
 Back into the ranks again.
 I carried all his luggage
 With mine on the march that day,
 I gave him my arm to lean on,
 Else he had dropped by the way.
 'Twas Benny's turn to be sentry,
 But I took his place, and I,—
 Father, I dropped asleep, and now
 I must die as traitors die.

"The colonel is kind and thoughtful,
 He has done the best he can,
 And they will not bind or blind me,
 I shall meet the death like a man.
 Kiss little Blossom, but father,
 Need you tell her how I fall?"
 And a sob from the shadowed corner
 Told, Blossom had heard it all.
 As she kissed the precious letter,
 She said with faltering breath,
 "Our Fred was never a traitor,
 Though he dies a traitor's death."

And the little sun-brown maiden,
 In a shabby, time-worn dress,
 Took her seat a half-hour later,
 In the crowded night express.
 The conductor heard her story
 As he held her dimpled hand,
 And sighed for sad hearts breaking
 All over the troubled land.
 He tenderly wiped the tear-drops
 From the blue eye brimming o'er,
 And guarded her footsteps safely,
 Till she reached the White House door.

The President sat at his writing,
 But the eyes were kind and mild
 That turned with a look of wonder
 On the little shy-faced child,
 And he read Fred's farewell letter
 With a look of sad regret;
 "'Tis a brave young life," he murmured,
 "And his country needs him yet.
 From an honored place in battle
 He shall bid the world good-bye.
 If that brave young life is needed,
 He shall die as heroes die."

—Selected.

For Decoration Day

"Do you know what it means, you boys and girls,
 Who hail from the North and the South?
 Do you know what it means—
 This twining of greens
 Round the silent cannon's mouth?
 This strewing with flowers the grass-grown grave;
 This decking with garlands the statues brave;
 This flaunting of flags,
 All in tatters and rags;
 This marching and singing;
 These bells all a-ringing;
 These faces grave and these faces gay;
 This talk of the Blue and this talk of the Gray,
 In the North and the South, Decoration day?
 Not simply a show-time, boys and girls,
 Is this day of falling flowers;
 Not a pageant, a play,
 Nor a holiday
 Of flags and floral bowers.
 It is something more than the day that starts
 War memories a-throb in veteran hearts;
 For, across the years,
 To the hopes and the fears,
 To the days of battle,
 Of roar and of rattle—
 To the Past that now seems so far away,
 Do the sons of the Blue and the sons of the Gray
 Gaze—hand clasping hand—Decoration Day.
 For the wreck and the wrong of the boys and girls,
 For the terror and loss, as well,
 Our hearts must hold,
 A regret untold
 As we think of those who fell.
 But their blood, on whichever side they fought,
 Remade the Nation, and Progress brought!
 We forget the woe;
 For we live, and know
 That the fighting and sighing,
 The falling and dying,
 Were but steps toward the Future—the Martyr's Way!
 Adown which the sons of the Blue and the Gray
 Look, with love and with pride, Decoration Day."

Nature's Tokens

(For eight pupils, each carrying the flowers of which he speaks. The first pupil leads, and with muffled drumsticks beats time softly.)

All—

We go today with solemn tread,
 In Maytime's fairest hours,
 To deck each brave, true soldier's grave
 With purest, sweetest flowers.

First Pupil—

I carry deep blue violets;
 Of faithfulness these speak.
 For faithful soldiers, true and brave,
 I'll take these flowers meek.

Second Pupil—

I've a bunch of fresh elm leaves;
 Of patriots these tell,
 Who marched, fought, suffered, won,
 'Midst furious shot and shell.

Third Pupil—

I bring these lilies, sweet and pure;
 O ring, each fragrant bell!
 Ring of deeds so brave, so great,
 Of our Grand Army tell.

Fourth Pupil—

Syringa flowers I bring today;
 'Tis memory's reverent flower.
 From year to year we'll keep alive,
 Memorial Day's fair hour.

Fifth Pupil—

And sweetest roses, bending low,
 Shall deck the soldier's bed;
 For these bring love from our young hearts,
 Love for our honored dead.

Sixth Pupil—

And these oak leaves, for bravery,
 I'll place upon a mound;
 They tell of brave and loyal deeds
 On our country's battle ground.

Seventh Pupil—

And the laurel wreath lay tenderly—
 It's glory shall never fade,
 But evermore shall brightly tell
 Where our brave heroes all are laid.

The Gray-Haired Vet

We hear so much in these latter days
 Of things that are new in this land of ours:
 Of bustle and hurry in many ways,
 And changes that come with the fleeting hours.
 We rejoice in the rush and strife and din
 Of this changeful age, that's ever new,
 And scarcely think of the days that have been—
 The days that are old but are tried and true.

With bands of steel we have bound our land,
 We whisper a message from shore to shore,
 The lightning obeys our least command,
 The earth gives up its hidden store.
 For newer things we look and strive,
 For stranger things as yet untold,
 For things to help mankind to thrive
 And bring new fame, or power or gold.

But while with heart and will and might
 We strive to find the strange and new,
 And while we praise, as is but right,
 Our soldier boys so brave and true,

We think today of other days
 Our people never should forget,
 And bring our homage and our praise
 And offer to the gray-haired Vet.

We heard way back in Sixty-one
 The rebel shells on Sumter fall.
 When pealing like a minute-gun
 There came the martyred Lincoln's call.
 He left his home, his child, his wife,
 He left his all—he did not lag;
 He went forth to the mighty strife
 To save his country and his flag.

He marched with Grant through Vicksburg's gates;
 He bore the flag up Lookout's heights;
 He tramped with Sherman through the state;
 He followed Logan in his fights;
 He saw the mighty crimson tide
 At Gettysburg in breakers dash;
 He saw the strife on Mission's side;
 At Chancellorsville he heard the clash.

And when at last the white flag waved
 At Appomatox' apple tree,
 He found a nation had been saved;
 He found a race had been set free.
 He found each star in yon blue field
 Fixed firm as those that shine afar.
 He found a people ne'er to yield
 To the horrors of a civil war.

And as a nation now we turn
 To seek the strange, untried and new,
 With all our progress let us learn
 Not to forget the brave and true.
 Remember those who've passed away,
 Remember those who linger yet,
 And deck with laurel leaves today
 The memory of the grey-haired Vet.

—F. F. Faville

Old Uncle Joe

We were laden with flowers, Star and I,
 For the soldiers' graves, Memorial Day,
 When we passed Uncle Joe's small cottage by,
 Uncle Joe on the doorstep, wrinkled and gray
 "Shall I carry him these?" Star whispered low,
 And ere I could answer, away she flew,
 And the black, withered hands of old Uncle Joe
 Held the choicest blooms that my garden knew.

'You should keep them all for the soldiers, Star,"
 I said in reproof as the child came back;
 "But he was a soldier, too, mamma,
 And he is so old and lame and black!"

"But these were to put on the graves, you see;"
 She drooped for a moment her golden head,
 Then her eyes grew bright: "It seems to me
 He will like them as well as if he were dead."

—Emma C. Dowd in *Youth's Companion*.

Decoration Day Hymn

(Tune: "Auld Lang Syne." See page 112)

Should glorious mem'ries be forgot,
An' never brought to min',
An' all for which we bravely fought
In Auld Lang Syne?

Chorus—

For Auld Lang Syne, so dear,
For Auld Lang Syne;
We'll breathe the flow'rs o' mem'ry yet,
For Auld Lang Syne.

We've tramped the long and weary march;
We've formed the battle line;
But many a comrade's mustered out,
Since Auld Lang Syne.

They died for our Columbia's weal,
The weal is mine and thine;
We owe the blessings of today
To Auld Lang Syne.

Immortal fame their valor won
Shall bright and brighter shine;
We'll keep in heart an' mind the days
Of Auld Lang Syne.

So here's a hand, my soldier friend,
And giv's a hand o' thine;
We'll join in flowers and tears today
For Auld Lang Syne.

—*Lu. B. Cake.*

A Temperance Program

[illegible]

White Ribbon Day

(Tune: "America." See page 62)

Gladly we gather here
To greet, with songs of cheer,
White Ribbon Day.
Much it appeals to us.
In honor glorious,
Sweetly it teaches us,
"Be strong alway!"

Greetings of love we bring,
Friendship's fond offering
To one and all!

Blessed with Truth's heavenly dower,
Oh, may we, from this hour,
Heed, with increasing power,
Our country's call.

For our dear native land
Firm may we ever stand,
When foes press hard!
Whatever wrongs assail,
May they not one prevail
Oh, may we never fail
Her weal to guard!

Quotations

Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—*Bible.*

"Temperance is a bridle of gold."

"Temperance enables nature to exert herself in all her force and vigor."

"Temperance is the best guardian of youth and the support of old age."

Wine is a turncoat; first a friend, and then an enemy.—*Fielding*.

Wine is like anger, for it makes us strong,
Blind and impatient, and it leads us wrong.
The strength is quickly lost, we feel the error long.

—*Crabb*.

Temperance—An Acrostic

Trust.

I know you all love the boy you can trust,
Gentle and honest and kind and just.

Earnestness.

And the boy who is earnest and faithful, too,
In every task he is given to do.

Manliness.

The temperate boy is the manly boy,
To be strong in the right is his highest joy.

Purity.

Pity the soul in Sin's harsh thrall!
The pure in heart see God in all.

Endeavor.

I'll make best endeavor to be and to do
Whatever is manly and good and true.

Rescue.

We should live not alone for ourselves, indeed,
But also for others who succor need!

Ambition.

With a holy ambition our best to achieve,
Yet hindering never another, we'd live.

Nobility.

The true nobility teaches us
To share all good and be strengthened thus.

Courtesy.

The courtesy born of a loving heart
Finds the best way always its grace to impart.

Endurance.

It's easy enough to resolve, 'tis plain,—
But he who endures shall the blessing gain.

All—

May we ever choose the right and be brave!
May we reach out helping hands that would save.
With a courage ever new,
May we learn to seek and do
Whatsoever things are true,—forever!

Pitcher or Jug

They toiled together side by side
In the field where the corn was growing;
They paused awhile to quench their thirst,
Grown weary with the toiling

"I fear, my friend," I said to one,
"That you will ne'er be richer;
You drink, I see, from the little brown jug,
While your friend drinks from the pitcher

"One is filled with alcohol,
The fiery drink from the still;
The other with water clear and cool
From the spring at the foot of the hill.

"In all of life's best gifts, my friend,
I fear you will ne'er be richer,
Unless you leave the little brown jug
And drink, like your friend, from the pitcher."

My words have proved a prophecy,
For years have passed away;
How do you think have fared our friends
That toiled in the fields that day?

One is a reeling, drunken sot,
Grown poorer instead of richer;
The other has won both wealth and fame,
And he always drank from the pitcher.

The Dragon

In olden times when a flood or an earthquake, or any other great disaster came destroying human life and property, it was thought to be the work of a great dragon. Many stories are told about heroes who went out and killed those dragons, and thus saved the lives of their countrymen; in fact, great books have been written about such men. Now, there is a dragon in the world today that is destroying thousands of human lives and millions of dollars' worth of property every year. He seizes bright, handsome boys and changes them into the sallow, shrunken loafers that lounge about the streets and saloons with their mouths full of tobacco juice and vile oaths. He changes the prosperous young man into the ragged, filthy drunkard, the kind husband and father into the brute who beats his wife and children to death. He takes away from men their hard-earned money, and leaves their wives and children to starve. He causes them to commit all manner of crimes. There is no end to the terrible deeds of this Dragon. All over the world people are praying to be delivered from him. The man who could succeed in killing him would receive the gratitude of the whole world. Quite an army of people have enlisted to fight this Dragon, but have not got the best of him yet; there is not enough of them to kill him yet. Who will enlist to fight this Dragon? It is the Dragon of Strong Drink.

Price of a Drink

"Five cents a glass!" Does any one think
That this is really the price of a drink?
"Five cents a glass," I hear you say,
"Why that isn't very much to pay."
Ah, no, indeed; 'tis a very small sum
You are passing over with finger and thumb;
And if that were all that you gave away
It wouldn't be very much to pay.

The price of a drink! Let him decide
Who has lost his courage and lost his pride,
And lies a groveling heap of clay
Not far removed from a beast today.

The price of a drink! Let that one tell
Who sleeps tonight in a murderer's cell,
And feels within him the fires of hell.
Honor and virtue, love and truth,
All the glory and pride of youth,
Hopes of manhood, the wreath of fame,
High endeavor and noble aim,
These are treasures thrown away,
As the price of drink, from day to day.

"Five cents a glass!" How Satan laughed
As over the bar the young man quaffed
The beaded liquor, for the demon knew
The terrible work that drink would do;
And before morning the victim lay
With his life-blood ebbing swiftly away;
And that was the price he paid, alas!
For the pleasure of taking a social glass.

The price of a drink! If you want to know
What some are willing to pay for it, go
Through that wretched tenement, over there,
With dingy window and broken stair;
Where foul disease like a vampire crawls
With outstretched wings o'er the moldy walls.
There poverty dwells with her hungry brood,
Wild-eyed as demons, for lack of food;
There shame in a corner crouches low;
There violence deals its cruel blow;
And innocent ones are thus accursed
To pay the price of another's thirst.

"Five cents a glass!" Oh, if that were all
The sacrifice would, indeed, be small!
But the money's worth is the least amount
We pay, and whoever will keep account,
Will learn the terrible waste and blight
That follows the ruinous appetite.
"Five cents a glass!" Does any one think
That is really the price of a drink?

—Josephine Pollard.

Alcohol's Curse (For Six Children)

First Child—

Oh! the sin and desolation,
Alcohol brings in its train,
Oh! the misery of its victims,
Sad indeed is the refrain
That's ascending every hour,
From the subjects of its power

Second Child—

'Tis said "Death loves a shining mark,"
'Tis even so, with this dread foe,

And alcohol with deadly aim,
Spare not the high, but brings them
low;
And intellect so fair and bright
Is ruined by its dreadful blight.

Third Child—

What sight more mournful to behold
Than man, "the image of his God,
Lost to all that's good and true,
Ruled as with an iron rod
By an appetite so fierce,
No earthly power can give release.

Fourth Child—

The doting mother looks with pride
 Upon her son so true and bright,
 She trusts that in declining years,
 He'll make her cares and burdens light;
 Before this curse her hopes have fled,
 She mourns her son as worse than dead.

Fifth Child—

The loving bride, of scarce a year,
 Beholds with sad and breaking heart,
 The ruin of her earthly hopes,
 Her idol pierced by poisoned dart.
 Instead of kind, protecting care,
 Curses and blows fall to her share.

Sixth Child—

The little, tender, loving child,
 Once prattling by its father's side,
 Parental love, now turned to hate,
 At his approach it seeks to hide;
 For drink can make a man so wild,
 He'll even murder his own child.

All—

Is there no friendly hand to help?
 Must men be licensed still to sell
 The cruel drink that brings such woe,
 And sends its victims down to hell?
 Oh, God! we pray, with mighty hand
 Thou'lt crush this demon from our land.

The Cold Water Man

There was an honest fisherman,
 I knew him passing well,
 Who lived hard by a little pond,
 Within a little dell.

A grave and quiet man was he,
 Who loved his hook and rod;
 So even ran his line of life,
 His neighbors thought it odd.

For science and for books, he said,
 He never had a wish;
 No school to him was worth a fig,
 Except a school of fish.

He ne'er aspired to rank or wealth,
 Nor cared about a name;
 For, though much famed for fish was he,
 He never fished for fame!

Let others bend their necks at sight
 Of Fashion's gilded wheels.

He ne'er had learned the art to "bob"
 For anything but eels.

A cunning fisherman was he,
 His angles all were right;
 The smallest nibble at his bait
 Was sure to prove a "bite!"

All day this fisherman would sit
 Upon an ancient log,
 And gaze into the water like
 Some sedentary frog;

With all the seeming innocence
 And that unconscious look
 That other people often wear
 When they intend to "hook!"

To charm the fish he never spoke,
 Although his voice was fine;
 He found the most convenient way
 Was just to *drop a line!*

And many a *gudgeon* of the pond,
 If they could speak to-day,
 Would own, with grief, this angler had
 A mighty *taking way*.

Alas! one day this fisherman
 Had taken too much grog,
 And, being but a landsman, too,
 He couldn't "*keep the log!*"

'Twas all in vain with might and main
 He strove to reach the shore;
 Down—down he went to feed the fish
 He'd baited off before!

The jury gave their verdict, that
 'Twas nothing else but gin
 Had caused the fisherman to be
 So sadly *taken in*;

Though one stood out upon a whim,
 And said the angler's slaughter,
 To be exact about the fact,
 Was clearly, *gin-and-water!*

The moral of this mournful tale,
 To all is plain and clear,—
 That drinking habits bring a man
 Too often to his *bier*:

And he who scorns to "take the pledge,"
 And keep the promise fast,
 May be, in spite of fate, a *stiff*
Cold-water man at last.

—John G. Saxe.

A Little Girl's Declaration

Wh'ell make the brandy-peaches,
Or brandy-flavored pie,
And help the liquor traffic?
Surely not I, not I.

Who wants in time of sickness
A little ale to try
Or beer or wine to poison
And make her worse? Not I.

Who likes a boy that tipples
A little on the sly,
Or smokes cigars in private?
Not I, surely not I.

And when we girls are women
(We shall be by and by),
Who'll have a drinking husband?
Some silly girl; not I.

Why, and Because

(*One Asks and Four Answer.*)

Wine that is beautiful, wine that is red,
Why must I shun it, with fear and dread?

Because,—“At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.”—[*Prov. xxiii: 32.*

Why, when it moveth itself aright,
Must not I look at the tempting sight?

Because,—“Wine is a mocker.”—[*Prov. xx: 1.*

Why shall we stand, though it rage and mock,
As straight as a line and firm as a rock?

Because,—“We will drink no wine.”—[*Jere. xxxv: 6.*

And though we should meet its serpent charm,
Why are we sure we shall take no harm?

Because,—We will “Touch not, taste not, handle not.”—[*Col. ii: 21.*

But if it should tempt us our pledge to break
Why are we sure the safe course to take?

Because,—“We will look not upon the wine ”—[*Prov. xxiii: 30.*

Then why is it best from the wine to haste,
Lest we might touch, or handle, or taste?

Because,—“Woe unto them that follow strong drink.”—[*Isa. v: 2.*

Because,—We will “Be not among wine-bibbers.”—[*Prov. xxiii: 20.*

Because,—We will “Abstain from every appearance of evil.”—[*I Thess. v: 22.*

The Wine Cup

Lycius, the Cretan prince of race divine,
Like many a royal youth, was fond of wine.
So, when his father died and left him king,
He spent his days and nights in reveling.
Show him a wine-cup, he would soon lay down
His scepter, and for roses change his crown;
Neglectful of his people and his state,
The noble cares that make a monarch great.
One day in summer,—so the story goes,—
Among his seeming friends, but secret foes,
He sat and drained the wine-cup; when there came
A gray-haired man, who called him by his name,—
“Lycius!” It was his tutor, Philocles,
Who held him when a child upon his knees.

"Lycius," the old man said, "it suits not you
To waste your life among this drunken crew.
Bethink you of your sire, and how he died
For that bright scepter lying by your side,
And of the blood your loving people shed
To keep that golden circlet on your head.
Ah! how have you repaid them?"

"Philocles,"
The prince replied, "what idle words are these?
I loved my father, and I mourned his fate;
But death must come to all men, soon or late.
Could we recall our dear ones from their urn,
Just as they lived and loved, 'twere well to mourn;
But since we can not, let us smile instead;
I hold the living better than the dead.
My father reigned, and died; I live and reign.
As for my people, why should they complain?
Have I not ended all their deadly wars,
Bound up their wounds, and honored their old scars?
They bleed no more: enough for me and mine
The blood of grape, the ripe, the royal wine!—
Slaves, fill my cup again!" They filled, and crowned
His brow with roses; but the old man frowned.

"Lycius," he said once more, "the state demands
Something besides the wine-cup in your hands.
Resume your crown and scepter; be not blind:
Kings live not for themselves, but for mankind."
"Good Philocles," the shamed prince replied,
His soft eye lighting with a flash of pride,
"Your wisdom has forgotten one small thing,—
I am no more your pupil, but your king.
Kings are in place of gods; remember, then,
They answer to the gods, and not to men."

"Hear, then, the gods, who speak today through me:
The sad but certain words of prophecy:
'Touch not the cup: small sins in kings are great.
Be wise in time, nor further tempt your fate.'"

"Old man, there is no fate, save that which lies
In our own hands that shape our destinies:
It is a dream. If I should will and do
A deed of ill, no good could thence ensue;
And, willing goodness, shall not goodness be
Sovereign, like ill, to save herself and me?
I laugh at fate."

The wise man shook his head.
"Remember what the oracles have said:
'What most he loves who rules this Cretan land,
Shall perish by the wine-cup in his hand.'"

"Prophet of ill! no more, or you shall die.
See how my deeds shall give your words the lie
And baffle fate, and all who hate me—so!"
Sheer through the casement, to the court below,
He dashed the half-drained goblet in disdain,
That scattered as it flew a bloody rain.
His courtiers laughed.

But now a woman's shriek
 Rose terrible without, and blanched his cheek.
 He hurried to the casement in affright,
 And lo! his eyes were blasted with a sight
 Too pitiful to think of. Death was there,
 And wringing hands, and madness, and despair.
 There stood a nurse, and on her bosom lay
 A dying child, whose life-blood streamed away,
 Reddening its robes like wine! It was his own,
 His son, the prince that should have filled the throne
 When he was dead, and ruled the Cretan land,—
 Slain by the wine-cup from his father's hand!

—*Stoddara.*

The Song of the Corn

I was made to be eaten,
 And not to be drank;
 To be threshed in a barn,
 Not soaked in a tank.
 I come as a blessing
 When put in a mill,
 As a blight and a curse
 When run through a still.
 Make me up into loaves,
 And your children are fed;
 But if into a drink,
 I will starve them instead.
 In bread I'm a servant
 The eater shall rule;
 In drink I am master,
 The drinker a fool.
 Then remember the warning—
 My strength I'll employ,
 If eaten, to strengthen,
 If drunk, to destroy.

Little Drops

Little drops of claret,
 Now and then at first,
 Form an awful habit
 And a dreadful thirst.
 Little drinks of lager,
 Little cups of ale,
 Make the biggest guzzler—
 Never known to fail.
 Little kegs of whisky,
 Often brought from town,
 Make a man a monkey
 Or a silly clown.
 Little drops of brandy,
 Little drops of rye,
 Make the mighty toper
 And the watery eye.

—*Selected.*

The Open Gate

At the open gate stands Willie,
 Shuffling his little restless feet,
 And he cries in baby accents,
 "Tan me do into de stweet?"
 But his mamma, wisely judging
 That, beyond the open gate,
 In the street so full of bustle,
 Lurking dangers ever wait,
 Goes to close the gate, so tempting;
 To her darling answers "No,
 In the street's too much temptation;
 Mamma's baby cannot go."
 I, who heard the mother's answer,
 Thought it o'er with saddened brow,
 How, to all of earthly dangers
 She could close the gateway now.
 But, I thought, the time is coming,
 When your darling boy will roam,
 When no tightly closing gateway
 Shall avail to keep him home.
 Will he spurn the deadly wine-cup,
 With its soft, alluring glow?
 Will he, when so tried and tempted,
 Have the strength to answer "No?"
 But you, as a helpless woman,
 At your home can only wait,
 With no power to guard your darling,
 With no power to close the gate
 Where so many mothers' darlings
 Have been caught among the snares,
 In despite of mothers' pleadings,
 In despite of mothers' prayers,—
 Lord, how long shall they, our brothers,
 In the face of dangers great,
 Still refuse to save our loved ones
 By the closing of the gate!

—*Edith Earle.*

One More

"Mine—these sweet pinks and geranium leaves? O! at home, where the mossy, wooden eaves were dripping and gurgling with clear May rain, and I was a girl—Ah! me, what a pain shoots through my heart like a knife at the thought—I used to smell sweet geraniums and pinks, as they sifted their breath through broken links of rain. O, pure lost days! your rosy flame shines out from the past on my woe and shame, and lights up the ruin the years have wrought. To me it seems that was ages ago—so long that a life, once as pure as snow, has had time to be dyed in the darkest sin.

"Let me think, how did it at first begin? Oh! I remember. The winter was cold, and the walk from home to the school was long; and father said it would make me more strong, and brace me up to the last trying year of study at school if I drank good beer. And so, never dreaming the viper's fold could come from the cup he placed to my lips, from the hand that I loved to my finger tips, I drank for the health of body and brain. God! would I had died ere the first dark stain sullied my soul, and prepared the dark way for my girlish feet on the downward road. Ah, me! how quickly the hard, heavy load of the drunkard's chain held me fast.

"Mother—dear mother—discovered at last the danger threatening, and vainly did she pray her one precious daughter, her own dear girl, might be snatched from the maddening, blinding whirl, and restored to purity, goodness, heaven. Alas! the subtle and poisonous leaven had spread o'er and tainted my body and soul! Good friends, let me quickly pass over the years of suffering that followed my poor mother's tears; her head bowed with shame, her dear hair grown gray, as I sank lower and lower each day, till appetite grew beyond my control. Filled with bitter remorse, my father died, and I, who had once been the pet and pride of that sweet country home, in anguish fled away from the sight of those I loved.

"Oh, God! how I've suffered, may you never know. I've hidden away from those I love best; my heart ever filled with a wild unrest; with this cursed thirst, that is worse than hell, driving me on to deeds that I dare not tell, yet once I was spotless and pure as snow. I have gone without shelter, have begged for bread, have walked the hard streets till my sore feet bled, searching for something to drown the sharp pain—the memory of days that can ne'er come again—longing and praying for peace love and rest, though it be in death on my dear mother's breast."

She paused, and the good women gathered there round the hospital bed, made earnest prayer that peace which we cannot understand might guide her poor soul to the "better land."

Then softly and low, in the cool spring air, from lips growing stiff came the simple prayer, "Dear Lord, I shall lay me down to sleep. I pray Thee forever my soul to keep. Good night, dear mamma. The whip-poor-will in the orchard is singing."

The lips were still, and one more victim to "strengthening beer" was added to thousands who go each year. But those women adorned with their ribbons white, went out with their sad hearts stronger to fight for the sons and daughters on every hand,—for God, and their Homes, and their Native Land.—*Laura J. Rittenhouse.*

Exercise

(For Four Pupils)

First Pupil—"Whatever impairs right family life impairs the work of schools and college."—*President Eliot, of Harvard.*

Second Pupil—"The first duty is to grow—to fulfill and fill full the plan of your being. The second is like unto the first—let your neighbor grow."—*Prof. Sanford Bell*.

Third Pupil—When Gen. Philip Sheridan was asked what temptation he most feared for his bright little son, he replied "The curse of strong drink. Boys are not saints. We are all self-willed, strong-willed, may be full of courage and thrift and push and kindness and charity, but woe to the man or boy who becomes a slave of liquor! Oh, I had rather see my little son die today than to see him carried in to his mother drunk! One of my brave soldier boys on the field, when he gave me his message to his mother if he should be killed, said: 'Tell her I have kept my promise to her. Not one drink have I ever tasted.' When the boy was killed, I carried the message with my own lips to the mother. She said: 'General, that is more glory for my boy than if he had taken a city.'"—*American Mother*.

Fourth Pupil—Judge McAuley, of Kansas City, said, "If I had my way, I would not only close every saloon in the country, on Sunday and week days, but I would stop the sale of intoxicating liquor in any shape for any purpose whatever. I would make it a crime to manufacture the stuff. This may be far-reaching, but the sentiment is justified by the sights and experiences in this courtroom. Ninety-five per cent of the cases tried here are the direct results of whiskey; * * the woes that arise from the use of whiskey, the ruined men and women, the broken families, the griefs and tears, all aired in this court, are enough to turn gray the hair on a buffalo robe."—*Evangelical Messenger*.

Courage

[At a large dinner party, where there were present distinguished foreign and American statesmen, Mr. Colfax, then Vice-President of the United States, declined to take wine, whereupon a Senator who had already taken too much, exclaimed, sneeringly, across the table, "Colfax dare not drink!" "You are right," he answered; "I dare not!" A braver reply could not have been made.]

"I dare not!" Were those cowardly words
That startled that brilliant, distinguished throng,
As they fell from the lips of one single man,
Who dared to do right and feared to do wrong!

"I dare not!" Did he know the power
Of one fatal glass to bring sorrow and tears—
To rouse a thirst that had slumbered long,
When the pledge had been kept, ay, even for years?

"I dare not!" I might learn the terrible truth,
That my act had tempted another today:
We all have some influence, for good or for ill,
To guide them aright or to lead them astray.

"I dare not!" When I hear the wail of distress
Sweeping o'er my loved land like the wild surging wave,
When the terrible doom of thousands I see,
A drunkard's home—a drunkard's grave.

"I dare not!" Oh that this brave reply
Might roll through the land in thunder tone, strong—
A noble example, teaching others to say,
In temptation's dark hour, I dare not do wrong!

'Tis he is the coward who proves false to his vows,
 To his manhood, his honor, for a laugh or a sneer;
 'Tis he is the hero who stands firm, tho' alone,
 For the truth and the right without flinching or fear!

Then dare to do right, tho' the whole world deride!
 When tempted, may this motto be your shield of might,
 The world ever honors true courage in man,
 Then ne'er be afraid or ashamed to do right.

What Shall We Do With the Apples

"Where shall they go?" said Farmer Wells
 To his little boys with an earnest face;
 "Mind, apples are cheap, and cider sells—
 Shall they go to the press or the market-place?"

"To the cider-mill!" shouted Bill and Joe,
 And Thomas, nearly a man, I think;
 "And then when the sleighers come, you know,
 We'll have plenty of good hard cider to drink."

"The barrel that stands by the 'tater' pile
 Sounds like a drum," said little Joe.
 And shouted Bill, "I pulled the spile
 Of the other one, and it wouldn't flow."

"Now, boys, be still," the farmer said,
 "And let your mother say her say;
 For, Mary, you know, a rule I've made
 In things like this you're to have your way."

With an eye of pride and a heart of fear
 She looked at her boys, then said, "'Tis plain
 That whether apples be cheap or dear,
 Our cider making is little gain.

"And somehow of late it comes to me—
 Perhaps you will think me over nice—
 That this social sipping yet may be
 To our feet a sloping plane of ice.

"When I go to the cellar about my work,
 And see those barrels against the wall,
 I can't help fearing that there may lurk
 A serpent that yet may sting us all.

"There is something said in the Bible, John—
 How is it, my memory plays the slip?—
 But it's something about the awful wrong
 Of putting the cup to our neighbor's lip."

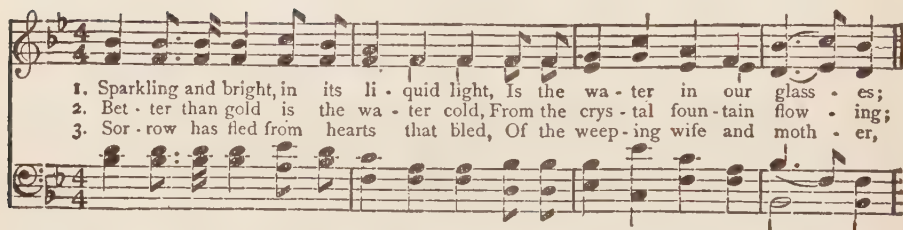
"Enough," said the farmer, "I know your will,
 And perhaps your caution is wise, withal.
 I'll drive the wagon over the hill,
 And back it up to my market stall."

And now you see him upon his way,
 With a peaceful mind and a jolly face,
 With faithful Dobbin and honest Gray,
 Jogging along to the market-place.

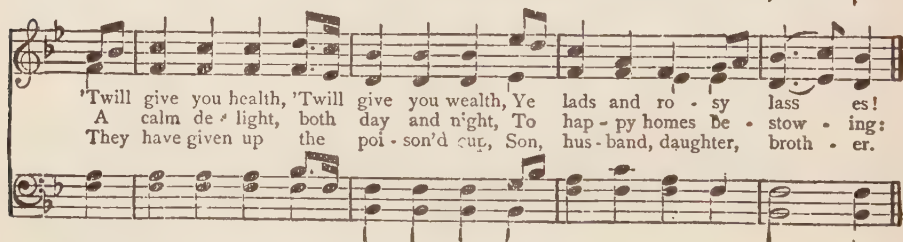
With tender thought of his gentle wife
 Who thrift and peace to his home had brought;
 Who gladdens with love his toilsome life,
 And cares for his boys as a mother ought.

Would it not be well if many more
 Good mothers should watch (and fathers, too)
 The open places about the door,
 Lest "little foxes" come creeping through?

Sparkling and Bright

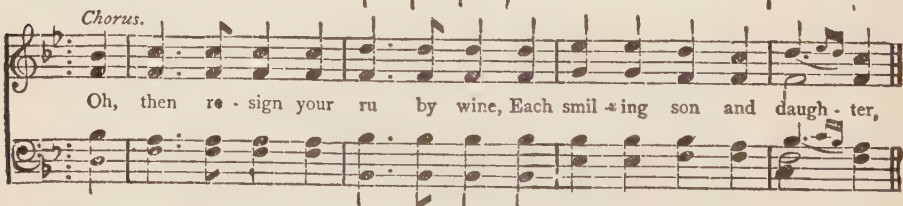


1. Sparkling and bright, in its li - quid light, Is the wa - ter in our glass - es;
 2. Bet - ter than gold is the wa - ter cold, From the crys - tal foun - tain flow - ing;
 3. Sor - row has fled from hearts that bled, Of the weep - ing wife and moth - er,

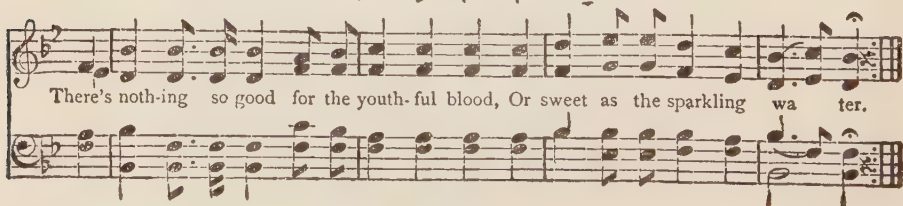


'Twill give you health, 'Twill give you wealth, Ye lads and ro - sy lass - es!
 A calm de - light, both day and night, To hap - py homes be - stow - ing;
 They have given up the poi - son'd cup, Son, hus - band, daughter, broth - er.

Chorus.



Oh, then re - sign your ru by wine, Each smil - ing son and daugh - ter,



There's noth - ing so good for the youth - ful blood, Or sweet as the sparkling wa - ter,

JUNE

The Old Oaken Bucket

1. { How dear to my heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec - ol -
The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep - tan - gled wild-wood, And ev - 'ry loved

CHO.—The old oak - en buck - et, the i - ron-bound buck - et. The moss - covered

FINE.

lec - tion pre - sents them to view! }
spot which my in - fan - cy knew: } The wide-spread-ing pond, and the mill that stood
buck - et that hung in the well.

by it. The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell; The cat of my

D. C. for Chorus:

fa - ther, the dai - ry-house-nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well.

That moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

THE YEAR'S ENTERTAINMENTS

JUNE

It Is June

Sorrow now is out of sight,
Everything is gay and bright,
Every heart filled with delight,
It is June!

All about is joy and mirth,
Rejoicings at summer's birth,
Bringing gladness to the earth,
It is June!

Flitting by on tireless wing,
Thrush and Robin sweetly sing
Carols learned in bygone spring,
It is June!

Ever and anon the while
Pretty Flowers nod and smile
Busy Bees to beguile;
It is June!

Know ye other days so rare,
Joyous days so free from care,
Roses blooming everywhere,
As in June?

—Ida Cleora Ball.

Memory Gems

"A song for June, whose breath is sweet
With blossoms opening at our feet;
Whose voice is heard in brooks that run
Through meadows, glad with song and sun,
Oh, happy, happy June!"

"Imperial June has come again, the diadem of Time;
Her breath is fragrant music, and her rivers run in rhyme;
The land one mighty emerald; God's Kohinoor, the sun,
As if the universe deployed its wheeling worlds in one;
The leafy pomp and stateliness of forests in array,
Down to the daisy groups that dance beneath the eye of Day;
The lakes besprinkled with lilies where the scented zephyr faints."

"Our hearts are glad with bird and bee,
For what we feel and hear and see;
Life seems a song to sweetest tune,
O, would it were forever June."

"What is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days."

"Every day is a new benediction."

"The days grow long, as if some world far mightier than this
Let fall its daytime mantle down the ether's blue abyss
Upon our human homesteads in radiant folds of light,
Till their twilight-tinted borders overlap the narrow night."

"Roses by the garden wall,
Poppies red and lilies tall,
Bobolinks and robins—all
Tell that June is here."

"Mornings fragrant, clear and cool,
Dragon-flies by wayside pool;
Children 'tired to death' of school—
Tell that June is here."

"Only sunny hours mark the dial."

"Heaven's blue is larger than its clouds."

"One moment now may give us more
Than fifty years of reason;
Our minds shall drink at every pore
The spirit of the season."

"O buttercups full of shinging gold;
O clover blooms full of honey;
Your honey is sweeter than sweetest things,
Your gold is better than money."

"The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet
And left to heaven the rest."

Suggested Poems

*For the Teacher's Reading and for
Discussion with the Pupils.*

A Bird's Nest—*Florence Percy.*

June—*Bayard Taylor.*

The Blue Jay—*Susan Sweet.*

Flowers—*H. W. Longfellow.*

If I Were a Voice—*Charles Mackay.*

A Song for June—*Eben E. Rexford.*

For Picture Study

June Clouds (1903)—*Hunt.*

Summer (947)—*Burne-Jones.*

"Come Unto Me All Ye That Labor,"
(3302)—*Carl Bloch.*

Pasturage in the Forest (506)—
Jacque.

Haying (606)—*Dupre.*

Then, up with our flag! let it stream on the air
 Though our fathers are cold in their graves,
 They had hands that could strike, they had souls that could dare,
 And their sons were not born to be slaves.
 Up, up, with that banner! where'er it may call
 Our millions shall rally around,
 And a nation of free men that moment shall fall
 When its stars shall be trailed on the ground.

—Cutter.

The blue arch above us is liberty's dome,
 The green fields beneath us, equality's home;
 The schoolhouse today is humanity's friend,
 Let the people the flag and the schoolhouse defend.

—Butterworth.

Behold its streaming rays unite,
 One mingling flood of braided light;
 The red that fires the southern rose,
 With spotless white from northern snows,
 And spangled o'er its azure, see,
 The sister stars of liberty.
 Then hail the Banner of the Free
 The starry flower of Liberty.

—O. W. Holmes.

Invincible banner! the flag of the free,
 Oh, where treads the foot that falters for thee?
 Or the hands to be folded till triumph is won
 And the eagle looks proud, as of old, to the sun?

—Edna Dean Proctor

All hail to the flag of our country,
 The glorious red, white and blue,
 Whose stripes and bright stars remind us
 Of our struggle for liberty true.

—Rowe.

Ah! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,
 In foreign harbors shall behold
 That flag unrolled,
 'Twill be as a friendly hand
 Stretched out from his native land,
 Filling his heart with memories sad and sweet."

—H. W. Longfellow

Take from your flag its folds of gloom,
 And let it float undimmed above;
 Till over all our vales shall bloom
 The sacred colors that we love.

—Phoebe Cary.

One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
 One nation evermore.

—O. W. Holmes.

"Of all the flags that float aloft
 O'er Neptune's gallant tars
 Or wave on high in victory
 Above the sons of Mars,
 Give me our flag—Columbia's flag—
 The emblem of the free,
 And fling it out 'mid song and shout,
 The Banner of the Sea."

Acrostic--Our Flag

(Each child carries a letter which is held aloft while speaking and then fastened on the breast.)

O folds of white and scarlet! O blue field with your silver stars! May fond eyes welcome you, willing feet follow you, strong hands defend you, warm hearts cherish you, and dying lips give you their blessing! Ours by inheritance, ours by allegiance, ours by affection,—long may you float on the free winds of heaven, the emblem of liberty, the hope of the world.—*Selected.*

Up with the banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblem from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry—
Union and Liberty! One Evermore!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Red says, "Be brave;"
White says, "Be pure;"
Blue says "Be true."

Selected.

Flag of the free hearts' hope and home,
By angel's hand to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.

—*Drake.*

Let the national flag float over every schoolhouse in the country, and the exercises be such as shall press upon our youth the patriotic duties of American citizens.—*Benj. Harrison.*

A song for our banner? The watchword recall
Which gave the Republic her station;
United we stand, divided we fall!
It made and preserved us a nation.

—*Morris.*

God bless our stars forever,
It is liberty's refrain. —*Anon.*

To Thee, O Country

To Thee, O country, great and free,
With trusting hearts we cling;
Our voices tuned by joyous love,
Thy power and praises sing.

Upon thy mighty, faithful heart
We lay our burdens down.
Thou art the only friend who feels
Their weight without a frown.

For thee we daily work and strive,
To thee we give our love,
For thee with fervor deep we pray
To Him who dwells above.

O God, preserve our Fatherland!
Let peace its ruler be,
And let her happy kingdom stretch
From north to southmost sea.

—*Anna Eichberg.*

Our Banner

(Air: "Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight.")

Doff your hats, and raise your voices, for the flag is passing by,
Flaunting fold on fold of crimson, white, and azure of the sky;
Throb anew, ye hearts of freemen, free forever and for aye,
Watch the breezes e'en of heaven with your trusted ensign play:
Doff your hats, for the flag is passing by,

Shout aloud, let your voices reach the sky,
 Yea, when the blare of bands proclaims your colors nigh
 There'll be hip, hip, and hip, hip, hurrah!
 Three cheers then.

Chorus—

When you list to the bugles' stirring sound,
 And your feet with a tip-toe touch the ground
 In keeping time to strains
 That will make your pulses bound,
 There'll be
 Your banner proudly floating on high.

'Tis the flag pulled down by traitor and that led to vict'ry, too,
 'Tis a joy and glory ever, claiming honor old or new;
 It has wrapped the fallen soldier in his distant lonely grave,
 It has helped the fainting hero into action bold and brave;
 Torn by shell, its thin tatters onward call,
 Held aloft by tireless hands that fall
 Not till the conflict won, each peak of mountain tall
 Shall clamor, hip, hip,—echo hip, hip, hurrah!
 Three cheers then.

Chorus.

No dishonor ever stained it, and no power shall ever dare
 Cast a shadow on its ripples, nor put down the pennant fair;
 Foreign soil has felt its impress, right hath planted it to stay,
 Lordly rulers of the empires never more shall scorn its sway;
 Strike your tents, march forward to your place,
 None can backward crowd you in the race
 With nations bound to feel 'twere best with smiling grace
 To join in hip, hip,—loud hip, hip hurrah!
 Three cheers then.

Chorus.

—Minnie Frances Brown in *School Song Knapsack*.

We Love Our Flag

(Five boys are carrying flags. The center boy to be a little taller than the rest, and to have a large flag which rests on the floor and is held by one hand. The little flags to be held in some attractive position. At the last verse all the flags are waved.)

Center Boy—

We love our flag,
 The stars and stripes!
 The colors floating o'er us,
 We love the flag!
 We honor the flag!
 As our fathers did before us

First Boy—

We are willing to fight
 For the grand old flag,
 The soldier's inspiration!
 We boys of today
 Soon leave our play,
 To be the men of the nation.

Second Boy—

And we will stand
 By the dear old flag,
 The good "red, white and blue,"
 And do our part,
 With a ready heart,
 And show our colors true.

Fourth Boy—

And we mean to vote
 For the upright man!
 The man with principle true;
 One good and strong,
 Who will bring no wrong
 To the good "red, white and blue."

Fifth Boy—

And O, for the time
 When we are men!
 Our interest will not lag.
 We'll keep things straight
 In affairs of State,
 And honor the good old flag.

All—

Hurrah! Hurrah!
For the "red, white and blue."
The flag of our nation,
So noble and true,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
"Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free,
And the home of the brave."

—*E. L. Brown.*

For My Country

I ought to love my country,
The land in which I live;
Yes, I am very sure my heart
Its truest love should give.
For, if I love my country,
I'll try to be a man
My country may be proud of;
And if I try, I can.
She wants men brave and noble,
She needs men brave and kind,
My country needs that I should be.
The best man she can find.

Ode to the American Flag

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!

Who rear'st aloft thy regal form
To hear the tempest trumping loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the sun, to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke;
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on;
Ere yet the life-blood warm and wet,

Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance;
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow;
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering o'er the wave,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadsides' reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us.
—*Joseph Rodman Drake.*

Patriotism

Boys—

We are the men of the coming years,
Who will follow wherever our flag appears;
Who, honest and faithful, brave and true,
Will stand by our banner our whole lives
through
If war or dishonor our band should assail,
Our courage, our loyalty never should fail;
True to our flag; to our brotherhood true,
We will fight for, yes, die for, the Red,
White and Blue.

Girls—

Though to war and battles we cannot go,
To fight against our country's foe;
Girls, too, have a noble work to do,
If they to their country and flag are true.

Together—

Together life's battle we'll enter in
And fight most bravely until we win.
—*Selected.*

Unfurl the Flag

Unfurl the flag. At dawn, when fleeing night
 Flings farewell kisses to the rising sun,
 Be our first vision fair those folds so bright,
 'Neath which alone hath freedom's reign begun;
 And when departing day o'erspreads the sky
 With glory tints no human brush may match,
 Let still our flag with these fair splendors vie—
 The last bright thing our straining gaze may catch!

Unfurl the flag! Where winter's snowy flakes
 The Christmas earth shall carpet with thick down,
 Fling there the flag across the ice-locked lakes,
 And flash its glories o'er each white-robed town;
 And where bright summer smiles the whole year 'round,
 And earth's green lap is filled for aye with flowers,
 Let there the flag on each sweet breeze rebound,
 The fitting emblem of fair birds and bowers!

Unfurl the flag! While Peace outspreads her wings,
 Unstartled by the sullen voice of foes,
 Our flag shall float and with us laugh and sing—
 The happy symbol of our calm repose;
 And when dread War shall flood us with alarms
 Till gentle Peace shall perish from affright,
 What thrilling joy, amid the clash of arms,
 To see our flag lead forth a nation's might!

Unfurl the flag! Where our loved fathers fought
 And spread the borders of our broad domain;
 Unfurl the flag! Where our brave sons have wrought
 And wrested isles from tyranny's sad bare;
 Unfurl the flag! Where nations meet to weigh
 The decimation of the downcast lands,
 Float there its folds that all the earth may say:
 Behold the flag which for the helpless stands!

—Rev. L. M. Waterman.

Meaning of the Colors

First Pupil—

Red, from the leaves of the autumn woods,
 Of our frost-kissed northern hills;
 Red, to show that patriot blood
 Is beating now in a hurrying flood
 In the hearts of American men.

Second Pupil—

White, from the fields of stainless drift
 On our wide, western plains;
 White, to show that as pure as snow,
 We believe that the Christ-light yet shall
 glow,
 In the souls of American men.

Third Pupil—

Blue, from the arch of the winter sky,
 O'er our fatherland outspread;
 Blue, to show that as wide as heaven,
 Shall justice to all mankind be given,
 At the hands of American men.

All—

Red, white and blue, and the light of stars,
 Through our holy colors shine;
 Love, truth and justice, virtues three,
 That shall bloom in the land of liberty,
 In the homes of American men.

Flag Quiz

What is a flag?
 Of what is a flag made?
 Why do we have a flag?
 Who planned our flag?
 Who made the first flag?
 What do the stripes mean?
 How many are there?
 How many stars are there?
 What do they represent?

(Questions should be put by the teacher,
 and answered by the pupils.)

The Flag That Waves Above

Come, sing a song of the stars and stripes, and the soldiers brave and true,
Who side by side have fought and died 'neath the old red, white and blue;
And give a cheer for the sailor lad, and his good ship, strong and staunch,
That can whip the fleet he may chance to meet, tho' the best that man could launch.

Chorus--

Hurrah! for the army and navy, boys;
Hurrah! for the land we love;
Then off with our hats, and three times cheer
For the flag that waves above.

Then over the ocean sail away, nor mind the darkest night,
For the sweetest smiles of the sea-girt isles await the blue and white;
And wherever on land the call may come, in the thickest of the fray,
With a shout of joy fights the soldier boy, for the land of blue and gray.

Then whether on plain or mountain slope, or on the deep blue sea,
You may well depend on a Yankee friend wherever you may be;
For of all the loyal hearts and true among the soldier lads or tars,
We stand the test, the truest and best, beneath the stripes and stars.

—From "New Century Songs" by permission.

This is Our Flag

(Provide three small flags for this exercise and drill on waiting in unison during the concert recital.)

(Holding the Flag)

This is our flag, and may it wave
Wide over land and sea!
Though others love a different flag,
This is the flag for me.

(Concert Recitation)

And that's the flag for all our land,
We will revere no other;
And he who loves the symbol fair,
Shall be to us a brother.

America's the land we love,
Our broad fair land so free;
And, schoolmates, whereso'er I go,
This is the flag for me.

(Repeat Concert Recitation)

These glorious stars and radiant stripes,
With youthful joy I see;
May no rude hand its beauty mar!
This is the flag for me.

—The Intelligence.

Flowers for the Banner

(Enter a company of little children. Section one carries red flowers; section two, white; section three, blue.)

The red is the color of morning,
When sunny and fair it glows,
And mamma is glad when the baby's cheeks
Are bright as the red, red rose.

The white is the color of moonlight,
It lieth all soft and still;
While the lily-bells their secrets tell,
Ringing o'er vale and hill.

The blue is the sky's own color,
And I think, perhaps, baby's eyes,
That sparkle and glow, are a bit, you know,
Taken out of the starry skies.

Concert—

And these are the flowers for the banner,
The banner of love and light,
The banner of stars with its crimson bars,
And its stripings of snowy white.

(They hang wreaths and festoons on the flag carried by the last speaker.)

—The Young Crusader.

Hurrah for the Flag

There are many flags in many lands;
There are flags of every hue;
But there is no flag, however grand,
Like our own "Red, White and Blue."

Chorus—

Then hurrah for the flag—our country's flag!
Its stripes and white stars, too;
There is no flag in any land
Like our own "Red, White and Blue!"

I know where the prettiest colors are,
And I'm sure if I only knew
How to get them here I could make a flag
Of glorious "Red, White and Blue."

I would cut a piece from an evening sky,
Where the stars were shining through,
And use it just as it was on high
For my stars and field of blue.

Then I'd want a part of a fleecy cloud,
And some red of a rainbow bright;
And put them together, side by side,
For my stripes of red and white.

The Call to the Colors

"Are you ready, O Virginia,
Alabama, Tennessee?
People of the Southland, answer!
For the land hath need of thee."
"Here!" from Sandy Rio Grande,
Where the Texan horsemen ride.
"Here!" the hunters of Kentucky,
Hail from Chatterawha's side.
Every toiler in the cotton,
Every rugged mountaineer,
Velvet-voiced and iron-handed,
Lifts his head to answer "Here!"
"Some remain who charged with Pickett,
Some survive who followed Lee;
They shall lead their sons to battle
For the flag, if need there be."
"Are you ready, California,
Arizona, Idaho?
Come, oh come unto the colors,
Heard ye not the bugle blow?"
Fall's a hush in San Francisco
In the busy hives of trade;
In the vineyards of Sonoma
Fall the pruning knife and spade;
In the mines of Colorado
Pick and drill are flung aside;
Idly in Seattle's harbor
Swing the merchants to the tide,
And a million mighty voices
Throb responsive like a drum
Rolling from the rough Sierras,
"You have called us and we come."

O'er Missouri sounds the challenge—
O'er the great lakes and the plain;
"Are you ready, Minnesota?
Are you ready, men of Maine?"
From the woods of Ontonagon,
From the farms of Illinois,
From the looms of Massachusetts:
"We are coming, man and boy."
Axmen free, of Androscoggin,
Clerks who trudge the city's paves,
Gloucester men who drag their plunder
From the sullen, hungry waves,
Big-boned Swede and large-limbed German,
Celt and Saxon swell the call,

And the Adirondacks echo:
"We are ready, one and all."

Truce to feud and peace to faction,
All forgot is party zeal
When the warships clear for action,
When the blue battalions wheel;
Europe boasts her standing armies—
Serfs who blindly fight by trade;
We have seven million soldiers
And a soul guides every blade.
Laborers with arm and mattock,
Laborers with brain and pen,
Railroad prince and railroad brakeman
Build our line of fighting men,
Flag of righteous wars! close mustered
Gleam the bayonets, row on row,
When thy stars are sternly clustered
With their daggers toward the foe.

Betsy's Battle Flag

From dusk till dawn, the livelong night,
She kept the tallow-dips alight;
And fast her nimble fingers flew
To sew the stars upon the blue.
With weary eyes and aching head,
She stitched the stripes of white and red;
And when the day came up the stair,
Complete across a carven chair
Hung Betsy's battle flag.

Like shadows in the evening gray,
The Continentals filed away,
With broken boots and ragged coats,
But hoarse defiance in their throats.
They bore the marks of want and cold,
And some were lame and some were old,
And some with wounds untended bled
But floating bravely overhead
Was Betsy's battle flag.

Then fell the battle's leaden rain—
The soldier hushed his moans of pain,
And raised his dying head to see
King George's troopers turn and flee.
Their charging column reeled and broke,
And vanished in the rolling smoke,
Before the glory of the stars,—
The snowy stripes and scarlet bars
Of Betsy's battle flag.

The simple stone of Betsy Ross
Is covered now with mold and moss;
But still her deathless banner flies,
And keeps the color of the skies.
A nation thrills, a nation bleeds,
A nation follows where it leads;
And every man is proud to yield
His life upon a crimson field
For Betsy's battle flag. —Irving.

Flag of the Free

1. Flag of the free, fair - est to see, Borne thro' the strife and the thun - der of war;
2. Flag of the brave, long may it wave, Chos - en of God while His might we a dore; In

Ban - ner so bright with star - ry light, Float ev - er proud ly from moun - tain to shore.
Lib - er - ty's van, for man - hood of man, Sym - bol of Right thro' the years pass - ing o'er.

D. S. - While thro' the sky loud rings the cry, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty! one ev - er more!

Em - ble of Free - dom, hope to the slave, Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save,
Pride of our coun - try, hon - ored a - far, Scat - ter each cloud that wou - ld dark - en a star,

Flag Salute

(All rise quickly, as one person; pupils stand erect with arms dropped at sides. With the first word of the line "Up with the banner bright," each pupil instantly raises the right hand, holding aloft the flag until the ninth line is completed. With the words "Union and Liberty" and "One Evermore," each pupil waves the flag.)

Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, keep us the many in one!
Up with the banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblem from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry—
Union and Liberty! One Evermore!"

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Off With Your Hat

Off with your hat as the flag goes by
And let the heart have its say;
You're man enough for a tear in your eye
That you will not wipe away.
You're man enough for a thrill that goes
To your very finger tips—

Ay! The lump just then in your throat that
rose
Spoke more than your parted lips.

Lift up the boy on your shoulder, high,
And show him the faded shred—
Those stripes would be red as the sunset sky
If death could have dyed them red.

The man that bore it, with death has lain
 These thirty years or more—
 He died that the work should not be vain
 Of the men who bore it before.

The man that bears it is bent and old,
 And ragged his beard and gray;
 But look at his eye fire, young and bold,
 At the tune that he hears them play.

The old tune thunders through all the air,
 And strikes right into the heart;
 If it ever calls for you, boy, be there!
 Be there, and ready to start!

Off with your hat as the flag goes by!
 Uncover the youngster's head!
 Teach him to hold it holy and high,
 For the sake of its sacred dead.

Mending the Old Flag

In the silent gloom of a garret room,
 With cobwebs round it creeping,
 From day to day the old Flag lay—
 A veteran worn and sleeping.

Dingily old, each wrinkled fold
 By the dust of years was shaded;
 Wounds of the storm were upon its form;
 The crimson stripes were faded.

'Twas a mournful sight in the day-twilight,
 This thing of humble seeming,
 That once so proud o'er the cheering crowd
 Had carried its colors gleaming;
 Stained with mold were the braids of gold,
 That had flashed at the sun-ray's kissing;
 Of faded hue was its field of blue,
 And some of the stars were missing.

Three Northern maids and three from the
 glades

Where dreams the Southland weather,
 With glances kind and their arms entwined,
 Came up the stairs together.

They gazed awhile, with a thoughtful
 smile,

At the crouching form before them;
 With clinging holds they grasped its folds,
 And out of the darkness bore them.

They healed its scars, they found its stars,
 And brought them all together—

(Three Northern maids and three from
 glades

Where smiles the Southland weather;)

They mended away through the summer day,
 Made glad by an inspiration

To fling it high at the smiling sky
 On the birthday of our nation;

In the brilliant glare of the summer air,
 With a brisk breeze round it creeping,
 Newly bright through the glistening night
 The flag went grandly sweep-
 plug;
 Gleaming and bold were its braids of gold,
 And flashed in the sun-ray's kissing;
 Red, white and blue were of deepest hue,
 And none of the stars were missing.

Shine On, O Flag

The flag floats east, the flag floats west;
 The skies unveil their glory;
 Each stripe reflects the loving light,
 Star tells to star its story.

From sea to sea in calm or storm
 Shine on, O flag, in beauty
 For all who walk in Freedom's ways,
 For all who died for duty.

—George F. Packard.

The Flag of Our Country

(Class Exercise)

(Each child should have a flag in 'he
 right hand and extend it forward while
 repeating the flag salute and wave it during
 the chorus of the song.)

One Child—

Why are you here, my playmates?
 What are you bringing to me?

All—

O, in each right hand we are holding
 The flag of our country, you see.

First Child—

What does it mean, that pretty flag
 With its stripes of crimson hue,
 And just above them a group of stars,
 White on a field of blue?

Second Child—

With the tramp of marching thousands
 Shaking the fair green earth,
 'Mid the smoke and roar of battle
 The union had its birth.

Third Child—

And when we wanted an emblem
 To carry in war and peace,
 A flag to tell to the nations,
 That the Union never should cease,
 We looked to the heavens above us,
 To the stars in the fair blue skies,
 And we copied the red from sunset clouds
 In the west, when the daylight dies.

Fourth Child—

The red of the stripes is an emblem of war,—
 Defiance it speaks to our foes;
 It tells of our courage, valor and truth,
 Wherever this free flag goes.

Fifth Child—

The spotless white of the beautiful stars
 Means purity, innocence, peace,
 May these bind the group like a golden cord
 Till time with its troubles shall cease.

Sixth Child—

An emblem of faith is the azure field,
 Like the beautiful sky above;
 It whispers God's promises ever are sure,
 And tells of his boundless love.

All (moving flags forward).

And now to the breezes our beautiful flag,
 Unfurl for the nations to view;
 Let tyranny tremble and wrong hide away.
 At the sight of its red, white and blue.

(Flags in left hand, and right hand raised
 at side, and at the words "to my flag,"
 extend the hand gracefully toward flag.)

Flag Salute—

I pledge allegiance to my flag
 And the republic for which it stands,—
 One nation indivisible with justice and
 liberty for all.

Special Flags

There are several special flags about which you may wish to know something. These are used for various purposes in connection with the Government. The Treasury Department has a flag used in the revenue marine, and whenever a vessel bearing one of these flags is seen in one of our harbors, there is some officer of the Government on board whose duty it is to board vessels as they enter the harbor. They enforce the laws relating to duties, customs, etc. The stars and stripes also float over all these and all other Government vessels. This flag is composed of horizontal stripes of red and white, with a white union in which is an eagle and stars.

The Union Jack shows only the union of the flag—a blue field with white stars.

The President's flag is of red, a white star in each corner, and other stars arranged about a large blue star in the center, in which is the design of an eagle. When the President sails on a Government vessel this flag is raised, and when the Secretary of the Navy boards a naval vessel his flag is raised.

You may also see the yacht flag of America, which is used on yachts belonging to our people. In consequence of this flag certain privileges are allowed the yachts not granted to ordinary vessels.

There are also other flags in the Navy. The flagship floats the flag of the officer commanding the fleet. He may be a Commodore or a Rear Admiral, and each has his own flag.

The white flag in time of war is a signal of peace, which under the rules of civilized warfare an enemy is bound to respect.

A yellow flag is the one used to fly over a hospital, and under its folds the sick and wounded are protected from attack by either party.

A white flag bearing a red cross is the standard of the Red Cross Association which has done so much to help the sick and wounded. Under this flag relief was carried to the suffering Armenians in Turkey, and to the starving people of Cuba.

There are also other flags that are used for signals by means of which vessels at sea may communicate with each other in passing. Each vessel has a number, and by signal when the number is given, a passing vessel may learn what ships are passed in a voyage.

- T** The world puts on its robe of glory now;
The very flowers are tinged with deeper dyes;
The waves are bluer, and the angels pitch
Their shining tents along the sunset skies.
- I** In rose time or in berry time,
When ripe seeds fall or buds peep out,
When green the grass or white the rime,
There's something to be glad about.
- O** One child sees sunlit air and sky,
And blossoming rose-buds, sweet and ruddy;
Another looks at his own feet,
And only sees—that it is muddy!
- N** Now what you find in these sweet days
Depends on how you go about it;
A glad heart helps poor eyes to see
What brightest eyes can't see without it.

The Songster of June

O gold-throated robin, sweet songster of
June,
Who taught you that tune?
So rich and ecstatic it captures the heart,
And fills it and thrills it with magical art.
O robin, your melody ripples along
A liquid-sweet song.
You know very well, you demure little
sprite,
Each note from your throat is a witching
delight.

O robin, we listen like one in a trance
To your tuneful romance.
Sing on! You restore to us visions sublime
And care and despair are forgot for a time.

Three O'Clock in the Morning

What do the robins whisper about
From their homes in the elms and
birches?
I've tried to study the riddle out,
But still in my mind is many a doubt,
In spite of deep reseaches.

While all the world is in silence deep,
In the twilight of early dawning
They begin to chirp and twitter and peep,
As if they were talking in their sleep,
At three o'clock in the morning.

Perhaps they tell secrets that should not be
heard
By mortals listening and prying;
Perhaps we might learn from some whis-
pered word
The best way to bring up a little bird
Or the wonderful art of flying.

It may be they gossip from nest to nest,
Hidden and leaf-enfolded;
For do we not often hear it confessed,
When a long-kept secret at last is guessed,
That "a little bird has told it?"

What do the robins whisper about
In the twilight of early dawning?
Listen, and tell me, if you find out,
What 'tis the robins whisper about
At three o'clock in the morning.

Suppose the Little Cowslip

Suppose the little cowslip
Should hang its golden cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,
I'd better not grow up!"
How many a weary traveler
Would miss its fragrant smell!
How many a child would grieve
To lose it from the dell!

Suppose the glistening dewdrop
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dewdrop do?
I'd better roll away!"
The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it
Would wither in the sun.

How many deeds of kindness
A little child can do,
Although it has but little strength,
And little wisdom too!
It wants a loving spirit
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child can do
For others, by its love.

Birds' Nests

The wren builds in an ivied thorn
Or old and ruined wall;
The mossy nest, so covered in,
You scarce can see at all.

The martins build their nests of clay,
In rows beneath the eaves;
While silvery lichens, moss and hair
The chaffinch interweaves.

The cuckoo makes no nest at all,
But through the wood she strays
Until she finds one sung and warm,
And there her eggs she lays.

The sparrow has a nest of hay,
With feathers warmly lined;
The ring-dove's careless nest of sticks
On lofty trees we find.

Rooks build together in a wood,
And often disagree;
The owl will build inside a barn
Or in a hollow tree.

The blackbird's nest, of grass and mud,
In bush and bank is found;
The lapwing's darkly spotted eggs
Are laid upon the ground.

The magpie's nest is girt with thorns
In leafless tree or hedge;
The wild duck and the water-hen
Build by the water's edge.

Birds build their nests from year to year,
According to their kind,
Some very neat and beautiful,
Some easily designed.

The habits of each little bird,
And all its patient skill,
Are surely taught by God Himself
And ordered by His will.

—Anon.

June Song

(Air: "The Swanee River." See page 351)

Red, white and yellow roses growing
This month of June,
Such wealth of richest fragrance giving;
Bird hearts are all a-tune;
From the showers and sunshine gathered
Richest life, full-crowned,
Imparting to our summer garden
Truest beauty all around.

Sweet daisies growing in the meadow
Look at the sun,
Still gazing up and upward ever
Till golden heart was won.

Now the lesson we are learning
Looking up, not down;
To us and those about us bringing
Lives full of bliss—sun-crowned.

Daisies

Chorus of Daisies off platform—(Tune "Sweet Marie")

Sweetest day of all the year,
Daisy-time.

To all the children dear,
Daisy-time.

(Pause)

School repeat (heads tipped as in listening)—

We hear the sound of many voices,
They come this way;
Oh, listen, and we'll soon be hearing
What they all say.

(Daisies, represented by six girls, continue and come upon platform. They wear caps of yellow paper, large white paper collars cut in the shape of daisy petals, and carry daisies.)

Then we go to summer school,
Learn its lessons, mind its rule,
Learn from bee and bird and flower
Every hour.

Chorus—

Daisies say, daisies say,
If we're only sweet and true all the time
We can be like little flowers,
In this busy world of ours,
We can make of winter hours
Daisy-time.

Sun and skies and flowers of June,
Daisies, too,
Sing just the one sweet tune,
Daisies do.

Just grow bright and sweet as they,
Sunbeams, birds and flowerets gay,
'Tis an easy, pleasant way,
Daisies say.

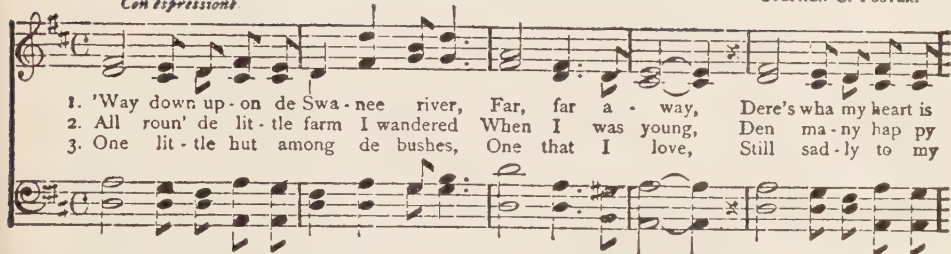
Daisies Recite—

1. Yes, once again we're here,
2. We love you, children dear.
3. The birds you see about
4. Sing to you all, "Come out."
5. Lay all your work away,
6. Come, let us join in play.

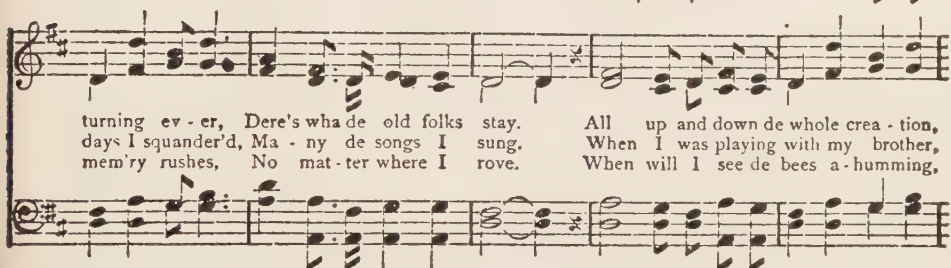
(They bow and exit.)

Swanee River

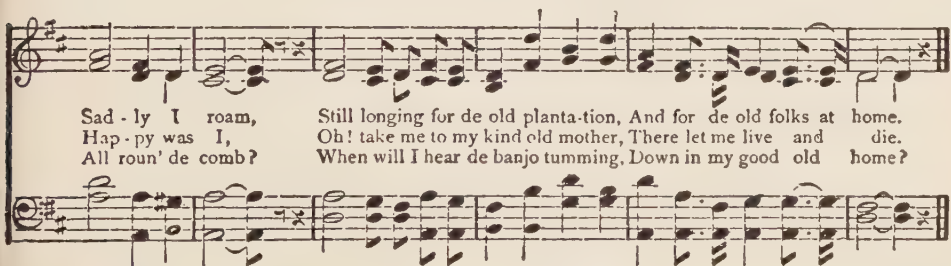
STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Con espressione.


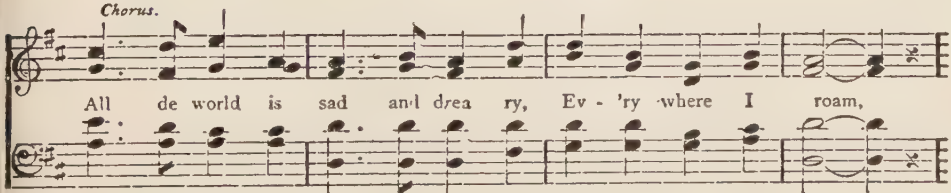
1. 'Way down up-on de Swa-nee river, Far, far a-way, Dere's wha my heart is
 2. All roun' de lit-tle farm I wandered When I was young, Den ma-n'y hap-py
 3. One lit-tle hut among de bushes, One that I love, Still sad-ly to my



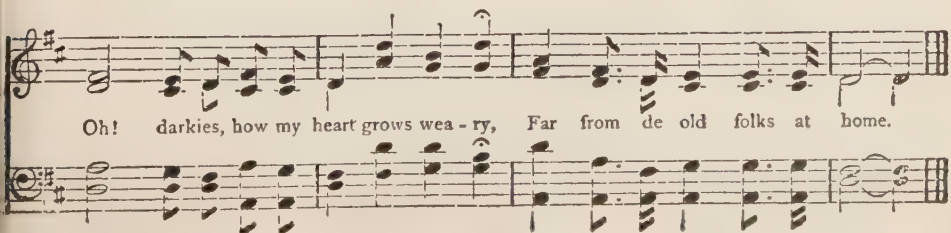
turning ev-er, Dere's wha de old folks stay. All up and down de whole crea-tion,
 days I squander'd, Ma-n'y de songs I sung. When I was playing with my brother,
 mem'ry rushes, No mat-ter where I rove. When will I see de bees a-humming,



Sad-ly I roam, Still longing for de old planta-tion, And for de old folks at home.
 Hap-py was I, Oh! take me to my kind old mother, There let me live and die.
 All roun' de comb? When will I hear de banjo tumming, Down in my good old home?

Chorus.


All de world is sad and drea-ry, Ev-'ry-where I roam,



Oh! darkies, how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from de old folks at home.

Strawberries

Little Pearl Honeydew, six years old,
From her bright ear parted the curls of gold,
And laid her head on the strawberry-bed
To hear what the red-cheeked Berries said.

Their cheeks were blushing, their breath was sweet,
She could almost hear their little hearts beat;
And the tiniest lisping, whispering sound
That you ever heard came up from the ground.

"Little friends," she said, "I wish I knew
How it is you thrive on sun and dew!"
And this is the story the Berries told
To little Pearl Honeydew, six years old.

"You wish you knew? And so do we,
But we can't tell you, unless it be
That the same kind Power that cares for you
Takes care of poor little Berries too.

"Tucked up snugly, and nestled below
Our coverlet of wind-woven snow,
We peep and listen all winter long
For the first spring day and the bluebird's song.

"When the swallows fly home to the old brown shed,
And the robins build on the bough overhead,
Then out from the mould, from the darkness and cold,
Blossoms and runner and leaf unfold.

"Good children then, if they come near,
And hearken a good long while, may hear
A wonderful tramping of little feet,
So fast we grow in the summer heat.

"Our clocks are the flowers; and they count the hours
Till we can mellow in sun and showers,
With warmth of the west wind and heat of the south,
A ripe red berry for a ripe red mouth.

"Apple-blooms whiten, and peach-blooms fall,
And roses are gay by the garden wall
Ere the daisy's dial gives the sign
That we can invite little Pearl to dine.

"The days are longest, the month is June,
The year is nearing its golden noon,
The weather is fine, and our feast is spread
With a green cloth and berries red.

"Just take us betwixt your finger and thumb;
And quick, oh, quick! for see! there come
Tom on all-fours, and Martin the man,
And Margaret, picking as fast as they can.

"Oh, dear! if you only knew how it shocks
Nice berries like us to be sold by the box,
And eaten by strangers and paid for with pelf,
You would surely take pity and eat us yourself."

And this is the story the small lips told
To dear Pearl Honeydew, six years old,
When she laid her head on the strawberry-bed
To hear what the red-cheeked Berries said.

—J. T. Trowbridge.

The Contest of the Flowers

June—

Welcome

Good friends! I'm pleased to see
How merrily you welcome me!
But, hark! what is that noise about?
Some silly flowers have fallen out.
If this goes on, I'll check their folly.

All (with great confusion)—

I will! You won't! I do! You don't!
I shall! You shan't! I can! You can't!
I, I, I, I, will be queen of the flowers.

June—

Why will you quarrel thus and shout?
What, pray, is all this noise about?

Violet—

We make you judge!

Lily—

Yes, you decide
Which is most worthy to preside
As queen of flowers.

June—

Some other day:
Today I'd rather sport and play.

All—

No! No! You must decide this quarrel now.

June—

Well, then, I sit upon my throne:
And now let each in gentle tone
Plead her own cause, and make it clear
What claim she has to reign next year.

Cowslip—

In the days of old
The sign of sovereignty was gold
And still as little birds do sing.
The sovereign is a golden thing;
And I am golden.

All—

But, Cowslip, it was said of old;
"All things that glitter are not gold!"

June—

Come, Violet, your turn is next;
I can't guess what will be your text.

Violet—

I am a lowly flower, and yet
'Twere well you choose the violet;
For I beyond the rest inherit
The virtue rare of modest merit.
Unseen I sit, and yet no flower
Sheds so much fragrance round her bower;
Thus should a Queen, unseen to man,
Do all the quiet good she can.

All—

If you're too little to be seen,
You're far too small to be a Queen.

June—

Next, Sweet Pea!

Sweet Pea—

I come to you
Clad in my robes of red, white, and blue.
My family motto is "Aspire,"
"Excelsior," and even higher;
I am ambitious, and I own
Right gladly would I mount this throne,
Nay, I would occupy a dozen!
Don't take me for a low bred cousin,
The garden pea.

All—

Retire, Sweet Pea! 'Tis plainly seen
You soar too high to be our queen.

June—

Now, Daisy.

Daisy—

My claim stands thus: I roam about,
And so I spy all failings out.
While these adorn the gay parterre,
My golden eye looks everywhere,
Like him who set the world to rights—
The Monarch in the "Arabian Nights."
She is the worthiest to be queen
Whom all men love, for all have seen;
Therefore I am just the Queen for you.
Good sisters, pay me homage due.

All—

No; Daisy, you shall not be seen,
You're far too proud to be our Queen.

June—

Next, Lily, let me hear your claim.

Lily—

Queen Lily is my name;
I rise to plead, calm and serene—
My very look proclaims me Queen,
So stately stand I on my stem,
Wearing a golden diadem,
And taller by at least a head
Than any floweret in the bed.
Behold my vesture, pearly white;
Its spotless radiance charms the sight.

All—

Lily, we love your peerless sheen,
But one so proud must not be Queen.

June—

Rose, you speak next.

Rose—

Dear June, I
Must own I feel a little shy.
You know my failing is to blush;
Yet say I will; I'd rather crush
My pretty scented leaves, and cast
Them, playthings to the wanton blast,
Or worse, be scorned as "out of fashion,"

June—

For shame, Rose, you are red with passion.

Rose—

I cannot help it! Many a day
I reigned with undisputed sway;
Dear Tennyson, the other day,
Called me Queen Rose in that sweet lay—
His "Come into the garden, Maud."
And ere another reign by fraud,
I'll shed my leaves before the time,
And wither in my summer prime—
I will.

All—

We love you Rose, but we have seen
You are too passionate to be Queen.

June—

Sunflower, you're last.

Sunflower—

Last but not least. I must prevail
As soon as I have told my tale.
I grow as tall as many trees,
I scarcely bend before the breeze;
Some here can hardly reach my knees.
Nay, hear me out! As all men know,
The sun is King of Flowers below;
If he shone not, you could not shine,
Or waft abroad your odors fine.
It needs no further arguing
To prove that he is lawful king;
I claim to be the queen for you.

All—

No, Sunflower, it is plainly seen
You are too flaunting to be Queen.

June—

You've spoken well, as I expected,
And now you wonder who's selected.
Seven arguments have made it plain
That seven sweet flowers deserve to reign.
But I think in a garden-bed
There should be neither foot nor head;
Therefore I won't, however pressed,
Place any one above the rest,
But each a golden crown may win
By ruling well herself within.
Thus I decide, and here decree
A Flower Republic—Liberty—

Sisterhood, and united flowers,
With loving hearts and varying powers!
From this same hour the edict dates,
And now, like the United States,
Together live in love and peace,
Flourish, bud, blossom, and increase.
But first a fadeless chaplet twine
To grace this festival of mine,
And let us all a carol sing,
And make the lofty roof-trees ring!

The Shadow Girl

Wherever I go I always see
That ridiculous black girl following me;
Sometimes at my back, sometimes at my
side,

She mounts a black pony whenever I ride.
She does not speak and she does not smile,
But sometimes she hides for a little while.

It's no use trying to drive her away,
Or to go and leave her; I tried today.
We got in the carriage and drove so fast
That I thought I was rid of the girl at last;
But when we jumped out and walked up
the hill,
She jumped out, too, and she follows me
still.

You needn't suppose that she looks like me,
She's just as different as she can be;
She's short in the morning, she's broad
at noon,
And at night she is long, like a silver
spoon.

I don't change like that, I grow and grow,
But it hardly shows, it's so very slow.

I have to watch her quite closely, too,
Or she'd do some things she ought not to
do.

She almost picked mama's rose today,
But when I saw her she ran away.
O dear! O dear! My head's in a whirl
With the pranks of that mischievous shadow
girl.
—Kate Lawrence.

Discontent

(Recitation for two little girls)

Brier Rose—

I cling to the garden wall
Outside, where the grasses grow;
Where the tall weeds flaunt in the sun,
And the yellow mulleins blow.
The rude winds toss my hair,
The wild rains beat me down,
The wayside dust lies white
And thick on my leafy crown.

Sometimes I climb and climb
To the top of the garden wall,
And I see her where she stands,
Stately and fair and tall—
My sister, the red, red Rose,
My sister, the royal one,
The fairest flower that blows
Under the summer sun!

What wonder that she is fair?
What wonder that she is sweet?
The treasures of earth and air
Lie at her dainty feet;
She need not lift her head
Even to sip the dew;
No rude touch makes her shrink
The whole long summer through.

The Garden Rose—

The garden path runs east,
And the garden path runs west;
There's a tree by the garden gate,
And a little bird in a nest.

It sings, and sings, and sings!
Does the bird, I wonder, know
How over the garden wall,
The bright days come and go?

Oh, straight is the garden path
And smooth is the garden bed,
Where never an idle weed
Dares lift its careless head.
But I know outside the wall
They gather, a merry throng;
They dance and flutter and sing,
And I listen all day long.

The Brier Rose swings outside;
Sometimes she climbs so high
I can see her sweet pink face
Against the blue of the sky.
What wonder that she is fair,
Whom no strait bonds enthrall?
Oh, rare is life to the Brier Rose,
Outside of the garden wall!

—*Julia C. R. Dorr.*

A Little Morning Glory Seed

One sunny day in May a little girl planted a morning-glory seed. It was a tiny seed with a hard brown coat.

This little girl put the seed in the ground and covered it with earth.

Then she said: "Now, little seed, grow, grow, grow! Grow until you are a tall green vine. I want to see your pretty green leaves. I want to see your lovely trumpet flowers."

Little Mary went into the country to visit her grandma. John forgot the little seed, and it was left to take care of itself.

The ground where it lay was very dry. There had been no rain for a long time, so the seed could not grow at all.

It lay in the dry earth many days. It was very tired, and said to the ground: "O ground, please give me a few drops of water. Please soften my coat. It is so hard and tight I cannot get my arms out. I shall never be a vine."

The ground answered, "I have not a drop of water to give you, little seed. You must ask the rain."

The little seed called to the rain: "O rain, I am a little morning-glory seed, deep down in the ground. I want to get out into the bright world, but I cannot. Won't you come down and wet the ground? My coat will then become soft. I shall be able to burst it open and push out my two seed-leaves. Then I shall soon be a vine."

"I would like to help you," said the rain, "but I cannot, unless the clouds hang lower."

"O clouds," said the little seed, "please hang lower. Please let the rain come down. I need a few drops of water to soften my coat. I want to be a beautiful green vine. Won't you please help me?"

"The sun must hide first," said the clouds.

The little seed called to the sun: "O sun, please hide your bright face for a little

while. Then the clouds can hang lower and the rain can come to me. My coat will be soft and I can push up into the world."

The sun loved the beautiful flowers. He loved the little seed, and he wanted to make it happy. He said, "Yes, I will hide."

Soon the clouds began to hang lower and lower. The warm raindrops began to fall faster and faster. The ground grew wetter and wetter. The little seed felt its coat grow softer and softer. Soon open it burst.

Out came some little rootlets and two bright green seed-leaves. Upward they pushed their way through the soft ground. At last, out they came into the warm air and bright sunshine.

How beautiful the world looked! How sweetly the birds sang! How happy the little flower was! It grew very fast. The warm rain and sun helped it. It became a tall, green vine, and sent out some little flower buds.

One morning the little buds opened, and out came the lovely trumpet flowers, to help make the world bright and happy.

When the little girl came back from her visit at grandma's, she ran to see if the morning-glory seed had begun to grow. How pleased she was when she saw the tall green vine and the pretty flowers.

"Can this be the little seed that I planted?" she said. "How fast it has grown?"

Just then she thought she heard a low, soft voice. It said: "Yes, little girl, I have grown fast. But I would still be the same tiny brown seed but for some kind friends. The sun and rain helped me to grow into this vine."—*Selected.*

Matilda in the Barn

The barn's the bestest place on earth in summer when it rains;
The drops make kind of corkscrews on the dusty window-panes!
Our feet sound loud as anything, in walking on the floor,
And Clem and me we telephone through knot-holes in the door!

We peep in at the horses, and they always turn around,
And chew, and chew, and chew, with such a funny, crunchy sound,
And their eyes are kind as kind can be. I like them that way best,
Just without the little shutters that they wear when they are dressed.

Their clothes are hanging near them, and they're proud of them, perhaps,
Though they're nothing but suspenders, buckles, chains and little straps.
There's one whose name is Lady, but the rest of them are hims,
And they all make snorting noises, just like Clement when he swims!

The hay is warm and prickly, and the dust gets in your nose,
And on the beams above you sit the pigeons, all in rows.
They are brown, and white, and purple, but you can't get near to pat,
Though I think they ought to let you, 'cause they purr just like a cat!

But for sliding, and for hiding, and for snuggling in a nest,
The hay's the bestest thing on earth—and I stumped all the rest!
They stumped me to go down the shoot: I wasn't stumped by them:
I beat them all at sliding—essepting only Clem!

But though the barn's the bestest place in summer for game,
You find that in the winter it isn't just the same.
It isn't that it's lonely, and it isn't that it's cool,
But Clement's down at Newport at Mr. Someone's school!

Then I watch the lilac-bushes, for I'll tell you what I've found:—
When all the buds grow purple, and the leaves get big and round,
They shut up Mr. Someone's school, and as quick as quick can be,
And summer comes—and Clement!—to the hay-loft and to me!

—Guy Wetmore Carryl in *Youth's Companion*.

The Ants and the Grasshoppers

(A Fable)

The ants and the grasshoppers lived in a large field. All summer long the ants were busy laying by a store of grain for winter use. All summer long the grasshoppers were flitting about, thinking of nothing but a happy time. When the cold frosts of autumn came, the work of the ants was at an end and so was the merry-making of the grasshoppers. But one fine winter's day when the ants were busy spreading their grain to dry in the sunshine, a half-starved grasshopper made his appearance.

"Will you please lend me a little food?" said the grasshopper to the ant. "I will surely pay you before next year."

"Why have you no food of your own?" said the ant. "There was plenty of food last summer, and your people seemed to be very active."

"O," said the grasshopper, "I sang all day and all night, too."

"Very well," said the ant, "If you think it is so gay to sing all summer, you may as well try to dance away the winter." As she went on with her work, she sang,

"We ants never borrow; we ants never lend."

—*Selected*.

Little Buttercups—Exercise

(Tune: "I'm Called Little Buttercup")

We're called little buttercups
Dear little buttercups,
Yellow as butter are we.
With blue skies above us
And children to love us,
We're happy as happy can be.

We grow in the grasses,
And each one who passes
Is glad our bright faces to see.
The birds flying over,
The bees in the clover,
Like us, are all brimful of glee.

We're called little buttercups,
Dear little buttercups,
Yellow as butter are we.
With blue skies above us
And children to love us,
We're happy as happy can be.

Recitation by Buttercups—

1. Oh, we are the buttercups gay,
 2. We call to you to come away.
 3. Come! Hear the voice of bee and bird!
 4. Come! The laughing brook is heard!
 5. Come! See summer skies so blue!
 6. Come! Call the flowers of every hue!
- (*They bow, waving flowers, and exit.*)

Down in a Field

Down in a field one day in June,
The flowers all bloomed together,
Save one, who tried to hide herself,
And drooped, that pleasant weather.

A robin who had soared too high
And felt a little lazy,
Was resting near a butter-cup,
Who wished to be a daisy.

For daisies grow so straight and tall;
She always had a passion
For wearing frills about her neck
In just the daisies' fashion.

And butter-cups must always be
The same old tiresome color,
While daisies dress in gold and white.
Although their gold is duller.

"Dear Robin," said this sad young flower.
"Perhaps you'd not mind trying
To find a nice white frill for me,
Some day when you are flying?"

"You silly thing!" the robin said;
"I think you must be crazy!
I'd rather be my honest self
Than any made-up daisy."

"You're nicer in your own bright gown,
The little children love you;
Be the best butter-cup you can,
And think no flower above you.

"Though swallows leave me out of sight,
We'd better keep our places;
Perhaps the world would all be wrong
With one too many daisies.

"Look bravely up into the sky,
And be content with knowing
That God wished for a buttercup,
Just here where you are growing."

The Little Brown Seed

"I'm no use," said a little brown seed;
"Where shall I go and hide?
I'm little and brown with nobody's love,
And ugly beside!"

So she rolled, and she rolled very quickly
away,

And tumbled on the ground,
The rain came in torrents, and fell upon her
And all things around.

And she felt herself sinking in darkness,
Poor little faithless seed!
Where never an eye could see her sad fate,
Oh, she was hidden indeed!

The little brown seed lay still in the earth,
To herself still sighing;

Till at last with an effort she roused up,
and cried,

"I'll begin by trying!"

"I will try and stop fretting, for 'tis of no
use,

And if I've nobody's love,
I will look up in hope, for there's One who
will see—

The dear God above."

Oh, would you believe it? Straightway
the dark ground

Began to tremble and shake,
And make way for the little seed, hope-
ful now,

Her upward way to take!

Up, up, she went, till at last she saw

The lovely, bright blue sky;
Oh, the beautiful spirit had found release,
And the summer time was nigh.

The brightness and beauty that grew upon
her,

I cannot begin to speak,
Crowned with flowers she stood, beloved
by all,

So lovely—yet so meek.

A Secret

I have a secret to tell you,—
Though you may not believe it is true,—
But a fairy whispered it to me,
And I will tell it to you,

When May wakes the grass and the flowers,
And the birds build their nests and sing,
When the breeze blows soft, and the air is
sweet

With the fresh warm breath of spring,

The blossoms, down in the meadow,
In the gardens, and woods and the hills,
Are singing, too, with their playmates,
The birds, and the breezes and rills.

And I'll tell what they are singing,
For I've heard them over and over,
When I've fallen asleep in the hayfields
'Mid the buttercups, daisies, and clover.

The Daisy nods, "Be cheerful,"
"Have courage," Anemone sings,
"From the cold and snow of winter
The beauty of summer springs."

"Be patient" the Violet whispers;
The Lily breathes, "Be pure,"
"Be merry," cries the Dandelion,
"'Tis the very best thing, I'm sure."

The Rose, sweet, winsome teacher,
Says softly, "Be true, be true,"
The Buttercup laughs, "Be happy,"
Says Clover, "Be useful, too!"

"Come gather the riches of thought,"
The Pansies beckon and call,
"Remember," Forget-me-Not murmurs,
"Remember us each and all."

And I think if you listen closely
In the sweet glad days of spring,
With the song of the brook, the breeze
and the birds,
You can hear the flowers sing.

—Helen I. Moorehouse.

What Have We Done Today?

We shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done today?

We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give today?

We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak the words of love and cheer,
But what did we speak today?

We shall be so kind in the after while,
 But what have we been today?
 We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
 But what have we brought today?
 We shall give to truth a grander birth,
 And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
 We shall feed the hungering souls of earth:
 But whom have we fed today?

We shall reap such joys in the by-and-by
 But what have we sown today?
 We shall build a mansion in the sky,
 But what have we built today?
 'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
 But here, and now, do we do our task?
 Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask,
 "What have we done today?"

—*Nixon Waterman.*

Vacation

(Tune: "Marching Through Georgia")

We greet the bright vacation time
 With many a song and cheer,
 For we have studied very hard
 Through all the past school year.
 So now we'll lay our books away
 For summer days are here
 And welcome our old friend vacation.

Chorus—

Hurrah! hurrah! vacation time is here;
 Hurrah! hurrah! the time to us so dear,
 With singing birds and lovely flowers
 And summer skies so clear,
 So shout with joy for glad vacation.

We'll wander through the meadow,
 Then through woods we'll haste away
 And listen to the brooklet
 As it sings its little lay,
 And gather sweetest flowers
 Through the long vacation day
 And sing a song of joy and gladness.

Chorus.

And when we're called to bid adieu
 To bright vacation days,
 We'll wander to the schoolroom
 And with hearts so light and gay
 We'll greet our school companions
 And our teacher's rules obey,
 And with greater zeal we'll study.

Chorus.

—*Bertha Vanderpool.*

Marching Through Georgia

H. C. W.

Henry C. Work.

1. Bring the good old bu - gle, boys! we'll sing an - oth - er song— Sing it with a
 2. How the dark - ies shout - ed when they heard the joy - ful sound! How the tur - keys
 3. Yes, and there were Un - ion men who wept with joy - ful tears, When they saw the
 4. "Sherman's dash - ing Yan - kee boys will nev - er reach the coast!" So the sau - cy
 5. So we made a thor - ough - fare for free - dom and her train, Six - ty miles in

spir - it that will start the world a long— Sing it as we used to sing it,
 gob - bled which our com - mis - sary found! How the sweet po - ta - toes e - ven
 hon - ored flag they had not seen for years; Hard - ly could they be restrained from
 reb - els said, and 'twas a hand - some boast, Had they not for - got, a - las, to
 lat - i - tude—three hun dred to the main; Treason fled be - fore us, for re -

D. S.—So we sang the cho - rus from At -

Fine. CHORUS.

fif - ty thou - sand strong, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.
 start - ed from the ground, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.
 breaking forth in cheers, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.
 reck - on with the host, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.
 ,sistance was in vain, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.

Hur - rah! hur - rah! we

lan - ta to the sea, While we were marching thro' Georgia

D. S.

bring the ju - b - lee! Hur rah! hur rah! the flag that makes you free!

Miscellaneous Selections

The Doll That Cried

Little Edith was in a great trouble.
 It is so hard to bring up a doll!
 Betty Green had been dreadfully naughty,
 And so had Melinda and Poll.
 She had found Katy out in the ash-heap
 With seven great tears in her dress,
 While Miss Mary Ann in the playroom
 Was squabbling and fighting with Bess.

She had scolded and shaken poor Betty
 Till her teeth tumbled out of her head;
 And Katy she undressed quite roughly,
 Then spanked her and put her to bed.
 Bess and Mary enjoyed it immensely,
 And looked quite contented and sweet
 When she stood them in different corners
 And promised them nothing to eat.

She had dolls made of worsted and china,
 And dolls made of rubber and kid;
 But she'd never been able to make them
 Do anything that they were bid.
 Edith begged a small scrap of brown paper,
 And this is what Santa Claus found
 When he entered, the night before Christmas,
 And glanced for a moment around.

“Deer santy claws—Ime goin to tel yu
 the things that i want yu to bring.
 i want a toy dog with a coler
 when yu shake it it goes tingaling;
 ive left all mi dols in the plaroom,
 yule se em there when yu com in,
 an i gess yule be puffecly stonished
 when i tel yu how nawty theyve bin.

Pol brok all mi best china teacups,
 betty green she drank all ov the te,
 An Mary ann fighted with bessy,
 they acted as bad as could be.
 so i standed em both in the corner
 with their faces turned strate to the wall,
 but they jes keep on smilin so swetely
 an dont seem to mind it at all.

ive spanked em an spanked em an spanked em.
 ive did evrything under the sun,
 even shutted em up in the closit,
 an they only jess think its grate fun.

now a dol that wil cry when i spank her
 ide love yu to bring best of all,
 Goodby santy claws, but remember
 an bring me a dol that wil bawl."

When Edith awoke the next morning
 And merrily tripped down the stair,
 Her stockings stuffed full of queer bundles
 And a Christmas tree greeted her there.
 Then she heard such a strange little crying,
 That she wondered, "Oh, what can be here?"
 And just then mamma called out: "Edith,
 Come into the bedroom, my dear."

She was led by the nurse to the bedside
 Where papa in his easy chair sat.
 "God has sent you a sweet little sjster,
 Now what do you say, dear, to that?"
 "No, 'tisn't a sister," cried Edith,
 With a sparkle of joy in her eye,
 "It's what I wrote to Santy for, Mamma,
 I asked for a doll that could cry!"

—G. E. Billings, D. D., in *The Interior*

The Strike of the Fireworks

'Twas the night before the Fourth of July, the people slept serene;
 The fireworks were stored in the old town hall that stood on the village green.
 The steeple clock tolled the midnight hour, and at its final stroke
 The fire in the queer old-fashioned stove lifted its voice and spoke;
 "The earth and air have naught to do, the water, too, may play,
 And only fire is made to work on Independence Day.

"I won't stand such injustice! It's wrong, beyond a doubt,
 And I shall take my holiday. Good-by, I'm going out!"
 Up spoke a Roman candle then, "The principle is right!
 Suppose we strike, and all agree we will not work tonight!"
 "My stars!" said a small sky-rocket. "What an awful time there'll be,
 When the whole town comes together tonight, the great display to see!"

"Let them come," said a saucy pin-wheel, "yes let them come if they like,
 As a delegate I'll announce to them that the fireworks are going to strike!"
 "My friends," said a small cap-pistol, "this movement is all wrong,—
 Gunpowder, noise and fireworks to Fourth of July belong.
 My great ancestral musket made Independence Day,
 I frown on your whole conspiracy, and you are wrong, I say!"

And so they talked and they argued, some for and some against,—
 And they progressed no further than they were when they commenced.
 Until in a burst of eloquence a queer little piece of punk
 Arose in his place and said, "I think we ought to show some spunk.
 And I for one have decided, although I am no shirk,
 That today is a legal holdiay and not even fire should work.

"And I am of some importance,"—here he gave a pretentious cough,
 "For without my assistance none of you could very well be put off."
 "You are right," said the Roman candle, "and I think we are all agreea
 To strike for our rights and our liberty. Hurrah! we shall succeed!"
 The dissenters cried with one accord, "Our objections we withdraw.
 Hurrah, hurrah for the fireworks' strike" and they cried again, "Hurrah!"

Then a match piped up with a tiny voice, "Your splendid scheme I like.
I agree with all your principles and so I, too, will strike!"
Suiting the action to the word, the silly little dunce
Clambered down from his match-safe and excitedly struck at once.
He lost his head, and he ran around among the fireworks dry,
And he cried, "Hurrah for the fireworks' strike! Hurrah for the Fourth of July."

With his waving flame he lit the punk—a firecracker caught a spark,—
Then rockets and wheels and bombs went off—no longer the place was dark!
The explosions made a fearful noise, the flames leaped high and higher,
The village folk awoke and cried, "The town hall is on fire!"
So the strike of the fireworks ended in a wonderful display
Of pyrotechnic grandeur on Independence Day!

—*Carolyn Wells in Youth's Companion.*

The Ballad of Elizabeth Zane

Ye who love in the past to scan
Glory of daring in heart of man,
Glory of daring on land or main,
List to the song of Elizabeth Zane!

Braver story was never sung!
Slight was the maid, and fair and young;
Gently born and gently bred,
Kin of heroes, living and dead.

Fincastle Fort of fair renown
Stood on the river by Wheeling town;
Set amid fields of wheat and corn,
Guarding the hamlet where she was born.

Fair was the feast September spread,
Wheat was golden and corn was red,
Blazed the hillside with scarlet flame,—
When down on the clearing the redskin came.

Full five hundred with whoop and shout,
Led by a black-souled renegade scout,
Savage with hate and fierce for blood,
Down they swept from the burning wood.

Time there was none to wait or plan;
Woman and child and youth and man
Sped to the fort like a rising wind,
Barred and bolted the gates behind.

Hope is strong and God is good!
Fair at his post each brave man stood;
Forty and two were they counted out,
And full five hundred devils without.

Twice from the gate a handful brave
Into the fire of the conflict drave,
A swath of death on their stormy track,—
Of sixteen going not one came back.

And in through cranny and crevice sped
An arrow enters and one falls dead;
Until of strength and of hope bereft,
Thirty are taken and twelve are left.

THE YEAR'S ENTERTAINMENTS

Then, that horror the dregs should drain,
Spent is the powder, grain by grain;
The long day's fighting but well begun,
And the last charge rammed in the smoking gun!

The captain smote with his lifted hands:
"Out in my cabin a full keg stands:
But sixty paces between us lie,—
How can I send one more to die!"

Then to his side with cheek aflame
Little Elizabeth softly came;
Kin of heroes, living and dead,—
"Man nor boy can be spared," she said,
"I will go out to the house instead."

Pleaded she well, till the bolts they drew;
Swift as a vision she bounded through,
Sped like a deer across the grass,
And the Indians paused as they saw her pass,—

Paused for a moment and left her go
With never an arrow or tomahawk blow—
Through fear or favor who may know?—
And each man seeing her held his breath,
Till she ran through a silence deep as death.

Never a foot to hers gave chase!
She lifted the keg from its hiding-place,
And staggering under the burden sore
Into the sunshine came once more.

Then like a tempest of iron sleet
Rained the bullets about her feet,
Whistle of arrows rose and fell,
And the loud woods roared with a roar of hell.

But as if great Jehovah's hand
Bore her triumphant through shot and brand,
With wild heart beating and cheek aflame
Into the gate of the fort she came;

And the desperate handful of fighting men
Cheered till the forests rang again.
And under the cloud of powder smoke
Once more the voice of the bullet spoke
Holding the terrible foe at bay,—
And succor came down with the close of day.

So was the fort by Wheeling saved!
And so in letters of gold engraved
While joy in daring and pride remain,
Shall live the name of Elizabeth Zane!

—*Mary Elizabeth Blake.*





